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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Seein' Things in America

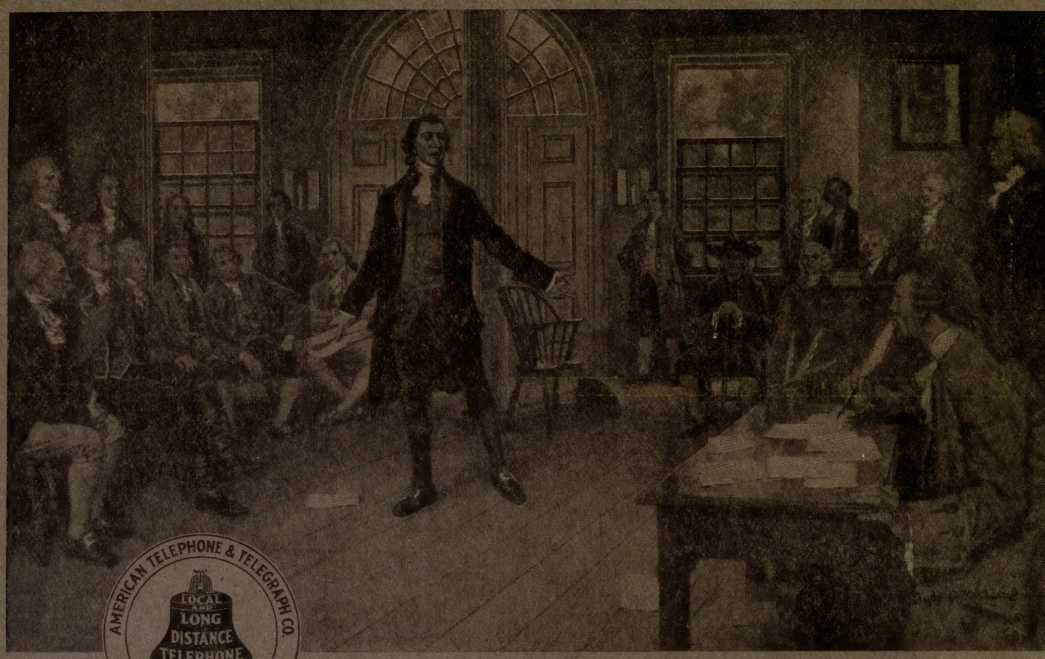
By

RICHARD BRET-HARTE

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Patrick Henry Addressing the First Continental Congress, Philadelphia, 177

One Nation; One People

WHEN Patrick Henry declared that oppression had effaced the boundaries of the several colonies, he voiced the spirit of the First Continental Congress.

In the crisis, the colonies were willing to unite for their common safety, but at that time the people could not immediately act as a whole because it took so long for news to travel from colony to colony.

The early handicaps of distance and delay were greatly reduced and direct communication was established between communities with the coming of the railroads and the telegraph. They connected places. The telephone connects persons irrespective of place. The telephone system has provided the means of individual communication which brings into one national family, so to speak, the whole people.

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The people have become so absolutely unified by means of the facilities for transportation and communication that in any crisis they can decide as a united people and act simultaneously, wherever the location of the seat of government.

In the early days, the capital was moved from place to place because of sectional rivalry, but today Independence Hall is a symbol of union, revered alike in Philadelphia and the most distant American city.

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The Overland Monthly

Vol. LXVIII—Second Series

July-December 1916



OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

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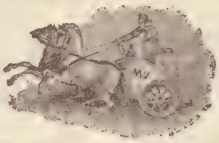
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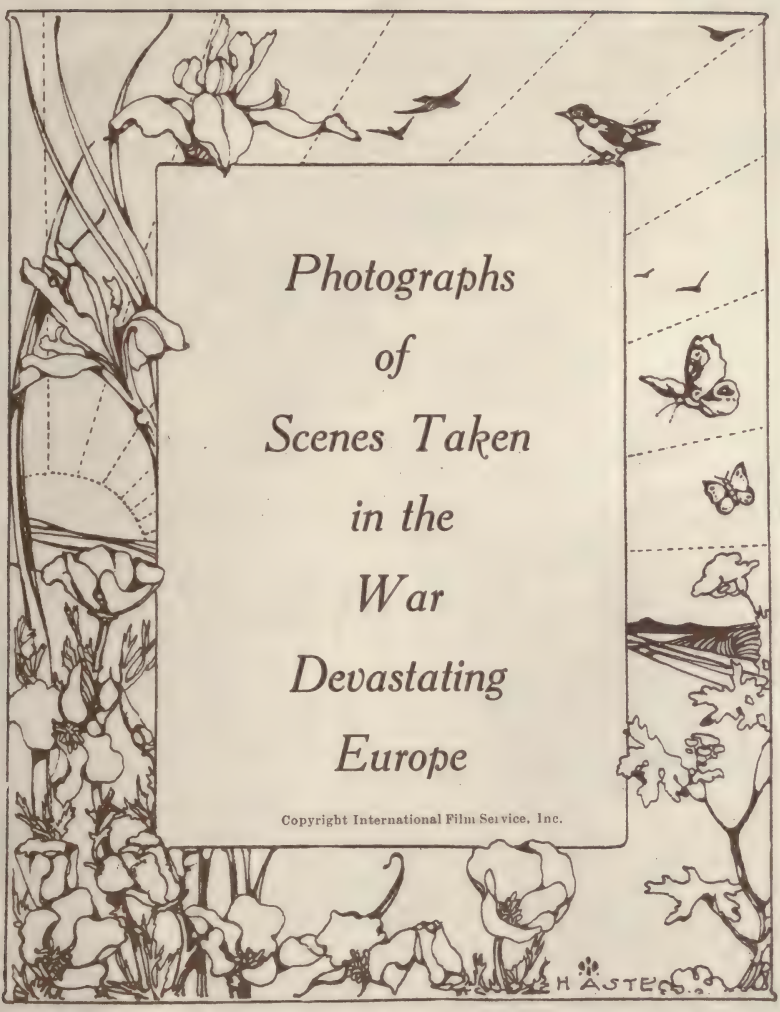
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Servians before a newspaper office reading the latest war news despatches from the front.



King Alphonso of Spain who, with the Pope, is regarded by the German Emperor as being the most likely ruler in Europe to represent Germany in any peace proposals.



The latest war photographs, showing the Emperor of Germany on an inspection tour near the Verdun front. He is in the act of returning the salute of one of his commanders. At his side is Prince Henry.



On the edge of the rioting in Dublin during the "revolution" of the Sinn Fein organization. This scene is taken in Sackville street where the contest raged most violently.



Austrian soldiers getting their rations at a field kitchen.



A section of the Mission, San Francisco, during the month following the great conflagration of three days beginning on April 18, 1906

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Hillside homes in San Francisco.

Local Color In San Francisco

(A Sketch)

By

Roger Sprague

Illustrated from photos by the author

IT WAS a cloudy afternoon on San Francisco Bay. A cold March wind was blowing from the south, the sky was heavily overcast, the water seemed a mass of molten lead. In the distance a veil of fog and smoke hung over the hills of the city, the wharves and larger buildings looming dimly beneath. White columns of steam from the vessels lying at the piers, drifted obliquely across the dusky background. The effect was that of a dark, dun-colored cloud, streaked with streamers of white, weighing down upon the hills and water, and struggling to conceal the

angular outlines of tall business buildings which feebly tried to peer through the haze.

A chill and cheerless scene.

So thought Kenneth Cuttle, newly arrived from New York, as he stood on the forward deck of the ferry boat and gazed at the unfamiliar pictures.

He saw a ferry steamer passing in the opposite direction. He noted its high white sides, pierced by a score of square windows. Above it the black walking beam solemnly see-sawed. A crowd of screaming gulls were wheeling and whirling above the wake.

Cuttle turned and transferred his attention to the hills of San Francisco, which were about two miles away. All that he saw had the attraction of novelty, for this was his first visit to California. But, as he looked, he asked himself:

"Is there any true local color left to San Francisco? Of course, it has its sea gulls and it has its climate—which seems detestable to-day, with all this grayness and moisture and raw, chilly breeze—and it has its environment. But is there anything distinctive in the lives of its people? Are not their customs pretty much the same as in any other American metropolis?"

And Kenneth Cuttle thought regretfully of the days of gold, sixty years ago, and of those other days thirty and forty years later, when fleets of four-masted ships crowded to San Francisco bay, until the wharves were a forest of masts.

"Plenty of local color in those days," he murmured, regretfully. "But the sailing ships are gone now, or nearly gone. Commerce is carried on in the ocean tramp or tanker, and they are the same the world over. When I land in the city, I bet I'll feel as though I were in New York, for all the novelty I'll see."

By this time they had reached the San Francisco shore. The paddles stopped turning, the steamer drifted onward, and slid into its slip. The captain pulled a cord; a bell clanged in the engine room. The great wheels churned the water for a moment as their motion was reversed, and with a gentle bump the boat came to the landing.

Cuttle joined the rush across the gang plank and out through the ferry building. He heard the clang and clatter of electric cars, the sirens of automobiles, and all the other customary city noises. He glanced up at the great clock in the tower, and saw that it marked ten minutes to one.

"I'd better telephone," he thought. "I'll let Chill know I'm here before I start up town," and he turned toward the telephone booth, where he called up Heather & Company in the Balboa Building.

"Hello: is Mr. Chill in?"

"Just a moment, please."

He heard the connections rattle, and then he heard Chill's familiar voice.

"This is Mr. Chill."

"Hello, Chill. This is Kenneth Cuttle, from the Boston office. You had my letter, I suppose. I've just arrived. I'm at the ferry building, and I'm on my way to the office."

"Well, I'm glad you called me up," was the answer, after a few perfunctory inquires regarding Cuttle's journey. "I take lunch about this time, and should have made my escape before you got here. What do you say to meeting me at the lunch place, instead of here?"

"Very good. I haven't lunched yet."

"Fine," and Chill went on to give the address.

"It's right on the street leading up from the ferry. Take almost any car, get off at Third and Market, and look for the number. If you don't see me when you get there, go ahead, and I'll join you when I come in."

Cuttle left the car at the right block, but he turned toward the wrong sidewalk. He stood on the pavement for a moment, studying the numbers on the buildings as a first step in finding the address Chill had given him.

"But what have we here?" he thought. "This looks like local color."



A cliff dwelling on Taylor street, San Francisco.

The party who had caught Cuttle's attention was a man of more than average size and of very dark complexion; apparently an Italian. But his costume was what attracted the eye.

He was dressed in a suit of rich red velvet and the velvet was ornamented with horizontal stripes or slashes of golden yellow. Above it he wore a sleeveless leather coat, fastened in front with straps and buckles. His leggins were of yellow leather. Over his drab slouch hat there drooped a gray plume. The broad brim was caught by a scarlet rosette. With his brilliant medieval dress and his dark complexion, which seemed to rival the leather of his coat, he was a striking picture. Romantic enough he looked, but his occupation was very prosaic.

He carried a placard announcing that an Italian restaurant was located within the building. As Cuttle eyed him, he thought:

"What a picture that fellow makes, with his drooping dove-colored hat, his close-fitting coat of leather, and his suit of red and yellow. If he had a halberd in his hand, instead of that absurd placard, he'd be sublime. Now, he's only ridiculous."

But the advertisement reminded Cuttle that somewhere he had read of a type of restaurant very popular on the Pacific Coast—the cafeteria, and he decided to look for one as he walked along.

The block was in the very center of San Francisco's retail district. The way was lined with shops of all sorts, between which yawned the entrances to tall office buildings. Every fifty yards there was a moving picture show —its presence announced by gaudy posters, by photographs of recent

events, and by the clanging chords of gigantic music boxes built on the plan of a pipe organ. And then Cuttle saw a sign which read "Quaker Cafeteria."

"More local color," he thought.

At the entrance there stood a portly gentleman of rosy countenance and well-fed appearance. His long overcoat was of Quaker drab, his hair was covered with a gray wig—such a wig as the author of Robinson Crusoe might have worn. He supported a leather banner, announcing the hours during which the place was open. It also gave the further information that "Tourists and families were welcome."

"He looks more like an Irishman than a Quaker," thought Cuttle, as he studied the man, and then he remembered that there are Quakers in Ireland.

"I wonder if there are any more such places in this block," he meditated, and he crossed the way to where he saw the entrance to a very large business building. Sure enough, there was the name of another cafeteria.

On one side of the door he saw the sign, "Lunch Now Ready—11 a. m. to 2 p. m." On the other side, the bill of fare was displayed: "Split pea soup, roast spring chicken, steamed rice, hot chocolate, etc." And then Cuttle noticed that the address was the one for which he was looking.

"Good. If I take lunch here, I'll get the lunch and a lot of local color, too," and he descended the marble staircase leading to the basement of the building.

The room which he entered was so large that the ceiling seemed low, although a full twelve feet above the floor. Cuttle noted the long rows of little square tables for four, all set obliquely, their corners pointing to the wall. Upon them the diffused daylight descended through skylights set in the sidewalk. The wavy glass showed dim outlines of the passers-by, tramping above, a succession of moving shadows. He scanned the room for a glimpse of his friend, but there was no sign of Chill.

The counter on Cuttle's right now claimed his attention. At that counter lunch was being served. He saw a line of diners helping themselves each to a tray from a high pile, and filing before a line of attendants—men in white jackets and long white aprons, women in white dresses, who were dealing out the orders. Cuttle joined the line, taking a tray and napkin in which the necessary knife, fork and spoon seemed to be wrapped.

He now saw that at this counter only hot dishes—soups, meats, vegetables—were being served. Ahead, running at right angles to the first, he saw a second counter, set with an array of cold dishes—salads, pies, etc.

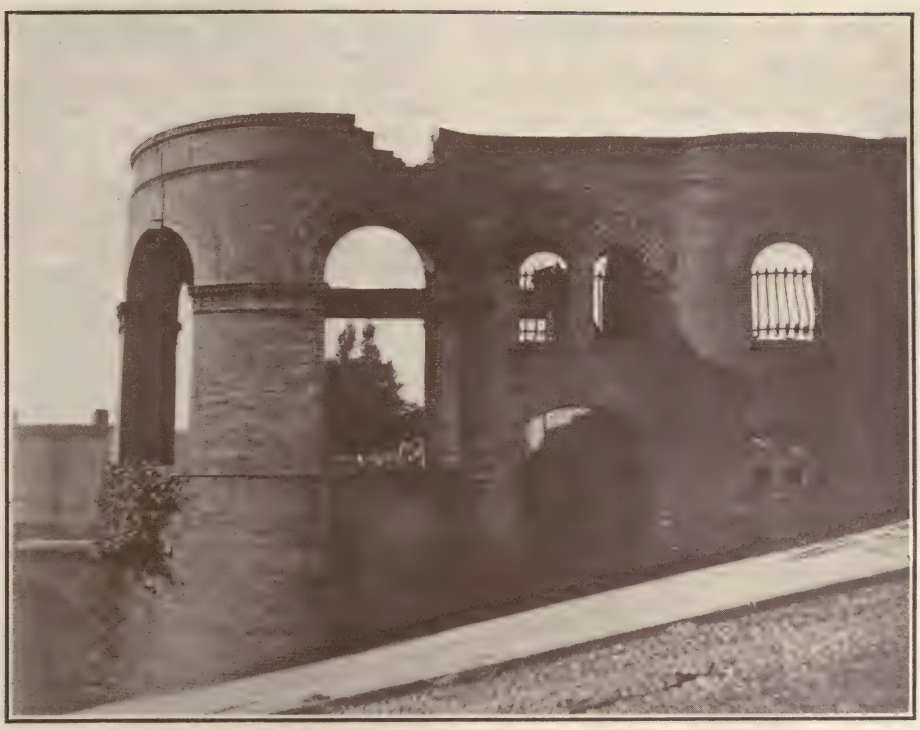
As he faced the first attendant, she rattled off a list. Cuttle named an order, which was promptly dished from a steaming pan. In such fashion he edged his way past the two counters, filling his tray as he went. At the extreme end of the second he came to a cash register.

Here a dark-haired young lady sat on a high stool. As Cuttle approached, she cast an eagle eye over his tray, and then twisted a crank attached to the register. It printed and spat out a ticket. This she placed among the dishes. It indicated the sum which he must "please pay the cashier." Cuttle noted that it amounted to thirty-one cents.

Leaving the cash register, he headed toward the tables. But, before reaching them, he must pass a marble drinking fountain. Here an array of glasses were set for the convenience of the guests.

Cuttle, while stopping to draw a glass of water, observed that the ceiling was supported by a long line of rectangular columns. These were surrounded with mirrors for a distance of about three feet above the tables. Above each table was a row of hooks. Above these hooks the upper part of each column was very tastefully decorated with strings of artificial vines, leaves and roses. It was on a table placed against a column that he put his tray.

He hung his hat and overcoat on one



Ruins of the big fire of April 18, 1906, still standing in the heart of the city.

of the hooks above, seated himself, and transferred his dishes to the table. The tray was removed by an attendant.

On the table there rested a silver stand, crowned by a crimson shade, within which an electric bulb gleamed. As Cuttle noticed the graceful combination—the white damask cloth, the colored light, the sparkling mirrors, and the vine leaves above—it looked good to him.

"There seems to be some style about this place," was his thought, as he glanced toward the buff-tinted walls, adorned with bunches of palms and flowers, presumably artificial.

The seat which he had chosen commanded a view of the entrance. As he began to eat, he kept a watch for his friend, whom he presently saw entering. The recognition was mutual.

Five minutes afterward, Chill was placing his steaming tray on the opposite side of the table, and the two friends were greeting each other.

Mr. George Chill, smooth shaven, dark complexioned, dressed in a suit of well tailored blue, was a very pleasing representative of that class of business men who spend half their time on the road and half in the office. The hearty cordiality of the hand clasp with which he welcomed Cuttle was strictly in character.

For a quarter of an hour the talk ran along personal lines, until Cuttle happened to refer to the fact that a cafeteria was a novelty to him.

"I declare, I had altogether forgotten that they don't have many in the East," answered Chill. "Otherwise, I should have had you come up to the office first, so that I might escort you to the place myself and initiate you into its methods. However, you seem to have made yourself right at home. And it seemed a pity to have you come out of your way, clear to my office up in the Balboa Building."

"Well, I'm learning something about San Francisco's local color. I had my doubts as to whether such a thing existed here any longer."

"Local color," answered Chill. "Why, the whole city fairly reeks with local color."

"Go slow, Chill. We have a Chinatown in New York."

"Oh, I didn't refer to Chinatown. If that were all we had to show to strangers, I'd emigrate to New York," and Chill launched into his favorite topic, the advantages of the Golden State as a place of residence, for he was a native son. Furthermore, he had invested his savings in California real estate.

The phrases rolled from his lips: "Our matchless harbor," "our marvelous climate," "our diversified industries," "our sun-kissed valleys and snowy mountain tops."

"And such sites for homes," he went on. "You should let me take you to a tract I—I happen to know of, which overlooks the bay from the east. I'll show you plenty of local color; great concrete mansions, crowning low foothills which roll away toward the water in a succession of long green waves; fan palms, with great brown trunks two feet thick, and broad green fans that rustle and sway in the gentle air; long stone walls hidden beneath the pink and green of ivy geraniums. We'll find them all."

"Oh, I don't doubt that you have all of those things in California," said Cuttle. "In an area of over one hundred and fifty thousand square miles one ought to find much which is distinctive and delightful. But here in San Francisco?"

"Yes, right here in San Francisco there is plenty of local color," answered Chill. "Come on, we've had our lunch. Climb Taylor street hill with me."

Cuttle and Crane walked to the cashier's desk to settle their reckoning. Then they left the building by a door opposite to the one by which Cuttle had entered. They walked up O'Farrell street to Taylor. There they stopped and turned toward the north. They looked up Taylor street hill.

Cuttle counted the blocks to the top: one, two, three, four, five, six, each a little steeper than the one below it. The last was so steep as to be almost unavailable for ordinary traffic. Grass grew between the cobblestones. From where Cuttle stood, it showed in bright green patches against the gray.

The two friends were half way up the last block when Cuttle noticed on his left the ruins of what had been a palatial residence. Nothing remained but the bulkhead and basement walls. They had been built of yellow brick. With their arched openings, some high and wide, others small and narrow and guarded with curving bars of rusty iron, the effect was picturesque as well as interesting.

They climbed to the top of the hill, where they leaned on a rough wooden fence which protected the front of the property. They gazed down into what had been the basement, where they saw a chaos of broken bricks, among which rusty fragments of iron pipe lay scattered.

"The portal was of marble," Chill explained. "It was left in very fair condition by the fire, and was moved to the Park, where it now ornaments the shore of a little lake," and he went on:

"In 1906 this section of the city contained nothing but local color of this sort, but nowadays one has to know where to find it."

Cuttle stifled a yawn as he turned to the east and inquired:

"Isn't there some point where we can get a view out over the bay?"

"Yes. Let me take you to Jones street hill. It isn't far, and the view is superb."

"But wait. Are there any steep hills to climb on the way?"

"Oh, nothing bad. That is, there are none on the route I'll follow."

"All right," and the two friends turned toward a point half a mile away.

They came to the corner of Jones and Broadway, walked fifty yards to



A San Francisco church, Lone Mountain in the distance.

the east, and stood on the brow of the hill. The sky had cleared and the sun was shining now, and the view, as Chill had promised, was superb.

Below them the hill fell away twice as steeply as the one up which they had come. Directly on their left a series of homes clung to the hillside, descending step by step. Their terraced gardens, filled with trees and shrubs and flowering plants, overhung the sidewalk.

After its first plunge the street stretched away to the wharves, a long gray band, on either side of which the city lay, a sea of flat roofs from which rose the narrow tower of the ferry building. Beyond was the bay. An island bulked large in its center. Half a dozen ferry boats, some pumpkin colored, some white, were coming and going. Behind each was a broad splash of foam, which presently resolved itself into three narrow white ribbons. Beyond the water, the view to the east was bounded by the Contra Costa hills, above which hung a gray drift of clouds. Here and there a patch of pearl white peeped through the gray.

The city front was less than a mile away, and it was fascinating to watch the traffic on the water. A river steamer paddled past the wharves and piers. The afternoon sun shone full on its long white side, above which rose the square pilot house and tall black funnel. The great red wheel was churning a roll of foam.

From the north there came a steam schooner, marked by its black hull and high white bow and deckload of lumber.

"This point gives the view to the east," said Chill. "If you'll come two blocks farther, I can show you the view to the north."

"Delighted!" answered Cuttle, for now he was thoroughly interested.

Ten minutes later they stood at the corner of Jones and Green. For two hundred yards the street descended so steeply as to be practically useless for traffic. The cobbles were almost hidden by the grass which grew between them.

"And the block next below is just as bad,' explained Chill, for the slope was so steep that they couldn't see the lower half.

Farther down, the street stretched away toward the yellow clay and sand which bordered the water. Beyond the beach lay that portion of the harbor known as the quarantine ground. A great four masted sailing ship was an-



The McKinley Memorial, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The hospital of the Southern Pacific Company is shown in the background.

chored there, as well as a steamer just in from the Hawaiian Isles.

They noted the picture the steamship made, with its dark brown hull, its white upper works, and its yellow spars and stacks. The health officer's boat lay alongside, but presently they saw it move away. Immediately a cloud of light gray smoke floated from the steamer's funnel, as it prepared to up-anchor.

Farther out, white ferry steamers

were plying north and south. Each trailed a broad white ribbon of foam. In the distance an ocean tramp was steering up the bay. They noted its long black side and scarlet stack and lazy plume of smoke.

Directly in the line in which they looked, a little island rose from the crisp green water. Its steep sides were crowned with the white walls of the Federal prison and the shaft of a lighthouse. And directly beyond that they saw the broad green slopes of a much larger island, and beyond that the hills of the mainland, melting away into the purple distance; and above those hills there hung in the blue a long white roll of cumulus clouds.

The picture afforded such a combination of golden sunshine and green water, of yellow beach and emerald islands, of moving vessels and purple hills and blue sky and floating clouds, that it seemed like an artist's dream.

"Some pictures, eh?" asked Chill.

"I guess yes," answered Cuttle.

Cuttle's gaze returned from exploring the horizon. Now he noted the steep descent of the pavement below him. The concrete sidewalk had been pitted deeply, so as to afford a foothold. But even then it didn't look any too promising. He doubted whether he could make the descent without slipping, unless he should wear rubber-soled shoes.

Just then a San Franciscan approached and looked down the slope. He contemplated the sidewalk for a minute, but he didn't seem to like it. Then he turned to the cobbles, and shuffling sidewise, commenced a gingerly crablike descent. As Cuttle watched him, he decided that they had come to the steepest place of all.

On their right, as the two friends stood looking down the hill, there rose a high bank of yellow clay and rock. A rough flight of wooden steps led to the top.

"Wouldn't the view up there be better?" asked Cuttle.

"It would be more comprehensive," answered Chill. "The view where we are is like that through the window of a house, while the view up there is like the one to be had from the roof."

"The roof for me," answered Cuttle, and they climbed the stairs.

But, when they stood at the top, the improvement was only in quantity and not in quality. It's true they could see all around them now, except to the south. The view was no longer confined to the north. But the picture contained such a mass of detail as to be rather bewildering and unsatisfactory. The eye saw everything and settled on nothing.

For a quarter of an hour they sat on the edge of a little wooden platform, for it made a comfortable resting place. Then they descended the steps and returned to Taylor street.

But Chill had one more card to play, one more bit of local color with which he proposed to silence Cuttle's doubts. As they walked along, on their way to a car line, he stopped his friend and asked him to look back at an apartment house which they had passed a minute before.

It rose against a hillside which was as steep as any of those down which they had looked, and its architecture had been specially adapted to its location. It ascended the hillside in a series of gigantic steps.

With walls of gray concrete and arched entrances and square, deep-sunk windows, it climbed the hill in a series of terraces. Gallery rose behind gallery, each overlooking the one next below, and all were adorned with the red and green of growing flowers. A blaze of scarlet geraniums glowed on the very roof. The whole place looked like the dream of a futurist, and yet was purely a product of local conditions.

"Have you anything like that in New York?" asked Chill.

And Cuttle had nothing to say.

* * * *

It was two weeks later. Mr. Kenneth Cuttle, eastward bound, was crossing San Francisco Bay. He stood on the after deck, and watched the seagulls wheeling and whirling in the



In the Chinese quarter, where numbers of buildings were given a semi-pagoda character, after the fire.

wake of the ferry boat. Beyond them he saw the heights of the city dwindle in the distance, and he recollected a stanza he had seen in a daily paper that morning:

"Sea gulls about me, and before me lessening
A city set on hills, its shining streets
Fresh washed with rain, and golden at its back
The sweet and gracious sun that seeks its rest."

"In four days I shall be in New York," he soliloquized. "Well, I shall be able to tell them San Francisco still has local color."

His First Client

By Edith Hecht

THERE was pride in the house of Armstrong when Harold was admitted to the bar. The fatted calf, figuratively speaking, was not only killed, but also prepared with infinite gusto; for no member of the household was prouder of the newly-fledged lawyer than Wong, the Chinese cook.

He had been over thirty years in the Armstrong family, and had dandled them all on his knee; but Harold, of course, the youngest of the family, and the only man child, was Wong's idol; and Wong had surpassed himself on to-night's dinner in honor of the new attorney.

He had cooked nothing but Harold's favorites, of course, on this momentous occasion, and had fairly outdone himself. A very proud and happy family gathering it was, all absorbed in innocent hero worship. The two freckled little terrors looked respectfully upon the uncle who could send them to jail; and Dick Bennett, Harold's young brother-in-law, offered to retain Harold for his future divorce suit—holding his wife's hand the while. Everyone was promising to give Harold his first case; each one would be that mysterious unknown, Harold's first client.

Of course, as customary, unknown to the family, Wong peeked in from the butler's pantry; but this time he did not escape unseen, as usual. At the black coffee, his pride got the better of his discretion; and, standing a little too far forward, Harold espied him.

Harold arose and pulled Wong in, decidedly nonplussed. "Wong, you old beggar, come here," he called, as he dragged the reluctant Celestial into the center of the room. "You've cooked every one of my favorites to-night, even down to the ice cream meringues I used to steal when your back was turned—now come along and congratulate me." He gave the faithful Chinaman's hand a hearty clasp.

Wong's keen, shrewd face lit up. "You lawyer now, Mlssa Harold?" he queried. "You slendee bad boys steal cookies from kitchen to jail," with a meaning glance at two freckled faces. "You heap big man now, like your flader, eh?"

"Well, I'm a lawyer now, Wong, but I don't know about the rest—except the cookie matter, of course," Harold was somewhat amused, but more touched, by the faithful soul's obvious pride.

"You makee heap money, Mlssa Harold, now?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no, Wong. I

have to get cases—people have to get in trouble and hire me to get them out of it. That's how I'd make the money."

"You not got first case, yet?"

There was a laugh at this, for Harold's admission to the bar was not a day old. "Maybe I gibbee first case, yet. Maybe makee heap money, you gettee mallied, eh?"

There was a laugh at this, and Harold blushed fiery red. For the family suspected, and with truth, that Harold had a girl. Blue-eyed Sallie Everett, who didn't reach beyond his shoulder, had his heart safely in tow.

They all arose from the table, and Wong departed for his kitchen, well pleased with the laugh he had raised. The practical thrusts of the old-time, shrewd Chinese retainer usually drove home.

"This dinner is so good," Armstrong, Sr., remarked, as he lit his cigar, "that I hate to think it's practically the last for a year to come. Mother," Charles Armstrong turned to his wife, "I'll give up that trip even now, and stay home and let Wong cook for us. That's vacation enough for me."

Mrs. Armstrong shook her head. This dropping of all cares for a year's trip around the world had been her dream. The very next day Harold moved to his club, and the Armstrong parents sailed on a Pacific liner bound for the Orient.

The Armstrongs were to leave for the Orient on the morrow, and Mrs. Armstrong wanted Wong to go to one of her daughters; he refused, going instead to work in a laundry in which he had an interest.

The Armstrong parents had sailed only twenty-four hours. Harold, his name modestly printed at the end of a line of seven, had "his offices" in the quarters of a big corporation lawyer, one of his father's friends. Work for the firm had kept him busy enough not to worry over the clients of his own, who had not as yet materialized.

At this particular moment, however, in his club at 6:30 p. m., Harold's mind was not on clients. He was tying his necktie in a hurry. Sally Everett had an impromptu dinner and theatre party, and his tie was behaving, as it usually does when one is late and one's best girl is waiting. Parenthetically be it remarked, he had told his sister Bessie that "work at the office" had prevented his dining with her—at which she had sniffed incredulously. He was cursing luridly when there was a knock at his door. "Mr. Armstrong was wanted at the telephone." Swearing a little bit more, he answered the call.

It was the City Prison that wanted him—a client of his was there who desired him immediately—he couldn't catch the name—and the desk sergeant hung up. "A client" not "the client," the desk sergeant had said. Even in his vexation, Harold grinned, as he quoted the indefinite article in his excuses to Sally Everett, with an eye to the impression on Papa E. He took Sally's scolding sadly, promised to join the party later, and caught the street car—it was before the days of motors—to the City Prison.

"Here's your client," said the desk sergeant, leading the way to the grating. The turnkey unlocked the door, and there, sad and dejected, sat Wong, all the happiness out of his shrewd, bright face.

"In for spittin' on clothes," the turnkey explained.

Then Harold knew it all. The Chinese laundrymen, when they dampened the clothes for ironing, took a swallow of water in their mouths and sprinkled it through their teeth, to obtain just the proper degree of moisture. This was a most reprehensible practice, and a newly awakened antiseptic public conscience had just obtained, and was rigidly enforcing an ordinance against this time-honored custom; Wong's was one of the first arrests under this new act. He had been caught in the act. The policeman on the beat himself had seen the misdemeanor, and had brought him in by the nape of the neck, as it were. There was no possible plea but guilty.

It was impossible to convince Wong of the error of his ways. It was a good

custom, a time-honored custom. Every respectable Chinaman laundered thus. It was a good way. Every garment in the Armstrong household had been so dampened for thirty years—Harold shivered, for he was a cleanly soul—and would be again. Against the Great Wall of China, Harold soon ceased to argue. He put his hand in his pocket and paid Wong's bail, at which Wong nearly wept. He himself could have had bail long ago, but a Chinaman is never extravagant. The cell was cozy and warm, with five other Chinese, and why, even temporarily, throw out that cash for one night.

The next morning, Harold entered an eloquent plea of "faithful old servitor" and "ignorance of Occidental customs" —coupled with a promise of "never again." He trembled at that, for he knew full well that there would be an "again" in the first hour after release; but he got his client off with a warning.

Wong beamed with pride throughout the proceedings. He didn't resent a thing the district attorney said about him. It gave his boy a chance to talk back.

Once out of the courtroom, Harold talked himself hoarse over the danger of a second offense, and begged Wong to desist. Wong answered: "You no worry, Mlssa Harold. There be no other time. Cop no catchee me again. Me pullee down him blinds."

With that Harold had to be content.

"You heap gland lawyer, Mlssa Harold. Talkee heap loud. Me payee bill."

Up went Wongs hands to his head, and somewhere from the plaits of his queue, he produced a fifty cent piece.

"You takee him. You earnee him." As Harold protested: "Me insulted. Now you lawyer for my firm. Ludder boys gettee in tlubbel, spittee on the clothes, I send for you. You gland lawyer. Holler heap louder dan udder feller. I what your flader callee him: I your first clilent, anyhow."



Phantom Sweethearts

By Lucy Betty McRaye

Oh, have I lived to love, who knows,
When all the earth was young,
A shepherd in a grass green glade, whose pipes of reed glad music made,
Around my neck a garland hung,
Each bud dew pearled, and all the world,
Fresh as an opening rose.

And you, a nymph with gleaming feet,
And cheeks and forehead pale and fair,
Your wildwood violet eyes, so sweet,
Shone through your clouds of hair.

Or were we lovers, under skies,
Sun flooded amethyst,
And wandered on the red gold sands, as burnished as the red gold bands,
Pure twisted gold, on neck and wrist,
The gems you wore pale before
The flame within your eyes.

You were some slim Egyptian maid,
I some barbaric king, your grace,
Your level brows, your hair's black braid,
I loved—your glowing face.

Or was it only yesterday
We danced the minuet,
Your eyes kissed mine across the room, your powdered hair, your cheek's rich bloom,
The roguish patch, I see them yet,
My flashing sword, the harpsichord,
When all the night was gay.

You were the toast of half the town,
And I your beau, the gossip ran,
As trailing your brocaded gown,
You flirted with your fan.

We live to-day, my girl of girls,
To kiss the lips we love,
I liked the fashion of your dress, an Empire was it, or Princess?
I liked your perfect Paris glove,
Your wide-winged hat, and under that
Your hair's soft waves and curls.

Your little high-heeled shoe displayed
The prettiest foot, oh, kindly fate,
Go, Sweetheart Shades, that faint and fade,
I love you up to date.

Hopalong Rattlesnake

By Louis Roller

I have put in ten years in this Western country rotating periodically between the sagebrush and the timbered regions. I have been lumberjack, homesteader and rancher in succession, and have thus acquired a store of valuable experience and knowledge which will be of great benefit to me in my literary ambitions. Some years ago, when the Government threw open the Coeur d'Alene Indian Reservation in Idaho, I took up a homestead there, and enjoyed living in the wilds with Indians for neighbors and Nature's creatures for companions. Only last week an enormous mountain lion was brought into town, shot by a half-breed out in the hills. As I stood and looked at his long, sharp claws and sinewy body, I wondered how many defenseless does and fawns he had pounced upon and half devoured before life was extinct. I was gratified to see his lifeless body lying there before me, and envied not a little the half-breed who had put an end to his murderous career.

I have not much to say introducing myself to you. I am twenty-eight years of age, and through circumstances I cannot help, a native born Hoosier. I have written some poetry. I think the Great West, with its musical waterfalls, its rugged mountain expanses, the sagebrush and prairie, unending miles of primitive forests and mirrored lakes mean more to the writer than the artificial surrounding of unromantic Chicago, or the brazen atmosphere of Fifth avenue. Literary Indiana may be all right, Mark Twain's beloved Mississippi may be highly esteemed, but give to me the land of Bret Harte, with the soothing cadences of Joaquin Miller.

LOU ROLLER.

ALTHOUGH the sun's rays were vertical and the heat intense, there was a cool, unrelenting breeze blowing up out of the sagebrush and coulees that was refreshing to the wilted camas which grew in the barren waste spots where the little ruvulets of sand drifted in the wheel-tracks.

The rattlesnakes lay here and there in the hot sand uncoiled and stretched out full length, as if trying to catch as much of the cool breeze as possible. A forlorn magpie perched upon a pile of scabrock, with drooping wings and mouth open, gazed dumbly at the dust devils chasing the tumbleweeds over the hills. A lone track here and there bespoke the presence of the coyote who prowled about at night looking for God knows what, and hiding during the torridness of the day, God only knows where. This dust devilish expanse was what Owen Wister once termed the God awful Big Bend.

A drink of water here in this hot, arid country will not quench a thirst, but it is supremely gratifying to the thirsty one—even though it be brackish and bitter it may still retain a certain sweet taste and stay the unsatiated thirst until one is able to reach the Columbia or the Snake.

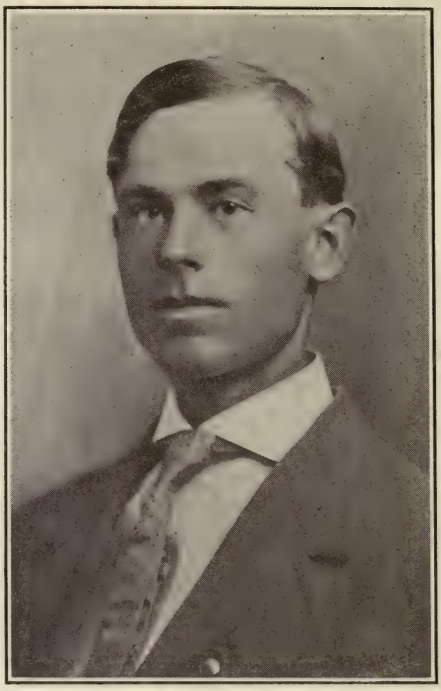
As worthless as this country may

have looked to Owen Wister a few years have wrought a most remarkable change. The rattlesnake is still evident along with the coyote, but the sagebrush is fast disappearing. In its stead is to be found sections of summerfallow and waving grain. The homeseeker is pushing steadily and unrestrainedly on toward the Columbia. In a single day's journey overland I would not be in the least surprised to see a railroad here or a new town springing up there. Such is the history of the Great West—the West we like to think of or read about, the gray expanse of sagebrush and coulees are fast disappearing, and is marred here and there or entirely obliterated by the wheat fields of the newly arrived homesteader.

II

A little siding where a crew of men were unloading a new threshing rig, near by a new elevator built in expectation of a bumper wheat crop, and a half dozen new stores huddled together bespoke the optimism of those who had followed the wheeltracks in the sand and volcanic ash a year or two ago, and drove their tent stakes and plowed well their furrows. A young man of perhaps thirty summers is superintending the unloading of the threshing outfit, and under the broad brim of his felt hat is to be seen the tan of the sun mellowed into a deep brown by the cool wind that ever blows up out of the mysterious, lonesome land. He, too, like the rest of them, has not lived long enough in the new country to call it his own, having located in the center of the Indian country over on the Coeur d'Alene Reservation two years previous. The seriousness of his blue eyes, the square jaw and the rugged features foretell in him a comprehensive intent of purpose and a reckoning of things vital. His two years among the Indians of the great lonesome land have not come amiss, and his knowledge thereof has not been gained in vain.

Gibson Sterling was a man who



Louis Roller

voiced the sentiments of this new country—a man who was willing to stake his all, and if he lost so much the better, it only fanned the more his flame of ambition and revealed his ultimate goal more distinctly from the obscure.

III

A long streak of dust was rising up out of the coulee. The sun was just emerging up from the sagebrush hills to the east, and its rays slanted with a gaudy splendor on the new red separator and the brass and copper trimmings of the engine, which was emitting a regular chickety-chick and creeping along in the early coolness of the morning toward the new wheat fields out on the flats.

Gibson Sterling felt an exuberant thrill permeating his being that kept time to the rhythmical exhaust of the engine, and as he opened up the throttle a little more here or closed it there, or deftly handled the steering wheel to avoid a boulder or round a bend,

he could not help but entertain the pleasantest of thoughts, and smiled to himself as he pictured the quarter section that was soon to be his over in the Indian country. His nearest neighbor, old Hopalong Rattlesnake, a most peculiar breed of savage who with his prized buffalo horn could lure the rattlesnake from his lair—a snake charmer, but an honest Injun whose peculiar antics had pleasantly helped while away the lonesome hours and tedious monotony of homesteading out in the lonesome land where a section was bounded by an invisible line that followed a newly driven stake or a freshly made blaze. Coming up to where the road merged on to the flat, Gibson turned the engine sharply to the left and entered a field of recently cut wheat. The breath of harvest time was in the fragrant breeze and the wheat straw glistened with a freshness that was pleasing to behold. Nature was giving forth a bountiful harvest to the hard working homesteader and the great sweeps of territory that sloped off gradually toward the Columbia was slowly coming into its own.

Here where the tumble weed had been accustomed to roll unhindered all day long, it now found occasionally a barbed wire fence to obstruct its natural course or banged up against the side of a new shack. The coyote who had been wont to travel the great arid waste without heed or hindrance in his aimless wanderlust now instinctively took unto himself certain precautions heretofore deemed unnecessary.

The separator set with its long red tail to the leeward, the engine backed off to a respective distance, the belt was thrown on, and a signal from the oiler to the engineer set the droning separator into motion. Two loads of bundles now drew up one on either side, the spike pitchers climbed up and soon the sack sewers and jiggers were busily engaged while the cyclone stacker was piling the bright, shining straw in a half circle at the rear.

Gibson, standing on the deck of the engine, absorbed it all in a satisfying gaze. A good run without any bad luck, and he could pay for the outfit and prove up on his homestead and have a neat little sum left over out of the profits. He watched the strawpile looming up, and saw with satisfaction the pile of sacks growing larger. The owner of the wheat walked up and pleasantly commented on the yield, while Gibson beamed with satisfaction. Everything was going to his heart's satisfaction, and the big loads of bundles were coming in from the field and the empty wagons were going out after more. He assured himself he was lucky in possessing a good crew to start with and best of all a new machine.

Just then the field boss came riding in on a gallop and said one of the men had been bitten by a rattler. He also conveyed to Gibson the startling information the dangerous reptiles were so numerous the pitchers had been almost thrown into a panic and each wheat shock had from one to a dozen under it. The homesteader admitted the rattlers were numerous out in the sagebrush, but had not thought they would prove such a menace in the wheatfields, but they were there apparently, and in large numbers; furthermore, a man does not relish the thought of being bitten by a poisonous rattlesnake when it means sure death if not properly attended to.

At noon, when the field men came in, they unanimously informed Gibson they had quit and would not go back to work again under any consideration. And Gibson could not blame them; it was really too much to ask a man to expose himself to the lurking danger in the wheat stubble. Here was a problem which was stunning to Gibson, and a pang of remorse seized him as he saw his fond hopes fade away in thin air. It was of no use to send to Spokane for a new crew of pitchers. Gibson was too much of a man to ask anybody else do what he himself would not attempt. He studied the situation from all angles, and could arrive at no definite conclusions. He was simply up against it. He would lose his machine and possibly

his homestead also, as he had gone in debt to acquire the threshing outfit, and the only conclusion he could arrive at was that the threshing was all off, or to make a hundred mile move over into the Palouse away from the rattlesnake infested region.

The poor homesteader begged him to stay and not leave, as they could not possibly get another machine in there. Gibson could not help but consider his pleadings in the face of a hundred mile pull overland and possibly only a very short run after he arrived there. Try as he could he could conceive of no way in which to overcome the rattlers. That night he dared not lie down in clear comfortable straw, as is the custom of harvest hands all through the West, for fear of the dread reptiles. He sat and pondered the question over and over, and considered different plans and schemes, only to reject them all as useless or impracticable.

The homesteaders of the surrounding neighborhood had called on him and offered to double the price per sack for threshing if he would only remain with them. This was indeed a great incentive to reach a solution of the question. All at once he thought of something that brought back his hopes with the speed of a bullet. Was it possible, could it be practicable? Yes, snakes were susceptible to charms. He would do it. Old Hopalong Rattlesnake and his buffalo horn could undoubtedly help in dispensing with the peril. He decided at once to leave for the Indian country early in the morning. Old Hopalong, why had he not thought of him before?

IV

Early morning, an hour before sunup—and the sun rises early in the sage brush country during the summer months—found Gibson astride a pinto saddle pony and headed for the Coeur d'Alene Reservation. A cross-country ride was very exhilarating at this time of the morning before the breeze had begun to stir the cool, fragrant atmosphere, and while the dew faintly sparkled in the stunted sagebrush.

A hungry coyote who was still prowling about in the lonesomeness, heard the hoofbeats of the horse and set up his weird ki-yi-ing, and skulked off over a ridge to secrete himself somewhere before the sun's rays streaked the east.

An all day jog through the hot sun brought Gibson out of the nauseating aridness and rattlesnake infested region up into the cooler altitude of the Reservation and the calm of the scattered pine trees and luxuriant bunchgrass which grew here in abundance. He was not long in seeking out Hopalong's tepee, and found the old siwash at home. After relating his predicament, Hopalong gave a grunt of comprehension and said: "Lots um rattlesnakes; no count um, me catch um, skookum alright." "Will you go back to the Big Bend with me in the morning, Hopalong? I will pay you well," said Gibson, and Hopalong gave a grunting nod of assent.

The next morning after a cool, refreshing night's sleep under the pine trees, the only pleasant and satisfying night's rest Gibson had experienced for some time, they headed for the sagebrush, Gibson ahead and Hopalong following on his cayuse. "Medicine man buffalo horn," said Hopalong, "me fix um rattlesnake; you run um threshing machine, no have trouble." All day they journeyed thus, Gibson pushing enthusiastically ahead and the Indian stolidly following, showing only a morbid interest occasionally when spoken to. He rode bending forward, and his cayuse ambled aimlessly along with its head listlessly drooping. Once in a while it bit off a mouthful of the unapposite sage leaves or stopped at an occasional bunch of grass, when Hopalong would mutter under his breath, and the cayuse would prick up its ears and jog nonchalently on. Evidently neither cayuse or rider relished being abroad in the hot, simmering prairie, and portrayed marked unresemblance to the other rider who was pushing energetically ahead.

Arriving at their destination late that night, Gibson was utterly exhausted, and climbed into a bundle wagon and slept until late next day. When he awoke the next morning the sun had been up an hour, likewise Hopalong, who was suspiciously inspecting the threshing machine. "Good morning, Hopalong," said Gibson, feeling relieved after a good night's rest. "What do you think of the outfit?" "Skookum paleface," replied Hopalong, eyeing the engine furtively; "Injun no catch um high up fire. Great Spirit no like Injun any more. Great Spirit catch um white man's wheat and thresh um. Injun no good any more." "What about the rattlesnakes?" Gibson anxiously inquired. "To-night," replied Hopalong, "when sun go down me catch um."

That night the crew all assembled, speculatively anxious to see what Hopalong was going to do. Some of the homesteaders had gathered around hoping against hope that this strange Indian could do something to alleviate their predicament. But they entertained grave fears of doubt as to his power to help them in this particular instance.

No sooner had the bright harvest moon risen and flooded the broad expanse with its silvery rays than Hopalong got out his old buffalo horn and sent forth a weird, enchanting strain, barbaric in its moving cadences that carried on the still night air for miles. He continued for about ten minutes a droning, muffled tone, now shrill and now barely audible. Presently, just as some of the crew began to have misgivings, there was a faintly audible commotion all about. The wheat stubble began to jerk and oscillate in the moonlight, and those assembled perceived snakes—hundreds of them and thousands, slipping through the wheat stubble in a vivid effectual stream, as if they were following old Lucifer himself.

Hopalong marched ahead of the reptiles in a triumphant stride, winding the unmusical buffalo horn now wild and shrill, and now deep and dolorous. Snakes, and nothing but snakes, passed in endless stream all in one direction long after Hopalong had disappeared over a distant hill. The tone of the weird buffalo horn continued growing fainter and fainter, until finally it died out altogether.

* * * *

The next morning the crew was up bright and early, and the threshing machine was humming merrily away again. Not a rattler was to be seen. The only evidence of reptiles was the rumpled up wheat stubble and the millions of criss-crossing and tangled trails in the sand and volcanic ash, while a certain lake two miles distant at the foot of a high bluff was literally alive with rattlesnakes.

Gibson Sterling stood upon the deck of the engine and mentally prospected on what his profits would amount to at twice the price originally agreed upon. A lone Indian rode off through the sagebrush toward the rising sun, glancing now and then at the long slopes of wheat fields on either side, seeing nothing spectacular in what he had accomplished the night before in Owen Wister's land of the God awful Big Bend.



The Face in the Locket

By Billee Glynn

THE blue bay-roll in the harbor of Papeete lolled shoreward with a somnolent note. The steamer Mariposa had just come to dock, and while she still strained testily at her cables, the passengers hurried down the gangplank to where natives and Chinamen waited to handle their luggage. A mixed group of citizens, representing all the degrees of population of Papette, watched the proceedings interestedly. And among the smiling throng, like tropical roses dusky with dreams, shone the faces and burning eyes of the French Creoles—none the less attractive that in instances she showed an admixture of native blood. Catching a glance from a pair of such eyes, the valet of Mr. Robert McVey missed his footing on the gangway and almost fell. His master, who was behind him, reprimanded him sharply. He was a stout man, somewhere between fifty or sixty years of age, and wearing a stern, irritable expression. The head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in San Francisco, he had come to Tahiti for his health, and was in a nervous state bordering on panic. Consequently, little things affected him. He had a reputation for having always disliked women individually and socially. Never having been there before, he had dreamt of Tahiti as a paradise of rest, where only was the murmur of the sea and every personality became as a shell on the shore, and neither business nor sex menaced the joy of drifting. Robert McVey was out for one quiet time with himself, and to the extent, that he even ill-treated his lackey because for reasons of convenience he had been obliged to take him along. Since the lackey happened to be a sturdy, Irish block, and was infinitely capable of taking care of himself, sympathy in the matter is not necessary, however.

The principal "hotera," or hotel, received McVey cordially. He found upstair apartments overlooking the sea. And the narrow streets of Papeete appealed to him as lanes down which he might wander in peace. His first meal, agreeing comfortably with his badgered stomach, adduced in him a feeling of delightful languor. Then down in the lobby of the hotel—it was but a small place—the manager, Monsieur Durant, introduced him to Madame Gordon. In Tahiti, hospitality is not confined to any particular form. Besides, the manufacturer always carried the look of a man of importance, and, as his host guessed, might be staying in Papeete for some time, where every newcomer is worth at least investigation. The lady had been calling on Madame Durant, and the two women crossed the lobby together. Then it was that Monsieur Durant had brought McVey over to them.

Madame Gordon, a lithe, flower-like creature, received him almost shyly. She was gowned in mauve silk, deliciously clinging, and seemed made up of dreaming fires. Her eyes were like those beautiful twilights in which a man remembers his loves. And her olive complexion had the perfect finish of a pansy petal. By the side of Madame Durant, who was rather coarse and fat, she shone like a delicately nurtured dove in comparison with an overfed field-sparrow.

The introductions had scarcely been made when a tall, broad-shouldered young man, clad in white duck, swung open the hotel door and came up to

the group smiling. While McVey caught his breath and drew slightly away, the three received him heartily. And the hand of Madame Gordon went out to him caressingly.

"I happened to be passing," he explained to her, "and saw that I was just in time to take you home with me, dear."

She gave him a look of love, fondling his arm with her hand. Then, with instinctive courtesy, she turned quickly. "Meet Mr. McVey, Arnold," she said. "My husband, sir."

The manufacturer, who had been about to withdraw, turned suddenly with a stern look. At the confrontation the blood swept Arnold Gordon's face till it seemed to dye the blonde locks of his nestling hair, and his mouth opened in an unutterable gasp. Fortunately the others were regarding the manufacturer. Then, instantly, he controlled himself, his gray eyes narrowing into a glance of tempered steel.

"I am glad to meet you," he articulated, without extending his hand. "Will you be long in Papeete?"

"For some little time, I believe. It seems to me that I have seen you before."

The other met the scarcely repressed irony without flinching. "I have been in business in the island for the last five years. We do not accumulate wealth here, but we find happiness. "

"I suppose the climate agrees with you better than might be the case in some other places."

"Possibly!" There was a restraint in the word which communicated itself to the other.

"I will be in my own apartment up till nine o'clock this evening," he said. "There is a business project I have in mind, and it strikes me that, perhaps, you could help me with it."

In anywhere but lazy, loving Papeete the conversation might have struck the curiosity of the company. But in that climate even curiosity is too much of an effort. Certain that he had made himself understood, McVey withdrew, bowing with a peculiar smile to an invitation from Madame Gordon to attend a dance at her house the following night. Monsieur Durant shrugged his French shoulders as he disappeared.

"It is so often the tragedy of the rich," he said, "that no amount of money can buy good manners."

In his own quarters, with the lattice doors flung open to the sea air, the manufacturer walked up and down, frowning. He had come to Tahiti for health and pleasure, and now this criminal had to show himself. Very well, he would be prosecuted with all the more vengeance. He had always vowed that he would get him sometime, and, at last, after five years, he had succeeded. It might prove good business, too—the restoration of ten thousand dollars to the firm. Anyway an embezzler would be brought to justice. The American consul would be only too glad to lend his assistance in the matter.

He turned to his valet arranging the writing table. "Martin, I expect a gentleman here to see me before eight o'clock. Wake me when he comes. I am going to take a siesta."

And he went to sleep haunted by the eyes of Madame Gordon, eyes that somehow belonged to the divine tenderness of life, the lost springtime beneath the drifted snow of years. At the age of fifty-six Robert McVey was still a bachelor.

It was half-past eight when he awoke and his valet informed him that no one had called. Without waiting to eat anything, he dressed quickly, and, with his valet in attendance, left the hotel. He had nervous visions of his man having already escaped. The house in which the Gordons lived he found quite a distance down the principal street. Like most of the habitations of Papeete, it was a wooden, one-story structure, but covering, with a certain endeavor at picturesqueness, considerable ground space. Flowers and vines lent decoration to it, and a bamboo veranda ran entirely around, giving it the appearance of a cup and saucer. The dreaming moonlight of the clear, Tahitian night steeped it in

a strange mellow quaintness. Ordering his valet to wait for him outside, the manufacturer knocked harshly at the door. It was opened by Madame Gordon, who recognized him, it seemed, with something of tremulous apprehension. Yet her greeting was charming.

"I came to see your husband, Madame. My man will wait for me without."

Gordon himself sauntered leisurely into the hall. "Come into the parlor," he said, coolly.

McVey's temper rose at his easy manner and tone. He followed him, swinging his shoulders angrily, and, at the other's repeated suggestion, seated himself in a bamboo rocker.

Gordon glanced at his wife. "You have an engagement this evening with Mrs. Scott across the street, have you not, dear?"

"That is so," she acquiesced. And she left the room, drawing the portieres carefully behind her.

Her husband paused to listen for a moment to make sure that she was gone, then he turned to his companion, who had by this time worked himself into somewhat of a sweat. "You have something to say to me?" he suggested.

The other could scarcely command himself. "To say to you, to say to you," he reiterated in a rage. "I have something to do with you. You are going back with me to California and to San Quentin—yes, as sure as you are going to Hell."

Arnold Gordon smiled. "It might, perhaps, please me to go to Hell first."

McVey was regarding him with unappeased anger. "I waited for you at the hotel, and you did not put in an appearance," he flung, savagely.

"I trusted to your business discretion in looking me up."

The manufacturer leaned toward him, measuring him hotly with his glance. "You are the typical villain," he pronounced. "Your insolence is infinite. Why, you have not even changed your name. A poor job-lot of detectives they were when they did not get you."

The younger man corrected him quietly. "I am known here as Arnold Gordon. In San Francisco it was George. My full Christian name is George Arnold." He held out his cigar case. "Will you have a cigar?"

McVey thrust it aside with a wave of his hand. "I would sooner smoke with the devil," he declared. "What I want to know is, if you can make restitution of the ten thousand dollars you embezzled in the position of cashier to my company when you left San Francisco five years ago?"

"I lost it on the horse-races in Mexico," explained the other, biting his cigar with a look of regret. "My copra business here I have built up through my own industry."

McVey sneered. "Fancied that you would be perfectly safe here always, eh? Married, too. Was the lady in on the game, also?"

Gordon rose to his feet leisurely, laying his cigar on the table. He pointed to a brace of pistols hanging on the wall. "You are speaking of my wife, sir," he emphasized, "who to me is the sweetest and finest woman in the world. I met her here in Tahiti and married her. She knows nothing of my misdeeds. I love her with a love that must ever be the soul of me, a love as high and deep as the sky and the sea outside. If you dare to speak ill of her, I will kill you like a dog." There was something finer than springtime in his eyes as he spoke, a sweep to his voice that had the precision of a blade.

His companion was cowed in spite of himself. He gaped at him, then motioned him to sit down. "I have nothing to say against your wife," he stated, more quietly. "I think she is beautiful. But you—you are a scoundrel."

"I am not particular as to your opinion on that score. My own idea is that we stand about quits. My father, also in your employ, was shot to death by burglars while protecting your money-box. He saved it for you, but

what did you do for my mother? Left her to bring me up in utter poverty. Those days of scraping and dry crusts I shall never forget. Then at thirteen I entered your employment and in ten years became your cashier. My mother in the meantime had died. Then I took to playing the races, and finally got away with your ten thousand dollars. Well, how much have you lost on the family?"

"A pretty story," countered the manufacturer, "but it does not alter the fact that you are a thief."

The blood surged into the other's face. "If you say that word again," he hissed, "I'll choke you."

McVey with a gesture of impatience got on his feet. "I am going," he announced.

"Very well," responded the younger man. "Go ahead and do your worst. I know that I am in your power and how useless it would be to oppose you. As for begging your mercy, I would suffer anything rather than do that. Nor would it get me anything. I have only one request to make—that you let the whole matter stand over till after to-morrow night. My wife has her heart set on the dance she is giving then, and I would not care to see her pleasure spoiled. I am speaking with the greatest seriousness."

McVey laughed harshly. "And give you the much desired chance to escape," he insinuated. "I should say not. You will be arrested immediately—to-night."

He strode toward the portieres angrily, and Gordon, with a heavy sigh, turned to the table, making no attempt to stop him. But as he put out his hand to sweep the portieres apart, he started and stepped back quickly, staring into the barrel of a revolver. The white hand that held it tensed trembling, but with a finger on the trigger. It was Madame Gordon who confronted him, the whole flame of her in her eyes.

"I have heard everything that has been said," she voiced, including both him and her husband in her glance, "and if you go to prosecute Arnold, you shall never leave this room." She was magnificent, a pantheress guarding her young, primitive in her revelation as the most primitive thing in the world. The startled eyes of her husband lightened to her with intoxicated pride. Even McVey stared as much at her beauty and dramatic attitude as at the pistol.

"Don't you realize," he articulated weakly at length, "that your husband has done wrong—a great wrong—and must pay the penalty of the law?"

"Whatever he has done," she responded, "I love him. I have heard his explanation, and it is good enough for me. Anyway, it isn't what a man is, it is *what he is to a woman.* I love him, and you shall not disgrace him."

Her husband strode quickly over took the revolver from her hand. "It would be far worse than imprisonment or death for you to commit a crime on my account, sweetheart," he pleaded. She made quite a struggle of it, however, and a locket fell from her neck. McVey stooped to pick it up, in an attempt to get out of range of the pistol.

The face in the locket caught his eye. He stared at it a moment, and returned it to Mrs. Gorden, his demeanor completely changed. She accepted it hastily, anger still agitating her.

"The resemblance is speaking," ventured McVey. "A relative?"

"My mother."

"So I conjectured. And now, Mrs. Gordon, I want to apologize to you and your husband for my intemperate acts. I came down here on sick leave from business to benefit my health, if possible, but this scene has proven to me only too well that I am in a worse condition mentally and physically than I suspected. Pray be lenient, both of you, for my outburst. I promise never to lose control of myself again."

He bowed and started toward the door. "I shall likely leave here on the next steamer, but before I go, may I drop in occasionally and see you both?"

"Certainly," replied Gordon. "If the old understanding is wiped out on

the explanation I made you. I've tried to play the game of life straight since then, and," glancing at his wife, "I mean to do the right thing—for her sake."

"I understand," nodded McVey. "By the way, Gordon, drop in on me in an hour, if you find it convenient." He bowed again and was gone.

McVey and Gordon were chatting over cool drinks, when McVey remarked: "Gordon, I hope you'll prize your wife. By the way, if you are agreeable, I'd like to put $10,000 into your business here on a partnership basis."

Gordon regarded him with puzzled surprise.

McVey looked him squarely in the eye, an interrogating gleam.

"I—I—knew her mother very well."

The two men clasped hands with a wringing grip of confidence and understanding.

LIFE

What is Life? An endless bubble
Surging with the mist and foam
Of the Ages' ocean moan.

Farther from the vortex whirling
Lost and broken! Without flaw;
Part of God's eternal law.

On the strand we pace and wander:
Hear the floating, flooding main,
Tell the story once again.

Heeding not His voice imparting,
Seeing not the deeper meaning,
In the whitened waters' gleaming.

Life is neither joy nor sorrow,
Neither struggle, nor yet fate
Of destined, helpless, hopeless state.

On the Ocean's farthest billows,
To this broken, rocky shore
Life is hurried evermore,

Always striving for the higher.
Children of Almighty Power!
Hear the voices of the Choir!

ROBERT H. DOWN.

Across the Border

H. K. Addis

My name is Ahmed Noureddin Harold K. P. Addis. The first two names indicate my religious beliefs. In Christian countries, Moslems are not usually considered wholly human; therefore, I very often do not make use of that part of my name. I was born in Ohio in 1884. Have attended various schools, among which was the Ohio State University. Have traveled over a great part of European Turkey, and a part of Asiatic Turkey. Resided in Constantinople. Was closely associated with some of the leading members of the Committee of Union and Progress of the Young Turk Party prior to the revolution of July, 1908.

Do not get the idea that I am a Turk or Turkish-American. I have not, so far as I know, one drop of Turkish blood, and my sympathy for that really noble race is simply based upon my knowledge and understanding of their many sterling qualities.

"WHAT can be taking place at the house of our neighbor, Hagop?" exclaimed biyouk Osman, the demirdji (blacksmith), to his wife as he sat before his vine-clad doorway, smoking after the evening meal.

"Indeed, I do not know, my husband," replied his wife, Halide, as she paused from her task, looking through the open door toward the house in question. "All day long I have heard singing, mingled with shouts and cries as of cursing in the rough Armenian language. Now and again, too, it seemed that some one would try to argue with the others, but their loud rough voices would soon drown him out."

"I think I will see Hagop this evening and have a little talk with him. Moustafa Fazil, the Kurdish chief, was at the shop to-day, and while there he tried to make me believe that the Armenians were plotting against us. Moustafa says that we should be on our guard lest they attempt some treacherous work here, but I told him that Hagop Sirkedjian and I were too old friends for there to be any suspicion between us. If Hagop so much



H. K. Addis

as imagined that we were in danger he would certainly let us know at once. Yet in a way Moustafa is right: we Moslems are few, and they are many." Osman leaned back meditatively, watching the smoke as it curled from his bubbling narghile.

"Please God all will be well with us, but I have had a strange feeling to-day, husband. Sometimes it has seemed that I must open my heart to Djemile, and so I should have done but that it is such a pity to mar the poor girl's happiness. If anything should happen to her it would ruin Husseyn's life, for never did brother love sister as our Husseyn loves Djemile; may God watch over them both," and great tears welled up into the eyes of the tender-hearted Halide Hanum, as her maternal ears caught the sound of Djemile's happy young voice humming an old Turkish love-song.

The mouthpiece of the large water-pipe fell to Osman's lap, as with curious eyes he scrutinized his wife's face. "I, too, have had a sense of danger to-day—a foreboding of ill that I could not drive from my mind. God grant that we may both be mistaken."

Theirs is an unusual life. So much so that when we stop to consider the conditions under which these villagers normally live, we no longer are surprised at the significance which they are prone to attach to a mental depression which may indicate nothing more serious than a too-hearty indulgence in a recent meal. To them such mental disturbances have a meaning—and little wonder! In the fertile valleys of that mountainous country which lies to the southward from the eastern extremity of the Black Sea, the various inassimilable elements which go to make up the population exist in a state of continuous eruption. When one never knows at what moment his neighbor's hand may be uplifted against him, seeking his life-blood, or that of his wife or daughter, he is extremely likely to give heed to any occurrence which is capable of being construed as a premonition of danger.

"Strangely enough, though," continued Osman, "where you thought of Djemile, my thoughts were with Husseyn. Do you know that to-day the Kurd, Moustafa, told me that Husseyn's regiment has been transferred from Constantinople, and it is now guarding the frontier just to the north of us?"

"What! On the northern frontier? But that's good news—good news! I don't see how you could feel gloomy after hearing that," exclaimed Halide Hanum reproachfully. "Just think, with only that distance between us our boy may be walking in on us at any time."

"No, my dear wife. No, indeed. This military service is a serious matter. Only in case of absolute necessity would they grant him leave of absence," replied Osman.

"Well, anyway I am glad my boy is getting out and away from the great city. Now he will get more training and be better able to advance himself in the army. Something tells me that he will be yuz-bashi, bin-bashi, and finally the tails of a pasha will grace my wonderful boy."

"I had hoped that he might go up to Constantinople and enter one of the great institutions of learning there and become a doctor of medicine or of the law. He is an intelligent boy, and would do honor to one of the learned professions," rejoined Osman reflectively.

"But think of Husseyn's earliest inclinations. Remember how he used to set up sticks and drill them for soldiers," argued his wife.

"His desire for books was no less great. Besides, the Hodja says that he is the best educated boy in the village. Husseyn loves learning, and would make a great and useful man in one of the professions."

"Just imagine, though, our boy, with his handsome face and stalwart form in the uniform of a pasha. Think of the decorations and the medals, the gold lace and the plumes——"

"Yes, gold lace and decorations—medals and more gold lace. My dear wife, I find that you are still very

much of a woman." And Osman laughed heartily to find that his clear-headed and intensely practical wife was after all very feminine.

A sudden noise brought Osman to his feet. From a nearby street came a motley of sounds—a babel of voices in which apparently all the primitive, emotion-expressing sounds of the human race were represented. It was a moan, a rumble, a roar. It was the sound of the breaking surf, and the impending storm. It was menacing, terrible—capable of striking fear—abject, whimpering fear to the stoutest heart. Osman heard it—biyouk (large) Osman, the blacksmith, the strongest man in ten villages. He stretched himself calmly. "I must go," he said, "and see friend Hagop, the Armenian, and while I am out I may as well find out the cause of this noise."

"Don't go, Osman—husband, don't go. It's nothing, nothing but some drunken Christians in a street brawl. Don't go," implored Halide Hanum, and knew it was not the truth when she spoke. But knowing how he hated drunkenness and all connected with it, she hoped to turn her husband from his purpose.

To no effect was her imploring cry, for Osman knew as well as she the meaning of that dreadful din. But as she watched her husband's broad back disappear around the corner in the direction from which came the riotous noises, she crumpled up and an onlooker might have seen the courageous Halide Hanum, her head bowed in her arms, weeping bitterly. As her eyes followed the form of her departing husband, over her mind there came the thought, gripping, compelling—as an obsession—that this, then, was their last farewell.

Just as Osman turned the corner, a terrible sight broke across his range of vision—terrible, yet it attracted and held his fascinated gaze as a magnet attracts steel. For there before his eyes was a vast plundering mob, a mob of fanaticism—and lust-crazed Armenians. Their weapons were strange, yet admirably suited to the work they had to do. Scythes, axes and knives constituted their arms, while some with plain clubs and others with torches were completing the scheme of destruction which was being carried out by their more combatively armed comrades. Wild songs, doubtless inspired by hate and fanaticism, assailed Osman's ears, and from the throats of the marauders burst harsh cries of lust and rage, and sheer blood-madness and love of slaughter in the uncouth language, to him but semi-intelligible. While above all—louder and yet louder, more piteous and heart-rending, rose the cries of their victims. The agonized groans of men butchered with dull axes and heavy clubs, the wails of little children subjected to fiendish tortures, the shrill screams of Moslem women at the idea of a fate worse than death.

Into this saturnalia of lust and hate Osman gazed fascinated. Nearer and nearer came the mob, louder and louder grew the cries from their lust-inflamed throats, higher and more piercing came the screams of the women. Moslem women—women whose lives had passed in the peace and security of Moslem homes, were being dragged forth to death—and worse than death, there before his very eyes. His sisters might be among the dead, or possibly among those who were carried screaming to the rear to be violated and butchered later.

Osman's mind worked with lightning rapidiy. Still he did not move. The horrible spectacle of which he was a witness exerted a hypnotic attraction upon him. Suddenly, from behind, through the darkness came a hurrying form. To the blacksmith it seemed that he recognized something familiar in the figure, the peculiar motion of the shoulders, the sound of the footsteps. He looked again: "Hagop," he called softly, "Hagop." The form approached and said something in Armenian which Osman did not understand.

"It is I, Hagop. Osman, the demirdji, your old friend and neighbor.

For God's sake, Hagop, do something to put an end to this awful butchery. You are a man of influence among the Armenians. You can do——"

Unnoticed by Osman, as he was speaking the figure had noiselessly raised its arm, and as these words left his lips a large hammer held in the hand of his former friend struck him a heavy blow in the temple. Osman crumpled under the blow, and fell limply face downward to the earth.

"One less Moslem dog," growled the dark shape, grimly.

* * * *

A dash of cold water in his face, the first dreamlike impressions of an unreal world betokening a returning consciousness, and Osman opened his eyes to look into the face of Moustafa Fazil, the Kurdish chief, the Kizilbashi. He attempted to rise to a sitting posture, but fell back, his swimming head almost bursting with the bone-splitting, nerve-racking pain of the injured temple.

"Lie still, friend. The danger is past. The Armenians are gone. They fled when they saw us coming, but we were too late to save many of the Turks," volunteered Moustafa kindly, when he observed what he took to be a look of inquiry on Osman's face.

The injured man, with a supreme effort, struggled feebly to his feet. Refusing assistance, or even company, he laboriously made his painful way over the little distance which separated him from his house. Slowly, racked by unutterable suffering both physical and mental, supporting himself, and guilding his uncertain footsteps by clinging to every object in his path, which would so much as furnish a hand-hold, Osmand reached his home.

Just within the door to the haremlik, the head, horribly crushed and bearing innumerable mutilations on the torso, lay the body of his beloved companion, Halide Hanum. At the awful discovery Osman for the time forgot his own grave injuries. Oblivious to his enfeebled condition, his tortured head forgotten, Osman stooped, and with his old giant strength lifted the mangled form of his wife as one might pick up an infant. Already the form was cold and stiff, and an anguished groan escaping his lips, Osman carried his burden to another room, where he placed it tenderly on a sofa. There his roving eyes fell upon a little heap of gray ashes and a large charred area on the wall, which told him that the incendiary attempts of the murderers had failed. But now for the first time he thought of his daughter, Djemile. In the excitement of his earlier discovery, her very existence had escaped Osman's memory. He hurried through the house, searching every room, looking carefully in every nook and corner, hoping, yet fearful of what the next glance might reveal. The girl was not to be found, however. Over and over again the grief-crazed father frantically searched the house, but to no avail.

At length Osman paused, realizing that his search was over, and for the first time allowed himself to imagine his daughter's fate. All his former torturing pains came over him with renewed severity. With a nameless dread, the stricken man dragged himself to the street. There he found a young man, a Turk named Reshad, from a neighboring village, who told Osman that he had seen Krikor Karakashian ride at breakneck speed through his village, carrying what appeared to be the insensible form of a woman before him on the saddle. This had aroused Reshad's fears as well as his curiosity, for, knowing Krikor by reputation, he suspected some foul work. So he had come, and finding his worst fears increditably surpassed, was doing what he could to alleviate the suffering of the wounded.

Reshad brought some old ladies who had escaped the slaughter, and they took charge of the remains of the unfortunate Halide, preparing the body for burial. Osman was worn out. His wound ached; his poor, overwrought mind was at the breaking point. Sitting in the sun outside his house, he mentally reviewed the terrible calam-

ity which had overtaken him. Now and then as he sat there an old friend would appear, and turning his grief-stricken face towards Osman, silently salute him and as silently hurry on. For in that village few Turks had escaped the slaughter, and none had escaped the loss of a dear friend or relative.

Of the many sad processions to the little cypress-grown cemetery on the hillside the following day, one was that of Osman, who with bowed head and aching heart, guided his tottering footsteps behind the remains of his faithful companion, borne on the shoulders of Reshad and some other young men who had accompanied him from his village. Many thoughts crowded themselves through Osman's mind as he silently followed his wife's bier, and when they were of the living they were not less sad than when of the dead.

He thought of his son, Husseyn, and his stalwart young manhood. To Osman's mind all the virile promise of the Ottoman race was typified in Husseyn. He thought of the boy's love for his mother and sister, and at the thought sounded the depths of his misery. How could he bring himself to tell his son of this overwhelming misfortune, this cataclysm which had overtaken them. However, Osman resolved that a letter must be written to Husseyn that very night.

But even as the broken and desolated father's mind turned toward his absent son, and in all the unfathomable depths of his own despair found it still possible to commiserate the son's grief, at a lonely cross-roads near the northern frontier the same sun shone upon another scene. There an alert-looking young Turkish soldier, who during his period off duty was amusing himself by strolling through the half-cultivated fields, unconsciously happy in the enjoyment of his youthful, effervescing health and spirits, was finding amusement and instruction in solitary communion with Nature's works.

After a time, upon the introspective soldier's consciousness was borne the fact that in the not far distant highway at short intervals, sometimes alone, then again by twos and threes, swift riding horsemen were passing with surprising regularity. This strange occurrence in a roadway usually almost deserted, aroused the young man's interest, and, on approaching nearer the crossroads, he observed that the riders were Armenians. Why, he asked himself when concealed from view behind a cluster of thickly growing shrubs which bordered the road, were those tired horsemen spurring their jaded mounts to the very limit of their last remnants of speed? As he looked on, inquisitively, fascinated, the mysterious procession continued. They would arrive, halt a moment at the cross-roads, and, exchanging a few words with their companions, be off again to the north. Some passed through without slackening their pace.

At length the soldier saw slowly approaching on the dusty highway a horse which bore a double burden. The splendid horse was in the final stages of exhaustion. Evidently they had come far, and judging from the frequency with which one of the riders looked back over the road, fear rode at their heels to spur them on. The horseman alighted and lifted his inert companion from the horse, as though the thing he handled were a bag of meal. The woman, if woman it was, was so swathed in robes as to render impossible a guess as to who or what she might be. She was able to stand, which led the observer to the conclusion that she was not drugged, as was his first impression, but that fear and sheer inability to help herself, or even hope for release, was responsible for her sluggish, inert condition.

"Give me your horse," insolently commanded the stranded horseman, as another rode up on a rather fresh-looking horse.

"Who are you, fellow, to demand my horse in that manner?" asked the newcomer.

"I am Krikor, the bandit, and not accustomed to having my orders dis-

obeyed," boasted the horseman, drawing himself up.

"Very well, Krikor, I fear you will be forced to accustom yourself to being disobeyed if you remain long in my company. You may be a little tyrant among your own band of cutthroats, but you must remember that Garabed Ekmekdjian calls no man chief." And with this introduction the newcomer leaped from his horse and approaching the bandit continued: "But what is this, Krikor? By my soul, I" wager he's carrying away somebody's grandmother." And he indicated the black-robed figure that stood immovable by Krikor's side.

"No; by God, it's the most beautiful girl in Erziroum. I destroyed a whole village; put men to the sword, raped women, and dashed the brains of little children against the stones in the pavement, in order to get this girl," flashed Krikor in reply.

"Yes, as ever a braggart, I see. Why, in my town, when they say 'boastful as Krikor Karakashian,' we all understand. Oh! it's a good joke, an excellent joke." Garabed laughed unroariously.

"But," he continued, seeing the gathering anger in Krikor's face, and wishing to irritate him still further, "if you wish to cross the border yourself, I'm going that way. You can just leave your grandmother here and get on my horse with me, and I will carry you across."

Fierce, blinding wrath seized Krikor at the continued taunts of Garabed. "Look, you lying dog," he cried, and grasping the head-coverings of the black figure which stood silently at his side, with one quick wrench he tore them from her, leaving the face, head and streaming hair uncovered in the sunlight. It was a surpassingly beautiful face which he thus cruelly exposed to view, and the long golden hair was of wondrous shade and texture.

The Turkish soldier who was a witness to this disgraceful interview swayed and put his hand to his head when his eyes fell upon the face of the girl, and as he stepped into the open, her eyes met his and a glad light came into them.

"Hasseyn—brother!" she cried, and in the excess of her emotions burst into tears.

With the angered cry of a wild beast which flies to the protection of its young, Husseyn sprang at the throat of the bandit chief. A feeling of inexpressible satisfaction came over him as he felt his hands close over the Armenian's windpipe. Down, down, with all his strength, he pressed his thumbs into the man's jugular veins—pressed until his steel-like hands could feel the throat growing lax, and he could hear the gurgling sound as the breath pent up within his adversary's heaving chest labored to force an exit. The bandit's efforts to free himself grew weaker; the end of the struggle was near. Husseyn for an instant took his eyes off the face of his antagonist. His sister stood dry-eyed now, as she breathlessly watched the struggle.

"Run, Djemile. Save yourself. Hide yourself," he cried, as suddenly he realized the overwhelming odds against which they would find themselves pitted in case other members of Krikor's band should arrive to find his sister there. The spell broken, Djemile obeyed.

At last Krikor's wildly gripping hands encountered the handle of the knife which hung from his belt. Once, twice, thrice, with rhythmic precision his arm rose and fell as he plunged the dagger into Husseyn's back. The dagger found his heart, but still Husseyn held on, and with his fast glazing eyes followed the flying form of his sister. At last, as by sheer force of will, he held within himself the soul which was struggling to be free; he felt the bandit's body grow limp within his grasp, and as it slithered to the dusty roadway, Husseyn's heroic soul was released, and his body lay stretched across that of the dead bandit.

Garabed Ekmekdjian lightly watched the death-struggle with a careless interest. When with a final quiver the body of Husseyn lay still,

he leaped to the saddle and in response to a twist of the rein and a touch of the spur, the well trained horse was galloping down the road in pursuit of the fleeing girl. Bending low in the saddle, the skilled rider with one arm seized the girl, and, placing her on the horse in front of himself, without checking his speed, wheeled about and spurring his horse sped away northward toward the border.

* * * *

That evening when the muezzin climbed the stairway to the minaret of the little mosque in Osman's desolated village and called to the evening prayer, a trembling, stricken old man, old before his time, answered the call. With his face turned toward Mecca and his heart toward the ever-living God, the old man bowed his head and prayed, and as he prayed, it seemed that God's angels came, and standing on either side of the worshiper, ministered unto him. And a great peace entered into Osman's heart for God, the comforter, the merciful, was with him.

Next day they found him thus, dead in the attitude of prayer.

THE WATCHER

There's a grey mist o'er the land, dear,
And a grey shroud veils the sea,
And the songs of summer, dear, are gone,
Lost to the heart of me.

Mine eyes are dimmed with pain, dear,
Watching the leaden sky,
Watching for sails that will never come
Where the white gulls wheel and fly.

For there's never a dawn that breaks, dear,
But my thoughts turn back to thee,
And never a night that falls, sweetheart,
But my prayers are on the sea.

Seeking the soul of one that's gone—
And there's no day knows the sun
Nor ever the golden hours that were
Nor the songs that love has sung.

R. R. GREENWOOD.



The Invisible Cat

Josephine Clifford McCrackin

IT WAS at my own request that Jack —our faithful old dog—was dispatched to the happy hunting grounds. Not because I found him at all hours of the day and night, with his nose pressed against the door of his dead master's empty room, whining piteously for admittance, and breaking into wild howls when denied entrance; I loved the beast all the more for his faithfulness and affection. But the infirmities of age were upon him; lame, half blind and wholly deaf from an incurable ailment of the ears, I felt that no one would care for him as his master and I had done, and I knew that a time had come when I should have to leave him to the mercy of others occasionally when my temporary absence from home became necessary.

So one afternoon when all was ready, I ran, as if for life, over to the doctor's, and just as Jack discovered I had gone, and came to the east door, out of his master's room, to look for me, a merciful ball from our neighbor's gun brought down the dog without a struggle.

I hope it is not wicked to speak of that first home coming after the dog's death. I could not help raising my eyes to the front veranda, and straining my ears for the quavering little cries and yelps, issuing from a grizzled, trembling old snout in which the teeth were chattering with excitement and impatience. "Hurry, hurry," he seemed to implore, "I want you to stroke my head and pat my back once more before I die, and you know I'm so lame it hurts me to climb down the steps. Come quick—come quick." And I used to run as fast as I could to reach him, while he beat the devil's tatoo with his forepaws on the floor of the porch, and raised his half-blind, faithful old eyes to mine with the most humanly loving expression, when I could lay my hand on him at last.

I never wanted another dog, I said, after Jack died; it breaks one's heart to part with an old friend, even a four-footed one. But every one who came to the house said: "The place is too lonesome without a dog; you must have a dog on the ranch by all means." Instead of that, I got a cat, though I really did not hanker after one at all.

I had spent the night at Villa Bergstedt, and in the cold gray of the early dawn I heard the most persistent and pitiful mew of a young kitten, and saw the little waif slipping along behind shrubs and plants, never for a moment ceasing in its wild appeal for food and shelter. Elsie Goldman said some one had "thrown it away," and she had managed to feed it yesterday after driving it up from the ravine to the house. On the instant I said: "I'll take the cat if you can catch it"—perhaps not thinking that it could be done. But Elsie caught the cat, lugged it over to my house, and we spent the day and night "gentling" it. Though only in part successful, we nevertheless allowed the kitten the freedom of the ranch next day, and as she did not return at night, I was all the more pleased to find her on hand the morning following, though in a really and truly critical position. That is, Elsie, who can do anything and everything, had set a rat-trap, one of those flat, square little boards with a "snap" to it, and placed it in a box turned with its open side to the wall, on the back porch.

Softly tilting back this box, in the glad expectation of finding a defunct wood rat, I was startled to see instead a live kitten resting peacefully beside the deadly instrument. Careful as I was, the cat felt the box move, and sprang up in affright, jumped right across the trap and made tracks for the open, with that dreadful trap clamped fast to the extreme tip of her tail. I stood petrified for a moment, but was recalled to my senses by one wild yell and the clatter of the rat trap, which had caught against the shoe-scraper on the edge of the porch, detached itself from the pussey's tail and landed close beside me, after a hilarious spin in the air. Of course, there was no use calling "Kitty, Kitty" in my most persuasive tones. Kitty was out of reach in a very few seconds, and I went about mourning for the cat that might have become a pet.

So there was neither dog nor cat on the ranch; but after a day or two I thought I heard a faint "mee-ow" under the house, and I instantly went to the west side of the building, where three steps lead from my room on to the terrace. The steps lie along the side of the house, and just at the foot there was left an opening in the wall, low down on the ground, which opening is closed only by some short, loose boards. Crouching down on the terrace and removing these, I began to call and coax, eliciting at last another faint cat call, though never seeing a cat. But I carried milk to this opening, moved it inside and closed up the space again. After a little while the milk had vanished, and I put meat in the same place with the same result, and kept this up for days, rewarded sometimes by a "mew," but never a sight of the cat. At last, one day, toward evening, after I had heard repeated "mee-ows," I stepped, or rather rushed, as I always do, out on the back porch, coffee-pot in hand, full of cold water, luckily, which I was shaking vigorously prior to dashing it on the clump of guelder roses that stood against the north wall of the house. At that moment I noticed a white spot among the bushes, heading my way, and just as it flashed through my brain "The cat is coming to make friends," a gallon or two of cold water was flying through the air, and the next instant a soaked cat was hurling itself around the corner of the house and disappearing under the west side of it, anxious, evidently, to draw the sheltering boards in after it; at least they lay in a heap on the outside of the open space.

Again the cat became invisible, this time for weeks, while it silently absorbed milk and meat as much as I could put under the house for it. Then came a lady to visit me, from San Jose, and as by this time the cat had learned to followed me from room to room, under the house, I startled this lady one day by holding conversation with an invisible cat.

"Oh, Kitty," I said, "why don't you come up and lie by the kitchen fire; it's so rainy and cold." Asked the lady in alarm: "Whom are you talking to?"

And I said: "To my cat, to be sure." "But you've got no cat," she said, positively. "Oh, yes, I have; only it's invisible." When I had related the details of the rat-trap incident, and the cold water accident, she said, "I know how to bring out that cat and gentle it for all time to come."

So we waited till one day the "mee-ows" were loud and numerous, and we both kneeled down on the terrace by the steps, and she held a long, slender switch, with which she was to tickle pussy's nose, and get it to play. Just as I was growing too hoarse to call any more, a white paw was thrust out from the gloom, and a white nose with a black smut across it, was stuck curiously forward. This was the moment for which my friend had waited. But alas! the end of the switch had gotten tangled up in some loose rose clippings, with the thorny side out, and gaining impetus from the weight, it came in sudden contact with the cat's head in so unexpected and overwhelming a manner that the cat-to-be-gentled fled in wildest dismay, and became inaudible as well as invisible

after the third attempt at civilization.

Then I was called to Santa Cruz on business, and my young friend said: "Well, I'd get either a dog or a cat and bring it home!" So I tried to get a dog.

The first try I made was up on High street. A certain young lady there owned five dogs, and I said with the directness for which I am rather celebrated: "Dear young lady, please give me one of your dogs." I shall never forget the startled, grieved expression in the great, luminous eyes she raised to mine, for she was just presenting, in the most gracious manner, a plate of cake to me. "Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "oh, yes." But I knew she did not mean that kind of yes, and I did not blame her when later I saw a magnificent greyhound, a beautiful spaniel, another hound, a terrier, and some other dogs which I would not have parted with either, had they belonged to me. There was a possible Great Dane mentioned, and I said I'd take him, too, if I could get him.

Next day I was to go home; and walking up Pacific avenue, I saw a lovely spaniel lying on the sidewalk in front of a hardware store, just the kind of a dog I should have liked. I stood still awhile pretending to look at the pots and pans in the windows, but really looking at the dog. One of the number of gentlemen conversing in front of the store turned to go; but the dog did not follow him, nor did the other two pay any attention to the spaniel. "A stray dog," I said to myself, for I had read in the "Sentinel" that too many of them were running in the streets.

So I asked one of the gentlemen: "Is that your dog?" and he said "No." He did not know whose it was. "All right," I said, "I'll take him then," and I proceeded to gather up the little black creature at once. "Hold on," interposed the gentlemen; "some one in the store may own him," and sure enough, some one did own him, so this attempt at kidnapping was nipped in the bud.

It was getting on toward noon; my train would leave a little past one, and it was now a case of "get a dog; honestly, if may be, but get a dog." Calling on some friends—whose name perhaps I had better not mention—and making known my desire for the possession of a dog, I was told of one that could perhaps be—well, let us say —gotten. It was understood that he was to be brought to the train for me, and I trotted off quite happy.

Now, it so happened that to that train, that day, there came shining legal lights, weighty editors, editor's wives with keen perceptions of the ridiculous, and literary ladies as famed for sarcasm as for fine talents in satire. Finding myself amongst these people, I was naturally anxious to appear dignified and calm as a woman of my years ought to be, and I tried to talk rationally and look wise. I might have succeeded had I not suddenly discovered the approach of an unknown individual leading a diminutive dog by a line. "Oh, here's my dog!" I exclaimed, and I jumped up from my seat, ran through the crowded car, snatched up the dog and returned with the frantic animal struggling in my arms, just as the train started.

Such a shout of laughter went up to the roof of that car! Everybody wanted to see the dog; they all made fun of him, and me, too, I'm afraid; but they were all good-natured, and some one always telegraphed or telephoned to me every time the conductor hove in sight; and the dog regularly went into eclipse, at such time, under my big black coat. But Monkey, as everybody called the little brute on sight, after struggling desperately for a while, became perfectly tractable, and still as a mouse, when allowed to slip out of my lap to the floor of the car.

The crucial test of my courage came when we approached Wrights, and I knew I should have to carry the beast out in my arms or lose him. But I gathered up my courage and the "purp," struggled down the aisle toward the door, and making the best

possible courtesy to the editor, said in tones of deepest apology: "I've never done it before and I'll never do it again, if you will only please forgive me this time."

At Wrights depot a lady friend awaited me, and just as I was exhibiting my prize to her, the little beast got loose and made off swiftly toward the tunnel.

My yell brought help from all sides; we gave chase with a will, for I knew that if he entered the tunnel he was lost to me. Then, just as I shouted my loudest, the mean little monkey turned, crouched low on the ground, and seemed to say "Pick me up, please; do you think I'm fool enough to run into that tunnel?"

Before we reached home we both agreed that the dog was a treasure, and he proved his good sense again when we got home. There was naturally a struggle as we got out of the wagon, for I feared he would run back down the road. Instead of that, when he made his escape, he ran up the steps of the front verandah, measured with his sharp, black eyes the distance between the two pillars at the head of the steps, sat down exactly in the middle and watched us two women climb up, his tail kinked over his back and waggling from side to side in an evident attempt at giving expression to a "welcome home."

THE GLORY OF GOD

My Father is God of the rolling clouds
And the storm shaken trees;
My Father is God of the gentle blue sky
And the tender breeze;
My Father is God of the rosy glow
That wraps the world in the twilight hours;
My Father is God of the shimmering leaves
And the pure-petalled, delicate flowers;
The God of the little twittering birds
And wondering, wide-eyed deer;
The God of the still, sweet moonlight,
And stars far glimmering cheer;
The God of magnificent mountain heights,
Resplendent in glittering rainbow lights;
The God of the rollicking chanting streams
That dance down canyons with sunbright gleams;
The God of all of the glory glints
That garb the world as a queen of dreams
In a myriad marvelous tints;—
My Father, my Father, the artist-God!

RUTH E. HENDERSON.



The Amber Necklace

By Don W. Richards

IT WAS to be their last day together. Merrel sat in the reception room of the Chester Apartments and waited for Miss Ainsley to appear. He had been tardy, delayed by the "covering" of an unexpected assignment, and he had arrived somewhat out of breath and a trifle anxious as to how he would be received. But his apprehension had been groundless, for she was not yet ready. He was glad he had brought the violets, however—he knew it was her favorite flower.

Merrel was a nice, clean looking boy. His work had not yet stolen the fresh pink from his skin or graved the lines of experience. He was straight limbed and lithe, and the close fitting tweed suit showed his build to advantage. His head was good, with a high forehead, and his mouth straight and firm, while his eyes, not to be disguised by the tortoise pince-nez, twinkled delightfully. He was a true Western type.

The boy glanced repeatedly at his watch, without realizing it had stopped an hour ago, and his heart palpitated a bit at each sound of approaching footsteps. The wait seemed interminable to him, though in reality it was but a few moments since he had sent up his card.

At last the door opened, and the fair haired lady stood before him. The sudden leap which his heart gave showed the reason for its previous palpitation. Moreover, a lump seemed to rise in his throat, and his eyes became misty at the vision of her. For a moment he could not speak, but rising slowly, he dropped the violets and advanced to her with out-stretched hand. She smiled at him.

"I kept you waiting?" she said. Her voice was low and musical, and she had a little trick of smiling with parted lips.

"Why, I was late myself," he answered. "I was afraid I was very late." Then he recovered the forgotten flowers.

"Violets," she exclaimed. "Aren't they beauties." And to Merrel they were even more beautiful by her approval.

He watched her as she arranged the bouquet. She was dressed in golden brown broadcloth, trimmed with soft beaver, and her turban also bore a touch of fur. Her hair, framing her piquant face, was light brown and wavy, and Merrel longed to put forth his hand and smooth one erring curl back into place. She was slender and of just the stature that made that slenderness appealing, and as she raised herself on tip-toe to observe the flowers in the mirror one could see a trim ankle and well-shod foot. To Merrel she was the most desirable girl in the world.

She turned to him for approval, and his eyes gave it so heartily that she blushed, and her lashes drooped alluringly. When she raised them again Merrel stood quite close, and with one hand he gently tilted her face to look into his. His nervousness had quite gone, and there remained only a pleading little tremor in his voice.

"Look at me," he commanded, and she brought her wavering glance to his. "It's our last time together." He must have dreamed that a tear glistened for a moment in her eye.

"Yes," she said softly, "our last time." Then quite suddenly she melted into his arms and snuggled against his shoulder.

"Oh, Bob, I'm so unhappy. I don't want to go." Merrel, it was plain, did not want her to go either, for he held her very close to him for a long time. Indeed, we cannot doubt that, if it lay within his power, he would not have even permitted her to think of going.

Florence Ainsley and her mother were of that vast throng who had come to California in the Exposition year. The mother, ill in health, mourning her husband's death, had yielded to her daughter's urging and had crossed the continent. They had remained longer than they intended. One reason for this was the improvement in Mrs. Ainsley's health, and the other was Bob Merrel. He had met Miss Ainsley at the Massachusetts Building, where on some special day he had "covered" the story. She had served him with tea, they had chatted a while, and the casual acquaintance soon ripened into friendship and more. Too swiftly had the days passed, and they were at last brought to realize that their dream was almost at an end. The Ainsleys were forced through financial strictures to return to Boston, and Bob's slender salary forbade any attempt to hold the lady of his heart near him. Sometimes he built dreams of the future, but he knew they were only dreams after all. Their last day had arrived.

"Come," she said, "let's walk somewhere," and leaving the apartment, they turned into California street. A slight breeze blowing up from the bay fell lightly upon their faces, and unconsciously they breathed deeply, and then smiled at each other.

"It's like rare wine, this San Francisco air," she said. "It makes me quite giddy. I feel as if I could walk right over the roof tops and on across the water," and unwitting of passers-by, she took his hand as if to lead him with her in her flight.

"Where shall be go?" he asked.

"Chinatown—let's. Remember how you took me there one evening and we went into all those weird little shops and ate queer things?" and Merrel remembered how she looked that night, and that was all.

How often they had descended Nob Hill before, bent on this or that excursion. The reporter knew his San Francisco well, and he had led her to the many romantic spots the city abounds in. Tales he told her of the old city before the fire—stories he had garnered in press room and street, the paean of long dead days. To the Eastern girl it was like the Arabian night's enchantment—a living romance—small wonder that Merrel won her heart.

With little exclamations of glee the girl turned from this display to that, fingering silken Oriental garments, or tracing the pattern of vase and ornament. Obliging clerks, a mixture of Orient and Occident, brought forth treasures for the eyes of the pretty American. Even in the Sing Set bazaar, where cool indifference usually awaits the tourist, the silent little yellow gentlemen served her smilingly.

The afternoon passed quickly. They turned at last back up Grant avenue, pausing now and then to admire some display. Suddenly the girl paused before an antique shop. Her sharp exclamation drew Merrel to her side. An amber necklace lay in the window, A single ray of the afternoon sun gleamed on it, bringing out all the liquid clearness of the flawless beads. The other articles in the case were dull and dusty—only the necklace seemed a living thing.

"Oh, how exquisite. See." She pressed her face close to the glass. "Let's go in and look at it."

They entered the shop and the necklace was brought forth for inspection. It was perfect in its fashion. The beads were finely cut, each like unto its fellow, graded expertly through the long strand. The facets still seemed still to hold the gleam caught from the sun a moment before. It was really beautiful.

Merrel watched the girl clasp it caressingly about her neck, and he motioned to the shop-keeper.

"How much?"

"Twenty dolla'," the Chinese gave Merrel a shrewd, sidelong glance.

"Too much." The reporter was wise in the ways of Oriental bargaining.

"Wha' foh too muchee? Cost 'um moah—ten dolla' moah."

Merrel turned away and looked upon his lady, who still toyed with the ornament, then back to the smooth Celestial.

"I give you fifteen dollars," he said.

"No can do. Cost 'um twenty—thirty dolla'—you take twenty dolla'."

The girl, hearing, hurried to Merrel and dropped the necklace on the counter.

"Please don't, Bob; I won't let you buy it. It's too much. It isn't worth it, really."

"Twenty dolla'," persisted the Chinese. "Long time—three year—I catch um from man—sailah—I pay twenty dolla. You take 'um, twenty dolla'."

"No," said the little lady, torn between desire and impatience with herself for that desire. "No," and that ended it.

* * * *

Two duties faced Merrel upon the morrow—one, to procure the amber necklace—the other to bid the Ainsleys good-bye.

It was a sad moment for the two young people, and Mrs. Ainsley, realizing it, left them alone. It was only an instant of parting, but it might be forever. It was sacred to them—we will leave it so.

The last thing Merrel did as the train pulled out was to slip a small package into Florence Ainsley's hand. A few moments later, when she had in some measure dried her tears, she opened the box. There lay the amber necklace. The enclosed note read: "Amber for luck—Forever, Bob." The little lady pressed it to her lips and tears again stole forth from eyes that had wept very much lately.

* * * *

It was November. The fine snow had fallen steadily all morning long. It lay softly over street and walk, and earth bore lightly the white robe which clothed her winter nakedness. There was a tang in the air which forecast a heavier storm and warned the less adventurous to stay close by their hearth-sides.

Florence Ainsley stood before the glowing grate in the reception hall of her uncle's Boston residence. Here among their kin she and her mother had made their home upon the return from the West, and had taken their place in the inner circle of society. Florence, young, chic, and personable, had soon achieved popularity in the younger set, and thanks to the kindness of her aunt, she was not without the wherewithal to maintain her position. The dreams of the West were somewhat dim. At first she and Merrel had corresponded regularly—at such short intervals that the postman smiled as he handed in the familiar missives from California. Then gradually the letters became less frequent, days of silence unaccountably intervened, and Florence sometimes, pen in hand, found that she could not bring herself to write. In the beginning she had hated herself for these lapses, but later had excused it upon some trifling pretext or other. His letters also were sometimes unsatisfactory, as if he wrote from duty or was a little wearied by the effort. She accepted this now with a slight indifference. That she loved him she was sure, but love grows very subdued with long separation. And she found pleasure in the company of other men—the young fellows in her set. With them she was naturally popular, and could the distant Merrel have observed the manner in which they danced attendance, his heart would have ached, undoubtedly.

To-day the little lady mused as she waited a caller. A smile was on her lips as she realized how often she had waited this same person of late. Still smiling, she caught the postman's whistle and received the letter he handed in. She recognized the writing and returned to her place by the fire before opening the envelope.

"Dearest (the brief note read), what I am about to say will perhaps hurt you a great deal—as it has hurt

me. I hope you understand that what I am doing is right and just to you, to every one. I am trying very hard to tell you. I see no future of our happiness together. The raise in salary is still a long way off, and I see the folly of risking your happiness on such slim prospects. I can't ask you to marry a pauper. I love you, but I must release you from your promise. I can't say more. I am always yours, Bob."

Florence sat in silence for a moment and then dropped her head upon her arms, sobbing gently. The letter lay crumpled at her feet. What it had cost Merrel to write she knew, for not once did any doubt of him enter her mind. She knew the future held little for them without the comforts money could buy. In the life around her wealth was necessary for happiness, and that other happiness—that of self-denial—was never known.

A footstep sounded in the hall and she rose, a little startled, and turned to meet young Forbes. He saw the tear-dimmed eye, radiant for all that, and noticed the crushed letter on the rug.

"No bad news, I hope?" he asked. She caught her breath sharply.

"No—that—is—no. A letter, that was all. It is nothing." His gentle solicitation impressed her, and she smiled kindly at him. He was very attractive and possessed that air of breeding which proclaimed him a born gentleman. Strangely enough, a joking word from her uncle that morning concerning young Forbes, had brought a flush to her cheek which bothered her not a little.

Conscious that her hand still lay in his, she withdrew it quickly and turned to the table for her gloves. Then with a nod to her escort, she hurried out of the house to the waiting limousine. She sighed as she sank back luxuriously among the cushions. It was pleasant to have money and enjoy the luxuries it could command, and little mercenary thoughts crossed her mind. Forbes made some slight adjustment to her comfort, and she smiled at him with such sweetness that his hand stole out and covered hers, and she did not withdraw it.

They were silent during the ride down town. Forbes because he was very much in love, and Florence because she was thinking of many things. Her hand still lay idly in his, but her thoughts were far away. She looked out upon the expanse of snow, but saw instead, as from a vast distance, fields of wild flowers rippling and swaying in the gentle western breeze. She saw rolling hills and sheltered valleys, rich in verdure and trees laden with snowy blossoms—miles on miles of orchard and meadow land. And again, blue waters and white sailed ships and the sun glinting upon the golden roofs of an enchanted city which touched the water's edge—a city where happiness had sought and found her.

The little lady shivered as an icy blast swept down the street. Her dream vanished, and she drew closer to her companion. The car turned into the fashionable shopping district, and now, peering from the glass, she watched the throng, which, in spite of weather, hurried hither and thither. Great motors glided past, brilliant in color and design, and her companion pointed out those whose occupants he knew. Then, leaning forward, he gave an order to the driver, who quickened speed a trifle and soon drew up at the curb. The girl gave Forbes a questioning glance.

"It is the jeweler's—Roucault's," he said. "You wished to stop here."

"Thanks," and aided by the attentive Forbes, she alighted and crossed to the shop.

Once within, out of the cold, she searched the cases for her desire, a small present for a friend, while her companion sauntered on to where the rings were displayed.

The little lady exclaimed over each new trinket which the clerk offered for her approval. The proprietor himself, a vivacious little Frenchman, waited on her attentively and smiled delightedly at her manifest pleasure.

At length with his aid she settled upon a neat pendant, and in trying it on, removed the amber necklace which she wore so constantly. She noted the eyes of the jeweler upon it, and with a smile inquired:

"How much is that necklace worth?"

The proprietor picked up the beads and examined them casually. Then his interest visibly increased with the inspection. Suddenly he applied his glass to his eye, and went over each bead searchingly. Then called in excited voice to his assistant. There followed a babble of vociferous French, interspersed with extravagant gestures. The beads seemed to be the center of interest. Miss Ainsley, amused, interested, repeated her question:

"Well, what are they worth?"

In a voice trembling with excitement, the little Frenchman leaned toward her and exclaimed:

"Ninety thousand dollars, madame."

The little lady clutched the counter for support.

"Ninety thousand dollars."

"Oui, madame. You are startled, naturally. It is incredible, but it is true."

"But how——?" her mind groped.

"It is the Imperial Amber presented by the great Napoleon to Josephine. Behold! On each bead it is engraved so finely Napoleon to Josephine. Mon Dieu!"

An assistant had rushed up with a ledger.

"Here, madame, is the record."

He pointed out the line and her confused brain caught fragments of the print:

"The Imperial Amber Necklace—Napoleon to Josephine. Stolen from Paris Museum, June, 1887. Valued at over hour hundred thousand francs. Chief value—romantic history."

The book dropped from her hands.

"Ninety thousand—are you sure?"

"Oui, madame. I will purchase it myself for that. I am a Frenchman!"

Just then young Forbes wandered up with a most indulgent smile. He had just made an excellent investment in diamonds, for the future.

"Have you found what you wanted?"

The little lady awoke from her daze. She turned with a great light shining in her eyes, and seizing the bewildered gentleman's arm, she danced up and down in ecstacy.

"Yes, yes, I have—I have! I can't believe it—Amber for luck—for luck. Quick—I've got to telegraph!" and she rushed out of the shop into the falling snow.

And in spite of subsequent events, young Mr. Forbes could never quite understand what it was all about.

MATURITY

I said that I would climb to the heights of Fame,
And stand among the favored of the earth;
That all the world should know and vaunt my name—
When I was young, 'twas this I held of worth.

Now of such golden-dreaming am I free;
Though Fame has slipped my grasp, yet am I glad:
For Home and Love are all the world to me,
Dearer than laurels that I might have had!

WILLIAM DE RYEE.

Some American Problems

From An English Point of View

By W. R. Castle

THERE are two ideas which inspire Americans as a people, two ideas which are believed to represent the nation and which are expressed by the words progress and democracy. The terms remain the same, but their implication changes year by year. Progress, until recently, meant the economic development of the country, the invention and perfection of machinery, the building of innumerable railroads, above all the amassing of wealth. To-day more stress is put on social legislation. Progress means something very nearly approaching social revolution. The most progressive man is afraid of great wealth, inclined to consider it a symptom of decadence, a thing in itself evil and almost surely the result of dishonesty. So also has the meaning of democracy changed. As the ideal of the framers of the American Constitution and the guiding star of such widely different builders of the nation as Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, it implied equal opportunity and it included in such opportunity the just use of all resources, whether intellect or wealth, which were at the disposal of the individual. This meaning has been lost. Democracy tends in modern America to mean the leveling of all distinction, whether natural or artificial. It distrusts both wealth and intellectual power. It would foist into positions of responsibility those who lack real qualifications, and that not only by endowing them with imaginary resources, but also, lest the contrast be too obvious, by minimizing or condemning as dangerous the real qualifications of others. It is enough if a man has risen from the ranks. Let there be no captious scrutiny of the means whereby he has risen. That may be left to another generation. The sons of the upstart, in their turn, will have to be demeaned, for they will not have started at the bottom. To be really representative to-day, a man must have climbed from the lowest rung of the social ladder. He is profoundly to be distrusted if, like Washington and Jefferson, he started somewhere near the top.

It is, therefore, clear that these two greatly moving ideas have grown more closely together, and that, for the time being, at least, their combined impulse is irresistible. To make the impulse even more powerful, the cry of continually increased democracy as evidence of progress has been adopted, in different degree to be sure, by the leaders of the great political parties. Indeed, it may fairly be said that if Mr. Roosevelt opened the sluice gates of radicalism, Mr. Wilson has blown up the dam. The flood will be destructive or purifying according to the point of view. Certainly it has already obliterated such landmarks as, in a new country, are still called old. It is filling the valleys and submerging the hill tops. Politicians say that its voice is the voice of the people. Its strength is irresistible. It overrides the rights of individuals, of property, in the name of the common good and of progress. It is conscious and believes itself beneficent, for it claims to be the tide of democracy. Yet the thinker, swept along by the flood though he may be,

still questions its ultimate meaning.

Since 1865 there have been in America two great political parties, the Republican and the Democratic, corresponding, with certain curious differences, to the Unionists and the Liberals of England. The South has always been strongly Democratic because it was the Republican party which, under President Lincoln, freed the negroes and gave them political rights. In spite of this, however, the Republican Party, with the passing of the years, has come to be the great bulwark of conservatism, friendly to legitimate business interests, favoring high tariff, conscious of tradition. A few years ago the principal point of difference was the tariff—really a more or less academic distinction for all practical purposes, but sufficient to create effective party lines. In 1896 Mr. Bryan, a wonderfully clever public orator, succeeded in imposing on the Democratic Party his free silver theories and three times led his party to disastrous defeat. There was too much economic good sense in America to run blindly into a financial policy which would have ruined popular credit. During his administration, from 1904 to 1908. Mr. Roosevelt realized that all the clamor against the trusts had raised a real national issue, that whether or not the average man was being accorded his rights, he believed that he was not, and that, in consequence, the successful party would be that one which appeared most successfully to safeguard the privileges of the common people. With great political sagacity, therefore, as well as because he is by nature a reformer, Mr. Roosevelt began effective and far-reaching prosecution of illegal combinations of capital. He would not run for President in 1908, but his nominee, Mr. Taft, easily defeated his old and inconspicuous Democratic opponent. Mr. Taft proved unable, however, to hold popular sympathy. He was honestly conservative and the country was not in a conservative mood. When, therefore, he was given the nomination in 1912, Mr. Roosevelt, this time the defeated Republican nominee, decided to run independently as a Progressive candiate. The result of this was the election of Mr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, who, nevertheless, had a minority of the votes of the country. Mr. Wilson was nominated on a radical platform, but because he was a university president and a distinguished writer on political economy he was given the votes of many conservatives. His election was directly the result of the breakdown of the two-party system, but it is fair to say that in the present enthusiasm of progress, as represented by increasing popular control, no conservative Republican could have been chosen President. It is still to be proved how far his government will satisfy the turbulent majority.

If a democracy is a popular government which executes the mandates of public opinion, the American Government has never been a true democracy, because in America there is seldom true public opinion, even in a limited area of the country; there is never, one might fairly say, a national public opinion. There was, to be sure, a strong, but divided, opinion in 1860, and its result was the Civil War. Real public opinion may well exist in a small, homogeneous country. Except in the clear case of an insult to national honor it is almost inconceivable in one so huge as the United States, where the problems of different sections are inevitably different, often conflicting. California would exclude all Orientals, because they compete with white labor; Hawaii would cease to exist, economically, if Orientals were excluded, for it can obtain no other labor. Massachusetts has its manufacturing interests and Kansas its farming; each is vital on the spot, but neither interests the other. It is, therefore, impossible to devise national legislation which is not based on compromise or which will not injure some States as much as it benefits others, since there cannot be equal distribution of industries. A compromise is never satisfactory to a man who believes strongly

and, though compromise there must always be, most federal regulations, if they touch popular imagination at all, offend one section quite as much as they please another. A case in point is, of course, the new tariff law, which was greatly beneficial to the Southern States and at the same time was a staggering blow to many of the industries of New England. Other examples are the attempts to fix railroad rates and to regulate inter-State commerce, attempts which almost always come into disagreement with State laws. It must be remembered also that the difficulty is increased by jealous defense on the part of each State of its own rights.

Serious politically as these sectional divisions may be, however, they are not as dangerous for national welfare as are the divisions which arise on questions of more general import. In matters of financial legislation and regulation of business there is again sharp divergence of interest. In recent years such laws are, or appear to be, class legislation, and there results in consequence a horizontal division. When the income tax law was passed, for example, few complaints were heard as to the justice of the principle of taxing incomes, but there was, on the one hand, an outcry from the one-half of one per cent of the population taxed that the measure was confiscation rather than taxation, and on the other, an even louder shout that at last the dishonest rich must bear the burden and the honest poor go free. What made it more dangerous in its effect on the popular imagination was that the minimum of taxable income was put as high as $3,000 for a single and $4,000 for a married man, thus enforcing the idea already shaping itself in the mind of the laboring classes that government has an inherent right to take money from a rich man but no right to take it from a poor man. So also, the so-called trust bills are considered by the most part of the business world—the honest rather more than the dishonest part—as unwarranted interference with quite legitimate business; whereas the laboring classes again, who understand these bills not at all, look on them with enthusiasm as instruments to punish the rich, as democratic levellers. It will be seen that such measures as these, which are, and announce themselves as being, social legislation, attack the question in just the opposite way from which it has been taken up in England and on the Continent. In England, the attempt has been directly to help the poor through such measures as the Insurance Act and the Old Age Pension Bill. In America it is indirectly to help the poor through attacking the rich—a method, by the way, which gains wider popular applause.

That the fact of such legislation proves an unhealthy condition in the Commonwealth; that, in other words, representative government has not been a complete success, is generally admitted. But avoiding the extremes of opinion, represented on the one hand by the very few and usually silent men who see no future for America except in division into small republics or in a strongly centralized government, and on the other by those who are frankly anarchists, there remain two middle groups, each with its clearly defined opinion as to the remedy. One group, numerically small but financially powerful, would put the governing power more and more into the hands of experts. They would create a class which, without being very much in the public eye, would consistently run the machinery of government from year to year—officials more or less corresponding to English permanent under-secretaries but with greater authority. They would extend the civil service. They would have the government managed in a business like manner. The other group believes profoundly that the voice of the people is the voice of God. They would, therefore, cure the illness of the body-politic by steadily enlarging the power of the people. They urge the referendum and the initiative, the recall of judges and of judicial decisions. According to them, the people should

not only make but also interpret the laws. They are jealous of experts and therefore of the civil service, fearful of any permanent office—still more of any permanent office-holder. This group is now completely in the ascendant, and under its dictation the country is steadily developing a policy of business restriction, the outcome of which no intelligent man can prophesy, but which the ignorant man hails with joy. Furthermore, the tendency is strongly towards a general policy of government ownership of public utilities, a condition of which many doubt the economic wisdom in any State, but which, under a government that shifts with every change of popular feeling, is big with possibilities of disaster.

Whether the faults of a democracy can be eradicated by making the government more democratic is a question which only a bold man would attempt to answer. This is, nevertheless, the method at present being used in America and achievements are thus far not encouraging. The general referendum and initiative have been adopted in some twenty States. They will soon be added to the Constitutions of other States. Many urge that they be made national. The results in a dozen States are summarized in the very useful appendix to President Lowell's recent book, "Public Opinion and Popular Government." The referendum, omitting that on constitutional amendments, which is usual in most States, has been used, through 1912, forty-nine times, and twenty-five times the Legislatures have been upheld. The initiative has been used one hundred and twenty-eight times (seventy-six times in the State of Oregon) and has been successful fifty-nine times. This seems a fair average of success and failure, and is hailed by the supporters of the experiment as proof of its success. Such proof, however, really depends on whether the measures have elicited true public opinion, and analysis of the vote would show that this has seldom been accomplished. In many cases there probably was no public opinion. Personality in American elections counts for more than principles. The voters turn out almost invariably for this or that man, whereas in England they cast their ballots more for this or that principle. On such broad questions as woman suffrage and the prohibition of liquor, questions on which almost every one has an opinion, there have occasionally been heavy votes; on questions affecting some particular district, moreover, the voting has been often general in the district concerned; but in most of the matters submitted by referendum and initiative the people have evinced little interest, usually because they had no facts on which to base an opinion. It would be absurd, for example, to call the following a true expression of public opinion. An initiative was proposed in the State of Colorado for the publication of a pamphlet containing arguments on all measures to be referred to the people. This was lost, approximately 37,000 voting for and 38,000 against. Furthermore, only 29 per cent of those at the election voted at all, and probably not more than 75 per cent of the registered voters went to the polls. Nor does it seem a much more valuable index of public opinion when a much larger proportion of those at the polls, 78 per cent in fact, voted in Oregon on a State income tax, 52,702 approving and 52,948 opposing the measure. Perhaps the most significant fact, however, as one scans the lists, is the tendency shown in the results. Practically all laws to tax corporations, to apolish poll taxes, to add to the direct power of the people by permitting the recall or by greater extension of initiative or veto, have been acted on affirmatively. Correspondingly all laws to make judicial functions more independent, to restrict the power of labor unions, or to levy proportional taxes on all citizens, have been defeated.

A pertinent question to ask, therefore, even if it be admitted that referendum and initiative actually test public opinion, is whether the people who make up the majority of voters are

competent to judge. The opinion of one may be as good as that of another on such general and clearly understood question as woman suffrage or the prohibition of liquor, but why should the uneducated voter be able to form any sound opinion on a complicated legal matter? He would shrink from giving technical advice on the management of a business in which his savings were invested. There is no reason to believe that his advice is any more useful in the management of the business of government. Why, furthermore, should a resident of one part of a State understand the local needs of a distant section? In the Legislature such questions can be fully discussed, and the conflicting arguments weighed by the legislators. Among the electorate at large this is impossible. Yet a decision arrived at by the people's representatives is held in little esteem, whereas a direct decision, even if secured from a minority of the people, is devoutly accepted as the will of God—except by suffragists and prohibitionists when the vote goes against them. It is notable also that this divine fiat is most strenuously asserted when the vote has been particularly close.

The impulse of the uneducated citizen is to vote to curb the activities of the successful man of affairs, of whom he is jealous, and to secure himself from direct taxation. As Professor Barrett Wendell said several years ago in his prophetic book, "The Privileged Classes": " . . . in the course of the last century or so one great maxim of the American Revolution seems to have got queerly turned around. Our forefathers protested against taxation without representation; our fellow citizens now demand, as their natural right, something very like representation without taxation." This statement was derided as fantastic exaggeration. To-day it is literally true. One hears nothing of the demand because it is accorded, and as a "natural right." Poll taxes, long the only tax on laboring men, have in many places been abolished, and everywhere they are evaded, yet these people, who pay no taxes, have representation in the fullest measure. They now demand control, and to grant it is everywhere the tendency. Because they are in the majority they insist that through their representatives, or better by direct legislation, they should have, for example, the spending of money which others have contributed. The natural result is gross extravagance. The spendthrift who comes into a great inheritance is proverbially the prey of his friends, spends his substance recklessly, and so the man of the people, suddenly elevated to office, first rewards his friends by installing them in positions for which they may be quite as little fitted as he is for his, and then together they expend the funds collected in taxes from corporations and the richer citizens. This is not to accuse them of dishonesty. They are sometimes extravagant through ignorance of business methods; sometimes through a quite honest carrying out of their social and political creed that it is the duty of a successful candidate for office to repay his supporters.

A natural result of this is that only men who hold this creed stand a real chance of election. Those who have paid the taxes and who have the greatest interest in the proper spending of public funds, have little influence. Massachusetts, long considered one of the most conservative States of the Union, is now typical of all. Its Lieutenant-Governor went not long ago to Washington to protest against the appointment to Federal offices of "highbrows"—his own contemptuous appellation for all who have inherited social position or independent means. After an election in a certain State, an unusually intelligent postman was asked for whom he voted for Governor. "For the Democrat," was his immediate response. "I knew he wasn't as good as either of the other candidates, but he has worked up from the bottom and the others have not, so I thought he deserved to be rewarded." Such incidents are unimportant, except that they are symptomatic of the trend of

American politics. Men, not principles, carry elections, and it is rapidly becoming universal to estimate men not for what they are at the moment, not for what their abilities may enable them to accomplish for the State or for the nation, but rather for what their origins have been. Viewed from this angle, the excellent man who has started near the top is not comparable with the mediocre man who has started at the bottom. Even though the latter has not caught up, he has climbed farther. Although he may be less efficient for a particular work, he is more spectacular. Those who are still at the bottom trust him because they recognize in him one of themselves. Many vote for him because he represents their idea of democracy. Many also vote for him because they know that he will reward them by turning over to them a part of the public money of which their support has made him the temporary guardian and disburser. The result is that public offices are filled with men who are technically incompetent.

Men are elected to office, therefore, on a basis which ignores technical fitness and is ultra-democratic. While in office, however, they are given free rein and have distinctly autocratic authority—an authority to initiate legislation and an almost despotic power over the rights of individuals. President Wilson has been called the most despotic of modern rulers, and this is hardly an over-statement, since he has chosen to exert his personal authority as no President has done before. But there is no complaint. He claims no authority by the divine right of inheritance, which claim brought revolution in France, but by a divine right expressed through the suffrage. The people therefore acquiesce. The President is secure because of the origin of his power and because, in his official acts, he is supposed to represent the popular will. Had that will been formulated in clear principles, his hands would be tied, but he was not elected to carry out a definite programme. Party platforms are subordinate to party leaders. A President is elected because he represents, or is supposed to represent, the restless and perhaps rapidly changing wishes of the people. Just now these popular aspirations are towards a vague radicalism, and this Mr. Wilson was expected to work out in detail as he saw fit. The President thus has more power of personal initiative, a wider scope of action, than is ever the case with a British Prime Minister.

Inactivity is seldom the dominant fault of American officials. They are only too ready to make as many laws as can be crowded into their terms of office. As a result, there is in America the anomaly of what prides itself on being a radical democracy under which people submit quietly to multitudinous and often vexatious rules and regulations. Personal liberty is circumscribed to an often exasperating extent, sometimes merely by the idle whim of an official, as in the order of the Secretary of the Navy that officers should not drink. The time may come when the country will no longer submit to ill-considered regulations, but there is a present danger of the forcible breaking of the bonds because different men are affected in different ways. The seed of revolution sprouts only when very large numbers have a common grievance.

One reason for the law-making mania is, unquestionably, that the average citizen has at present little protection at law. The rules of evidence, the possibility of numberless appeals on trivial technicalities, the whole weary course of judicial procedure, make of the law a game in which the man with the largest purse is sure to win. Such a mass of absurd conventions and technicalities has grown up that people say, with some fairness, that the cleverness of the lawyer, not the justice of the cause, or that the rules of the game, determine the result. Some of the courts, moreover, have calendars so overburdened that no new case can reach them for years to come. The bar quite clearly realizes the situation and is foremost in de-

manding reform, and is taking active measures to bring it about. The people demand, not reform—they do not understand what is to be reformed—but relief, and they would find it in a curtailment of judicial power; until that can be achieved, in the enactment of precise and, as they hope, easily interpreted laws.

It is no longer enough, however, that these laws should be precise. They must, to satisfy the popular clamor, be clearly favorable to one section of the people, the laboring class, as against another section, the capitalist class. The ancient idea of special privilege must be retained, but reversed in application. One often hears it said that the labor problem in America is not as serious as it is in England, and although this may at the moment be true, it bids fair within a few years to be far more serious. The explanation of this is not difficult to find. America, more than any other country, has gone mad during the last century over the idea of material progress. Wealth has increased to an almost inconceivable degree. Railroads have penetrated all parts of the land, and with ease of transportation, factories have everywhere sprung into being. But agriculture has not kept pace with machinery. Consequently the population has tended more and more to focus itself in the cities where the opportunities seemed greatest. Colossal fortunes have been made, but the money of the nation has fallen into the hands of comparatively few individuals. Wages have risen, but the cost of living has risen with even greater rapidity, and the result is that, although individuals may have more money than individuals of corresponding classes in Europe, the problem of living is more difficult. This is in itself enough to cause social unrest, and when in addition the population is concentrated in cities, where the poor see daily the luxury and extravagance of the rich, where the sight of innumerable artificial devices for increasing the comforts of life create correspondingly artificial needs, the motives for revolt are violently present. To all this must be added also the fact that Americans are, contrary to the European idea of them, an intensely idealistic people. Millionaires think no longer only of building the biggest houses, but rather of building the most beautiful houses. The standard of taste is rising. Architecture is still experimental, but it strives for something more than mere show. Rich men give with a lavishness unknown in the Old World to hospitals, educational institutions, art galleries, and these gifts, made for the people, make them think more of the people, of those artificially created needs of theirs which are coming to be considered as rights. All this means a weakening of the solidarity of the upper classes, united a few years ago to defend themselves against reasonable demands, and now that there is nc longer question of resisting reasonable demands the laboring classes are united in pressing claims which ran far beyond the bounds of reason. With only feeble and spasmodic opposition special class privilege is again raising its ugly head.

All these problems, finally, are complicated by the necessity of distributing, civilizing and absorbing annually some million of ignorant immigrants; men and women, who crowd the city slums, who lower standards of living, who are always ready to swell the ranks of the most turbulent elements, because they expected to find in America an easy road to wealth and are disappointed. They are disappointed to find cobblestones, instead of gold paving the city streets, but in place of wealth they find almost thrust upon them American citizenship. This, in fact, is a striking example of American idealism. The practical course would be to educate the children of these ignorant immigrants, to give them American ideals, and then to make them citizens. Instead, the immigrants themselves are almost instantly given the ballot in the optimistic belief that the exercise of citizenship will, in some incomprehensible way, teach the ideals on which such

citizenship should be founded. Courageous legislators devise schemes innumerable to dam this flood of immigration, but they are powerless because these people are necessary to the revolutionary propaganda of the unions. Only Oriental exclusion is possible since the Chinese and Japanese prefer personal liberty to union domination. The European immigrants are eager to be naturalized, because they hope that the vote will somehow bring them power and riches.

That the outlook is very grave no one denies. As the only solution she can devise of her own pressing questions American has chosen her path—the increase of democracy, an ever widening direct control of the majority. More and more she is throwing into the hands of the people the decision of momentous questions. She is fearful of experts. She believes that only the people can make and interpret laws, and that a popular decision is most surely right when least influenced by those who have had experience; that only the people can reform legal procedure, determine what is and what is not class legislation, whether government or private ownership of public utilities is wiser; that the people only are competent to settle with fairness to all the grave conflict between capital and labor. When this program is complete America may be no less excellent. It will certainly be very different. It will be no longer an Anglo-Saxon nation.

So completely is this democratic remedy in the ascendant that those conservatives who dare to doubt its transcendant virtues are accused of lack of patriotism. Yet they are not alarmists. They cannot agree that the uneducated masses represent inevitably the national will. Therefore they do not consider it any lack of patriotism to criticise a government which caters only for this part of the population, carries out the will of this part only. They feel themselves, as patriots, no more bound to submit unhesitatingly to the dictates of what they believe an unrepresentative majority than they would to bow before the rule of a single "hero." They disprove of such sudden, carelessly considered and radical changes as were brought about by the new tariff law, but in such a measure they see no national menace. Here and there an industry is destroyed which might have adjusted itself to a gradual reduction of the tariff, but, although unsettling to business in general, they realize that such local failures are not indicative of a national decline of credit. The wealth of the nation is not decreased. Capital must merely be readjusted and redistributed. What they really fear, and see looming in the distance, is a general government throttling of all business, the certain result of a long enough continued series of regulations which aim to benefit the man below by tying the hands of the man above. They see the rewards of his industry taken away from the industrious man and distributed among those who hunger and thirst after the wealth of others, but who are too lazy or too ignorant to build up a competence for themselves. They see success made almost criminal. In the meantime they watch the price of living climb higher and higher. Their own dividends are diminished year by year; they give freely to help the poor; and all the time they realize what the poor, who are the majority and therefore the lawmakers, are unable to understand, that so long as taxes rise to meet the growing extravagance of local and national governments, their own power to aid is diminished and the necessities of life grow no cheaper. They cry out the truism that to be great a nation must be prosperous, that no laws are remedies which are not the outgrowth of custom, that a nation can grow sanely and strongly only when it conforms to the changeless law of Nature, sets itself inalterably against vice and oppression—whether that oppression be exerted by an individual or by the masses, and acknowledges the sacredness of individual liberty wherever that divine right is honestly and honorably exercised.



What the Bowman Says

By Elizabeth Ballard Thompson

In high, white light against the night
The Adventurous Bowman stands,
A raptured look upon his face,
A mighty bow within his hands.

The while he turns an ardent eye
The feathered arrow's flight to trace,
We reck not if it strikes the mark,
Or unregarded falls in space.

We only see the breathless aim,
The corded arm, the straining knee,
Revealing every power put forth—
Emblem of human energy.

What, then, is this The Bowman says,
Standing on high against the sky?
"God does not ask that we succeed,
He only asks that we should try."



SEEIN' THINGS IN AMERICA

Impressions of New York

By Richard Bret Harte

CHAPTER II.

"A Few Mild Experiences in the Big City."

IT WAS over twenty years since I had last seen New York. I have no recollection of this visit for the very good reason that at that time I was engaged either in sucking a comforter or making idiotic noises in my nurse's arms. But now I felt a stranger in my own land.

I had begun to find myself very lost and lonesome when the New York Herald gallantly came to my rescue, welcoming me with open arms. The Herald Building had always attracted me with the antique dignity of its exterior, and as an example of the Italian Renaissance, it seemed so incongruously out of place in the heart of Broadway.

My good fortune came at the psychological moment, when, longing for a friend in whom I could confide my impressions of New York, I found a ready and appreciative listener in the person of Mr. J. S. Petty, then Sunday editor of the Herald. I shall always remember him as that type of American the whole world loves. A big fellow, outspoken and jovial, with an expression of sincerity that penetrates and assures.



" . . . with a most illiterate grin."

I can never forget the Sunday my impressions and caricatures were published in the Herald. It was the first time I had ever had anything published in America. I would have felt quite famous had it not been for the photograph which accompanied the article. The camera had caught me with a most illiterate grin that had about as much significance to it as a Scotch mist. It was the kind of photograph that might have illuminated an advertisement for a famous stomach-ache cure, depicting a cured sufferer whose life had been a tragedy of stomach-aches from the very day of his birth.

The next morning I had the pleasure of hearing my article criticised by one of the manicurists at my hotel who had actually found a resemblance in the photograph. She was a girl of considerable wit and beauty, whose inviting scarcity of attire displayed—amongst other things—a thorough knowledge of the prevailing mode.

"Well," she concluded, putting the final polish on the nail of my little finger, "well, it was some *classy rot* alright, *but you sure know how to write it good!*"

That was the best balanced criticism I ever heard.

During the time I was not writing and caricaturing for the papers, I was busily engaged in rambling over the city, studying the different phases of its cosmopolitan life, always discovering something new, and incidentally enjoying a number of delightful experiences.

It was through some of these random excursions that I nearly became a "Movie" actor, secretary of a photoplay school, a husband, and a traveling companion to a mysterious foreigner who always dined at Considines promptly at 8 p. m.

I was frightened out of the "Movie" career by the leading lady in a comedy picture, who, perceiving that the director had disturbed my equilibrium, soothingly assured me that he was merely a "damned *mutt!*"

It was not so much her amazing knowledge of modern rhetoric that astonished me as the melting expression of sanctified simplicity that characterized her girlish features. Fortunately the incident happened before the picture was taken.

But I shall never forget my part.

After my humble mein had been



". . . displayed amongst other things a thorough knowledge of the prevailing modes."

duly beautified by various cosmetics, etc., all I had to do was to walk on, say "Good-bye," then kiss the lady and leave. Being such a difficult and exacting piece of "business," it had to be rehearsed three times, but I so thoroughly enjoyed it that I could have rehearsed it for a month without the slightest objection.

For three weeks after that delightful experience I entirely lost my appetite. Everything I ate had an embarrassing flavor of lip-rouge about it that went straight to my head instead of the precious void below.

The other adventures I had lacked any real romance, save perhaps the one which might have landed me in the serene oblivion (?) of matrimony. It happened thus:

We met in an Art gallery. She had lost her catalogue, and I had gallantly given her mine. In this horribly prosaic manner we became acquainted. The acquaintanceship first showed signs of developing "roseate hues" when I learned she was an art lover and she learned I was an artist.

Now I am not going to weary the reader by describing the sunset splendors of her hair, the demure fluttering of her eyelids, the lure of her lips, or any other part of her anatomy exposed or semi-exposed for the benefit, uplift and salvation of the opposite sex. I will merely state that she possessed all the powers required by a Robert W. Chambers heroine to turn a man's brain into that kaleidoscope of dreams and nightmares we fondly call "Romance."

Well, I saw her for three days at the same hour in the same gallery. Then she disappeared, whence or whither I never knew. The only information I could gather about her mysterious personality was from one of the attendants at the gallery. He told me that she was a frequent visitor, and believed her to be a wealthy widow, living somewhere on Riverside Drive.

I have since regarded the incident as one of those inevitable enigmas that form some part of the great riddle



"She was an art lover."

of Destiny. Perhaps, after all, a widow must enter every man's life. The least she can do is cultivate his curiosity.

Sightseeing in New York from an elevated train is very unsatisfactory. The only sights I ever saw were windows. In the early morning hours they were invariably adorned with all kinds,



" . . . soothingly assured me that he was a "damned mutt."

colors and conditions of bedding which unfortunately in some cases were such *unsightly* sights that they lent neither enchantment to the view nor the viewer.

But the unique charm of traveling on the elevated lies in its ever-changing panorama of faces and figures. There is nothing so unconsciously entertaining as a cosmopolitan crowd. I remember one morning, returning from a ramble over the docks, I boarded an elevated train filled with immigrants. Opposite me, buried in a mountain of cardboard suitcases and brightly colored bundles, sat an Italian couple with five freshly polished children all as much alike as five freshly polished

door-knobs. The entire family were sucking oranges, with a calm, vacant satisfaction, blandly indifferent of which direction they emitted the pips. But they were a wholesome looking family, unassuming and intelligent, with the brightness of hope in their earnest black eyes. So I forgave them for the erring pips.

Another morning, when I was traveling on the elevated, I found myself confronted by a number of oriental gentlemen, well groomed, stylishly dressed, talking excellent English, and looking anything but "childlike and bland." It seemed ridiculous to associate them with such a menial occupation as the laundry business. If they were descendants of the "Heathen Chinee," then they were certainly an up-to-date, prosperous looking generation. I have no doubt, though, they inherited that remarkable ability of their famous ancestor, which had enabled him to know things "he did not understand." But that this "celestial" gift had failed in Poker was no reason it could not be adapted to considerable advantage in modern business. So I inferred that these oriental gentlemen had prospered accordingly.

Referring again to my sightseeing impressions in New York, I cannot say that I found an abundance of the artistic. New York is essentially imposing with its wonderful contrasts of height and immensity. It looks down upon you, frowning, from the skies, as if you were merely a flea that might be crushed in the flash of a second.

The easiest way to see New York is to lie on your back on the top of a taxi with a pair of field glasses and a parasol. (*Continued next month.*)

A Viking of the Air

By Minnie Irving

FROM the isolation of a ranch high up in the Colorado Rockies, where the snow averages eight feet deep at Christmas, and the thermometer drops to 40 deg. below, to tuning up big aerial war-craft for the great powers of Europe—all in less than a year, is the wonderful record of Victor Carlstrom, the most romantic and spectacular of the crop of 1915 aviators. This young Viking of the air first flashed into public notice last Thanksgiving Day, when he flew in a stiff gale from Toronto, Canada, to New York in a Curtiss military biplane R-2 tractor, 160 h. p., with a speed of 96 miles an hour, in 6 hours and 41 minutes, thereby winning the Aero Club's 1915 award for the notable flight of the year, and a permanent place for himself among the famous birdmen of the world.

Mr. Carlstrom's achievement was all the more remarkable because he had but little previous experience in aircraft except at the Toronto aviation school. Unlike most airmen, he had not even tried his hand at automobile racing, but he took to the sky like a wild duck at migration time; the air is his native element, to cut figure 8's on the atmosphere his unfailing delight. On reaching New York (where he was hailed with enthusiasm by brother birdmen), he was at once enrolled as a member of the Aero Club. Later he was offered a position as principal instructor at the Atlantic Aeronautical Station at Newport News, Va., where he has been testing out



Victor Carlstrom in Curtiss biplane starting on his record flight from Toronto to New York.

new flying machines of different makes up to date of present writing. One of those successfully tried out by him was a monster biplane for the Russian Government intended for use in the European war. This great machine carried 1,000 pounds in the air, attained a speed of 96 miles an hour, and climbed at the rate of 500 feet per minute. It takes a nervy man to handle such an air machine, a very Kiking of space, to ride such a monster safely at a height of 5,000 feet or more with the everlasting winds creating aerial currents and undertows above the clouds, as they always do along the South Atlantic coast. But Carlstrom jockeyed the big flier as if it was a feather, and tuned it up to the *dernier cri* of fitness and stability before passing it on as "air-broken, sound and steady," as a steed of the sky should be.

It looks delightfully easy to the mere spectator below on good old terra firma as he watches the airman rise gracefully as an eagle, and soar and dip, loop the loop, volplane and go through all the stunts of the light-winged swallow—and some the swallow would never think of trying, but the man on the ground never realizes what a firm hand, steady eye, steel nerves and supreme courage, self-reliance and self-confidence are required to become an expert aviator. The brain, the eye and the hand must work in perfect unison. A single mistake means death, and above all there must be no thought of what has happened to others and may happen again while between earth and sky. Once give the imagination full rein, while in the air; once become hypnotized by the immensity above and around, and something like air-fright is likely to result—and the everlasting undoing of the flyer. I fancy few aviators like to

think when in the air of the mysterious fate of Albert Jewell, who was seen to ascend to a considerable height, but never seen again on earth. When I think of Jewell's last flight, I also think of Jules Verne's "Trip to the Moon," and the flattened body of the dog that followed the airship through space. I also think of an article, half romance, half fact, published in the Pall Mall Magazine a few years ago about an unfortunate aviator who got beyond gravity and was forced to travel in space in an endless circle until his bones and his machine disintegrated into dust. Not so very far-fetched, after all, if we believe in the fourth dimension. The tale had an uncanny suggestion of what might have happened to Jewell—if science is to be trusted—and may happen to any other.

Lost Aviator

The birdman proudly took his seat,
 The mighty outspread wings
Responsive to the engine, shook
 Like eager, living things.
Upon those pinions, swift and strong,
 It left earth's beaten track,
And rose into the pathless clouds,
 But nevermore came back.

Oh, does it sail the upper air,
 A tiny speck alone,
Beyond the atmosphere we breathe,
 And gravitation's zone?
Oh is it anchored to a star?
 Or has it found a crack
In Heaven's blue wall and ventured through?
 It nevermore came back.

The aviator's dear ones watch,
 With sad and tearful eyes,
Turned ever upward to the waste
 Of wide, uncharted skies.
A derelict Columbus there,
 Perhaps he drifts, alack!
And this must be his epitaph:
 "He nevermore came back!"

There is little danger, however, that Carlstrom, the young Newport News aerial instructor, will ever take any such involuntary excursion into the infinite zone. The latest record he has captured is for altitude with a passenger, having reached 16,500 feet.

He is too much at home in the wonderful machine he pilots ever to lose control of either his engine or his nerves.

Like most of America's men in the limelight, Carlstrom is a Western man, and an ideal sailor of the sky, being over 6 feet tall, bronzed as a hunter, and clean-built as a Greek runner, altogether presenting a most romantic and dashing figure when armored and hooded in leather he seats himself in the aeroplane he loves. May he long continue to break in the racers of the air, and may he have many safe and successful voyages among the stars!



Charles Keeler, Poet

What a man with faith in his message has done in New York and the World Over

By Mira Abbott Maclay



Charles Keeler.

EVERY poet is more or less a prophet—blessed with vision to see future outcome in present conditions; with ability to look straight into the heart of things and perceive truth and the relationship of the part to the whole—the infinite in an atom; and with more or less zeal for righteousness—a passion for making over the social and economic order.

Almost every poet, too, has in him something of the wandering bard. Blind Homer, they say, went from village to village, singing his tales to those who cared to listen. The minstrel, troubadour, minnesinger—they are one in spirit, almost in blood.

And one in blood and spirit with them and a prophet among the prophets, is Charles Keeler, the Berkeley poet, who has returned to California for a summer tour at least, after a five year's absence—two abroad and three in New York City.

Mr. Keeler distinctly feels that he has a "message." Twofold it is: on the one hand, a rebuke to the sins of modern life—cynicism, pessimism, artificiality, the social wrongs that result in the drunkard, the harlot, the unfathered child. On the other, a constructive message—a plea for the simple life, a philosophy that reads final triumph and good rather than final destruction and doom into the vast vision that science given, succeeding cycles, worlds and suns without end.

And Mr. Keeler has faith—big faith—in this message, and feels an obligation to deliver it laid upon him. Poetry—lyrical and free in form as the poetic passages which mark so many great prose utterances—is his vehicle of expression, and (is it because the minstrel blood is there?) an inner compulsion has sent him forth to wander about the globe, reciting his poetry to audiences of diverse folks, tongues and color. A picturesque figure his—the West has produced few more so.

Late in the summer of 1911 Mr. Keeler set forth on his world-tour and readings, sailing first for the Orient. He had traveled considerably before

this—all up and down the California coast and through the California mountains, in the wake of Stevenson through the South Sea Islands, and in Alaska, as a member of the famous Harriman party. He had lived, too, with simple people—in the Islands and with our Indians, and with those yet earlier folk, our little feathered friends of field and grove, thus gaining a knowledge of life where life is most unhampered by artificialities and conventions.

It took Mr. Keeler two years to make this pilgrimage "around," and read his poems the world over. While in Japan, one of his poetic tales was translated into Japanese for the late emperor at the request of the court Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Nagasaki. In India, he was the guest of the poetess Sarajini Naidon at her home in Hyderabad, and recited for a distinguished company of her friends. In Florence, Italy, he recited at the historic Villa Savanarola, and while in England gave his first dance poem at the Theosophical summer school at Torquay.

These wide travel experiences in turn enriched his poetry, for Mr. Keeler has put into verse a bit of every land visited—some old folk story, some dramatic incident, some typical character. He can give entire programs, drawing his material solely from some one country, as the Islands, Japan, India, Egypt.

A summer in California, followed by a three year's stay in New York, has followed these world-wanderings. In the American metropolis he has again appeared before large audiences in a variety of programs—selections from his verse, in original plays, and as a reader for his dance poems.

These dance poems, or dance rhythms as they are also called, are a contribution to the play-side of life. They consist of poems declaimed with music, and accompanied with pantomimic dancing, thus uniting poetry with the fine sensuous joy there is in the throb of music, the dancer's charm and grace, the beauty of her swirling draperies and the play of light and color.

"The Enchanted Forest" has had the most brilliant production of these dance poems. It was first given in the grand ball room of the Waldorf-Astoria, in one of the Moments Musicales series, under the patronage of Metropolitan artists. Mr. Keeler in costume was the reader. Four barefoot dancers from the studio of Florence Fleming Noyes enacted the pantomime to orchestral music composed for the poem by Miss Bertha Remick.

A background of rare old tapestries completed the setting, and the audience contained many people of note.

Miss Maud Madison has been the soloist dancer to interpret other dance-poems—"The Vampire," a bat dance; "Princess Papilio," a butterfly dance; "The Harper's Song of Iris," an Egyptian dance. The accompanying music is by Emil Rhodes.

Among the poetical plays produced during this time is "The Bird's Christmas Eve" (a play with a peace plea) given last Christmastide by the Orange Woman's Club; a Seneca Indian play, given at the estate of Mrs. Cooley Ward at Wyoming, near Rochester, N. Y., and "The Triumph of Light," originally given in Berkeley and presented in the East at the Passiac, N. J., Unitarian Church.

Mr. Keeler has given recitals at Newport and Naragansett Pier, and in New York at Edison's Little Thimble Theatre, the White Cat Tea Shop (where he gave a fashionable series of dinner recitals), at Guido Bruno's "garret," a gathering place for artists, before a large number of schools and clubs, including the Theatre Club, the United Theatrical Association, the New York Teachers of Oratory Club, the Cosmos Club, the Pleiades Club and the University Forum of America. Everywhere, and all the time, he has met with success—made a good big "hit."

Various other people, too, are now reciting from Mr. Keeler's poems in New York. Miss Lois Fox and Mrs. Ralph Waldo Trine both recite from

"Elfin Songs of Sunland," and Mrs. Waldo Richards includes selections from Mr. Keeler in her readings from contemporaneous American poets. A number of his songs are also being heard. Miss Kittie Chatham sings many of them, and included four in her recent book of songs. Three of these were set to music by Harvey Loomis, and one, "Fairy Bells," by Mrs. Edith Simonds of Berkeley.

His book of child poems, "Elfin Songs of Sunland," brought out first in California, has been given a new edition, the Putnams being the publisher. Guido Bruno recently published a chap book, "Songs of the Cosmos," most of the edition unfortunately being destroyed by a fire in the storeroom.

Now comes "The Victory—Songs of Triumph," published by Laurence Gomme of New York, a man who has brought out much of poetry and drama. The expectations are that another book, "The Mirror of Manhattan," a series of interpretative pictures of the New York of to-day, will soon follow.

Mr. Keeler's friends and readers will find—and welcome—a few old, familiar poems in this new book, such as "The Dreamer and the Doer," "Faith and Works," "To My Boy (On His Birthday") "Man the Conqueror," etc., but the majority of the poems the public will see for the first time within its covers. They are short poems, mostly, and chiefly lyrics in the free form that Mr. Keeler uses almost altogether, and which has so much appeal to moderns. His cry is for freedom, and in his verse he takes what he is reaching out for—practices what he preaches. As "The Outlook" once said: "Mr. Keeler's verses have the real swing and rush, indicating a fulness and richness of thought sometime difficult to condense by the rules of rhyme."

The poems selected for this new volume have the life of to-day for their subject matter, and, as he has put it, are "poems of No Man's Land," in contrast to his work that is decidedly national or provincial in character. "The Chant of Life To-day," "The Child Heart," "O Whence, O Whither



Charles Keeler as reader, in "The Enchanted Forest," given at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Soul," "Playing the Part," "A Masque of the City," so a few of the titles read, telling their own story.

They show Mr. Keeler as a prophet and a beauty lover; one who craves the truth, however sober or unsavory it may be; who holds all life sacred, that of a bird no less than a man; who stretches out an uplifting hand to the downtrodden and oppressed; who

pleads for less artificiality and more naturalness. He delivers himself now with the straight-out blow, now by suggestion or indirection. He does not shirk the ugly word or name, and yet sees the world as so much plastic clay to be shaped to forms of beauty.

"I sing of life," he says:

"I sing of life, not glozed with silk and gems,
But grimed in sweat-shop, groggery and dive,
Mocked in palatial halls of empty pomp,
Flung from divorce courts and from bated breath
Of scandal mongers, eager with their tale
To damn the good name of their nearest friend."

His demand is for fulness of life-expression, not repression, as this from "The Cry of Life" shows:

"I am no flagellant,
With whip and scourge
In hairy coat,
No faster, no ascetic I—

"Tis good to live, to breathe
Deep draughts of fragrant morn,
Deep draughts of dewey night,
To eat sweet simples of the earth.

"To feel the tender touch of hands,
Communicable thrills awake
By their caress the throb of life
That leaps with meeting lips.

"So is my cry not death
But life! more life, replete
With all that sense can wring
Of beauty out of clay;
Full of the joy of light,
Of color and of sound,
Of redolence of flowers."

Here are passages that reflect the quest of an earnest soul for truth, and in that search doubt alike theologian and scientist.

"I crave the truth, stark, naked unashamed,
And should it smite me, let me face the pang,
Aye, turn the other cheek, and cry, again!
If I have coddled error to my breast,
Let me cast forth the viper ere it sting.
"But Gililee, the iconoclast,
Not thus obesiance made to prejudice,
When he spied out God's order in the skies,
And how the riven sun in pangs of birth
Cast from its side the world,
Not e'en the Inquisition's grim intent
Could shake his proclamation of the truth.
"So Darwin to the scoffers made reply
With piled facts no sophistry could shake,
His the new Genesis from nature's Bible,
Of creatures struggling through milleniums,
Through patient cycles of ascending forms.
"But Science is not God's elect disciple
And many an error has she treasured fast
Beneath her academic cloak of smug conceit.
Ah, savants, be not overproud, I pray,
There may be finer laws than you dissolve,
With microscope and telescope and spectrum,
More subtle forces than your prying eyes
Can penetrate amid the unknown dark.
"What are your laws but visions of the unseen Will?
What are your forces but the thinking of the perfect Mind?
So open wide your heart to His great light,
O seeker after truth."

Mr. Keeler is versatile, having a copious vocabulary and a wide range of subjects. He is a mystic, too, with a sense of the oneness of life here and "there." "With the Dead" strikingly brings this out; so does "The People of the Grave."

He is always an optimist, serene, yet at times tinged with something very much like fatalism. He says:

"Milleniums of life
Through thee reverberate.
Uncounted cycles swing

Through thy pre-natal pulse;
Unreckoned aeon cast
Thy seed from life to life,
Fate plays at cards with thee,
Shuffles and cuts the pack
Through aeons ere thy birth,
And throws thee down upon the board,
The last hand of the game."

But he does not counsel passivity:

"Ye cannot comprehend the cosmic plan,
So dare to walk erect and face the world.
Sing like the meadowlark in the rain as well as the sun,
Like the snake in the springtime, slough off the scales of care,
Cast the devils out of thee and be a conqueror!"

As touching a little poem as the book contains is called "Friends." It shows the tender reaching out of a big heart to those most in need of friendship. It reads:

"Poor rum-soaked rounder of the tenderloin,
Discarded remnant of the bargain counter,
Give me your hand, and talk to me, I pray,
The more you fall the more you need a friend.
"Frail painted plaything of the city streets,
The poison of your kisses burn no more.
The world may shun you as contaminate,
But in my heart I find a place for you.
"You little nameless playfellow of shame,
The shame and infamy is all the world's;
But if your father dares not claim his own,
Let me be foster-father, friendless waif."

The cosmic consciousness that seems to be a necessary ingredient of the modern poet has not been left out of Mr. Keeler. He thinks in terms of vast distances and tremendous spaces of time. He sees the continuity of life through changing cycles and countless changing forms. His poetry is in fact permeated with a sense of relationship of the Now to all the Past and Present. It gives a big note, as many of the selections here quoted illustrate. Here is another with the far outreach:

"But what reck we of the glory of engines?
We cry for man's glory and the glory of the Lord.
Aye, the world is but clay to be shaped into beauty,
And the stars in the vast are but candles on the altar.

From the first to the last, in the earth and heavens,
One miracle only can thrill with its wonder—
When God breathes on atoms, and lo! they are life,
When man breaks from matter, and lo! he is love!"

There are a few personal poems included in "The Victory." The one to his little son Leonarde has been mentioned; the others are to noted Californians—Henry Holmes, the violinist; Ina Coolbrith, the poet; William Keith, the painter, and a close personal friend.

Among Mr. Keeler's other books of poetry are "A Season's Sowing," "A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea," "Idyls of El Dorado," "Elfin Songs of Sunland," now in its second edition. He has out also quite a bit of prose. His "Bird Notes Afield" is an authority in its line, and has passed into several editions. "San Francisco and Thereabouts" is a well known volume, as is his "The Simple Home." "San Francisco Through Earthquake and Fire," "Southern California" and "Evolution of Color in the Birds of North America" are still other works from Mr. Keeler's facile pen.

He is a member of the Bohemian Club and wrote the Cremation of Care ceremony for the 1913 jinks. He is also a member of the Author's Club of London, and the New York Author's Club.

Il Religoso

(Brother Anselmo in the Great Forest, 1789)

By Emily Inez Denny

A native of the State of Washington, I grew up in the midst of what were to me enchanting scenes. Deeply impressed by my environment, I sought expression in painting records of nature. Then I tried a combination of illustrations, prose and short poems in magazine articles. One comprised sketches of Puget Sound Indians, with pictures and poem, "Achada: Indian Mother's Lament;" another was a story of an Indian princess, with several short poems and original drawings; a third described a sojourn in a mountain park with copies of my own paintings of the spot and a poem "Bluebells of the Cascades." During one winter I laid down the brush while I diligently wrote three hours a day, the result being a book of five hundred pages, published in 1909, entitled "Blazing the Way," a collection of stories, poems and sketches concerning pioneer days in the Northwest. When asked where I preferred to live, I have answered: "Almost anywhere on the Pacific Coast." Its aspects are inspiration for both art and literature, the sounding of its seas and stately forests ever fraught with spiritual messages.



Inez Denny

FORTH I wandered from the cloister, for bell and prayer and hollow murmurs did only fret instead of calm my soul. As in a trance I went until awakening, in sooth I stood in the midst of a majestic forest; I breathed the sweet air; I listened to the varied sounds, I looked up and saw the branches waving overhead, looked afar thro' the vistas, marked the beauty all around. Great thoughts strove within me, overflowed to my lips, and I lifted up my voice and said:

"O thou mysterious, shadowy, interminable, evergreen forest!

"Thy multitudinous and venerable company, grey-robed by the centuries, white-bearded with streaming mosses, as priests and patriarchs, the Creator are evermore solemnly praising

"In thy lofty aisles, columned with the cloud-seeking pine and fir trees, vaulted with the blue of Heaven, sprinkled with star-lamps, perfumed from kalsamic censers, swung by

the acolyte wind-spirits, who could wander without aspiration or worship?

"Are not the children of thy solitudes, the flitting songster weaving his golden thread of melody through the woof of thy light and shadow, the pure, meek monotropa, serving in its sisterhood of beauty, the tossing evergreen branches, sifting sunbeams for the dwellers beneath, the cataract from the mountain-side, murmurously chanting in thy leafy depths, evermore joyously praising?

"Lives then the soul though seared by worldliness, benumbed by artificiality and selfishness, that could not thrill with responsive emotion and awaken here to look up to the heaven above in prayerful longing and love?

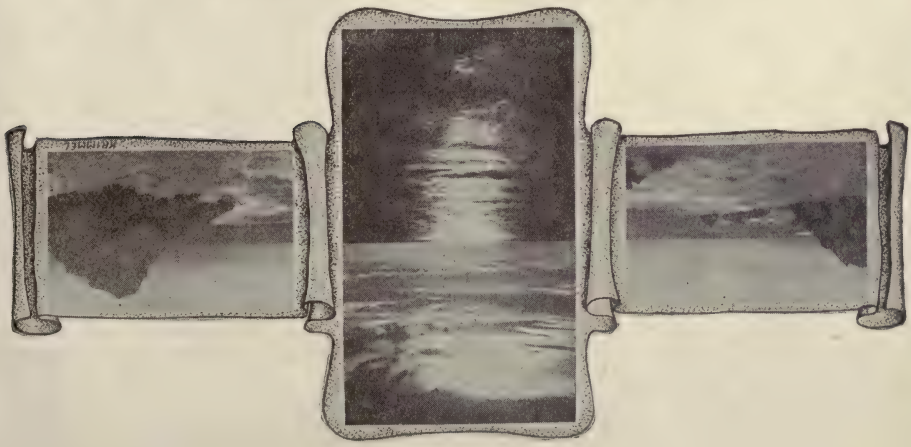
"How glorious to be, even as thy multitudinous and venerable company, O majestic, mysterious, shadowy, illimitable forest, evermore steadfastly worshipping and praising!"

From afar in the dark recesses of the forest came answering whispers: "O children of men, if ye would know worship and praise, prayer and meditation, with joyous reward, return to my shadowy aisles, kneel in my sunlit spaces, tarry under my sheltering branches, banish care, worldliness and futile sorrow, so shall your souls be healed, and ye be evermore worthily, steadfastly, joyously praising!"

BUBBLES

From the Sausalito Ferry

Floating sunlighted on the blue bowl's rim,
Breathed from the foam through fragile pipe of clay
In eager effort of the child at play,
The bubble domes all iridescent swim,
Fresh blown by fancy on the sea fog dim,
Light wreathed to crown a nation's holiday.
Brief, evanescent, poised to drift away,
Reflected in their resting globes they limn
The image of the mirrored universe.
Its iridescent hopes, embodied thought,
The mimic forms, the myriad hues diverse
By the skilled artist hand in beauty wrought,
His visioned ideal ere their shapes disperse,
A wistful moment in their radiance caught. M. P. C.



A Criticism of "The Gray Dawn"

By Charles B. Turrill

Member Advisory Committee Historical Survey Committee

I HAD been asked by so many people for my opinion of the accuracy of Stewart Edward White's "Gray Dawn," as a picture of the period that I had intended preparing a criticism from the work in its serial form. Other matters interfered with such work, and I had about abandoned the idea until I read your criticism in the January "Bookman."

You say Mr. White "has not so much tried to tell a story as to paint an epoch, the turbulent days of the early fifties in California. Undeniably he has done a good piece of work He gets the atmosphere beyond question; the book is saturated with it, redolent of it . . . it is idle to pretend that the reader will become seriously excited about the individual characters . . . but as a picture of San Francisco in the days of the gold fever and the Vigilantes and the volunteer fire companies, the 'Gray Dawn' is distinctly worth while, it bears the hallmark of truth."

Were all your readers fully informed regarding the period in question your criticism would be received in the nature of an after dinner speech to be interpreted by the "brown taste" of the morning after. But, unfortunately, the majority of your readers are of those to whom everything "Western" is a terra incognita into which callow writers have adventured and have flooded the book-stores with Munchausen tales.

We of California, who have lived here nearly as long as the State has been a part of the American Union (and whose fathers and mothers were here before us, each doing his or her part in the work of founding a commonwealth), respecting the memories of our forebears, their friends, neighbors and associates, most earnestly protest against the continued and systematic misrepresentation of the forceful and earnest life of the Pioneers of California. We have a right to be proud of those virile young men and women who, endowed with the restless nature of Americans, braved the dangers of months of travel over almost untracked wastes or long and oft tempestuous ocean voyages that they might make for themselves homes where there was room for their energies. They may not all have been highly educated, they may not have all been poc-marked by the corroding punctualities of social precedence. But they were warm blooded human beings. For the number of inhabitants, there was no greater number of adventurers or undesirables than among our earlier ancestors in New England, or Virginia. But those people of the Californian early days lived their lives honestly, as a rule. They did not steal the livery of Heaven in which to serve the Devil. They did not practice present-day subterfuges in an effort to gain caste by deception. Yes, some of them drank, and possibly as heavily as others did in New York, for instance, at the same period. We must recall that drinking was prevalent all over the world, and had been for at least a few thousand years. That drinking was done openly and in a convivial spirit. It was not considered manly to talk prohibition and patronize "blind pigs." Yes, there was gambling. And that was done openly.

Bridge whist had not arisen above the horizon of chance. In the sense that everybody gambled, gambling in the early days of California was no more universal than at present in any other community. It is a historic fact that in San Francisco in the early days when a street preacher began his exhortation in front of a noted gambling saloon, the proprietor of the place ordered all games stopped until the preacher had finished. It was an era of fair play. The man of God had for the time no competition in the interest of his auditors.

I do not dispute the fact that in that great rush to California many undesirable characters were to be found. That undesirability was also a purely relative quality. So long as those men and women conducted themselves in a manner which did not interfere with the rights of others, they were not interfered with. Whenever they ceased to do so it was not long before they met with opposition. A man was accepted at his own valuation and was given an opportunity of conducting his affairs as he thought best, regardless of what he had been elsewhere. It was the threat by James King of William that he would publish in the "Bulletin" the "record" of James P. Casey in New York after Casey had told him that he was trying to live down that record which led Casey to shoot King, which act was the direct cause of the '56 Vigilance Committee.

In these days it is difficult to realize the bitterness of political contests in the '50's. All over the country institutions were in a formative condition, and on every topic everywhere party sentiment was virile and aggressive. It is not denied that political corruption existed. In our milk and water purity of politics of later years we can of course have no sympathy with or charity for the frailities of those who were half a century ago sacrificing themselves for their country's good at a regular per diem. Time has brought refinements in methods.

In the "Gray Dawn" we read much of the effect of technicalities of law. This punctilio was not of California origin. Our legal procedure was founded on that of the other States, to a great extent that of New York and Missouri. The men who were the first to make names for themselves here as lawyers were the bright young men whose training had been in the schools and courts of other States. It is very doubtful whether their efforts in these especial lines of jurisprudence were more noted in California than elsewhere either in the '50's or even to-day. Half a century of experiment has not materially lessened litigation or hastened decisions.

As I was born in a different part of California and had no relatives, nor close friends in San Francisco in the '50's, I feel I can object to some of the statements in "The Gray Dawn" without the imputation that I feel personally aggrieved. It would seem that Mr. White had purposely heaped insults on the memories of many while striving to imagine "local color." I shall not use the quoted words of his characters, but rather Mr. White's own comments.

Speaking of Wm. T. Coleman on page 44 of "The Gray Dawn," the author writes: "His complexion was florid, and this, in conjunction with a sweeping blue-black mustache, gave him exactly the appearance of a gambler or bartender!" Again on page 206: "Coleman, quite, grim, complacent, but looking, with his sweeping, inky mustache and his florid complexion, like a flashy 'sport.'" Was the desire for "local color" the motive for so falsely painting the man who came to California in his active youth and throughout a long life of active business and civic probity, left an honorable name to be cherished not only by his family, but by every Californian? Before me as I write lies the copy of a portrait of Wm. T. Coleman, which was made just as he was leaving the East for San Francisco, with high, intellectual forehead, thoughtful eyes and *smoothly shaven* face. Before me, also, is the portrait of Coleman in the prime of life. It is the picture of a

clean-living man of affairs. We have no gauge of measuring what is Mr. White's conception of the features of a gambler and "sport" other than a florid face and long mustache, which on one page is blue-black and on another inky. There have probably been several million men who have had florid faces and who may have worn mustaches. Were they all gamblers or sports?

On page 209, this critic of early morality writes: "Many of these ex-jailbirds rose to wealth and influence, so that to this day the sound of their names means aristocracy and birth to those ignorant of local history. Their descendants may be seen to-day ruffling it proudly on the strength of their 'birth!'" This is an unqualified and unnecessary insult. Society in California rests on as firm a foundation of real merit and worth as anywhere. At the present time, as always, it is less busy in "ruffling" (whatever that may be), than in doing as it has always done, all in its power to help the less successful and to alleviate to the best of its abilities the sufferings and needs of others.

There is scarcely a chapter that does not bristle with inaccuracies. The geography of the book is ridiculous. The opening sentence is an index to the author's ignorance or lack of care in the little items that tend to make for "local color." It has been said of Sir Walter Scott that when planning a romance he was so careful to secure true "local color" that he visited the proposed scenes of his story and even noted in his note book the wild flowers growing in the several localities. With libraries full of accurate data he seems to have been content with the most hasty and imperfect gleaning. The story begins: "On the veranda of the Bella Union Hotel." There never was a hotel of that name in San Francisco, and the building bearing the name was destitute of a veranda. The thrilling description of the georgeous dining room is a pure fiction. A little care of investigation would have suggested the Portsmouth House on the corner of the Plaza diagonally opposite as the home of the Sherwoods.

The time of the story is definitely established by the statement on page three, "which was the year of grace, 1852." Passing over other haphazard statements, we come to Chapter XIX which details the beginning of Keith's legal advancement. How dramatic is this chapter: "His door opened, and a meek, mild little wisp of a man sidled in. He held his hat in his hand, revealing clearly sandy hair and a narrow forehead." How interesting! And to think that that little man, who gave his name as Dr. Jacob Jones was to be the means of Keith's wealth and advancement under the careful manipulation of our author. How breathlessly we read "Little Doctor Jones came to him much depressed." How cleverly does Keith tie up the money-grasping Neil and astonish all the perverse dilatory lawyers of the city. It is all superb. It is history paraphrased, for, in the "Annals of San Francisco," we read the full account of the Dr. Peter Smith claims for the same services as the story-teller's, "Dr. Jacob Jones," and note that even through the maligned courts of the time, judgment had been rendered on the 25th of February, 1851, and the sales of water lots to satisfy the judgment, all took place prior to "the year of grace, 1852," when the interesting personality, "Milton Keith, a young lawyer from Baltimore," appeared in San Francisco. How the "Gray Dawn" really reeks with local color! More than a year after a certain incident occurred, which is used to make the hero celebrated, a garbled recital of the real incident is dished up for our entertainment! Why could not the book have been dated: "In the year of grace 1850 or '51?" Or is it possible that Keith might not have been weaned so early in his life. Thus we see the entire structure of Keith's legal financial and social advancement is laid on shifting sand of inaccuracy.

A fair sized book might be written in correcting the palpable errors without investigating the implied person-

alities referred to or hinted at. It is enough to allege that the entire performance is at such variance to fact that it can be accepted as valueless as a portrayal of the period. The story, as a story, is outside the purview of my criticism. The literary style might be improved materially. The use of the words "chink" and "piffle" is uncalled for introduction of modern slang. "The decoration committee had done its most desperate," can scarcely be styled elevating literature.

Each writer has the inalienable right to the life and liberty of his characters into whom he has breathed the breath of life to make each a living soul. His success as a writer depends on his creative ability to produce mind-children worthy of life and development. He can place them in any environment that suits his fancy, and by cleverness can let their lives develop and produce natural effects on the lives of other mind-children in his story. He should be given reasonable choice in the development of his story, and may use to the exigencies of his work such local atmosphere as best fits his purposes. But when he includes in his story by implication or by direct mention historical characters he owes it to those characters and their descendents to adhere to the fixed record of history. It is to be regretted that Stewart Edward White has carelessly done his work. To the uninformed reader he has given false ideas of historical perspective. He has advanced arguments on false premises. For this there has not been the excuse of necessity in the development of his story. He has given us a book called "The Gray Dawn," which might as well have been called "The Lurid Awakening."

LIFE'S GREAT INHERITANCE

A baron stood within his stately gate
Where blooming shrubs and roses charmed the air,
And proudly gazed upon the mansion there
That crowned the splendor of his broad estate,
So hardly won from long contending fate;
Yet spite of all his riches, work and care,
His mind was like a desert, arid, bare,
With nothing in his outlook truly great:

For he ne'er knew the dreams that make true men
Nor felt the wealth a mighty Past has wrought;
The richest mine on earth, unseen, unsought,
Like hidden gold lay dark beyond his ken—
The treasures of the pencil and the pen,
Life's great inheritance—its Art and Thought.

WASHINGTON VAN DUSEN.



Pseudo Apostles of the Present Day

Study of Church History in the Light of the Bible Proves Claims of Church Dignitaries Unfounded

By Pastor Russell

Pastor of The New York City Temple and Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

PART II

Bible Restored After 1200 Years.

FROM the time the Nicene creed was thus foisted upon the people until twelve hundred years after, the Bible was an unknown Book to the people. During those twelve hundred years there were, I think, seventeen Councils held, and many of these produced creeds having different variations, all with much of nonsense for people to be worried with. And all this was done by those deceived men who thought they were Apostles and were not. It is all this stuff that has given the so-called Christian world so much trouble.

At the close of this period, in the year 1526 A. D., Professor Tyndale, a scholarly Christian man, not fully in accord with the Bishops, because he was too Scriptural, but tolerated because of his learning and good Christian character, translated the Greek New Testament into English, that the people might know what were the teachings of Jesus and His Apostles. He felt that there had been too much of the teachings of men. By that time printing presses and paper had been invented. Professor Tyndale was compelled to go to Germany to get his translation printed, after some difficulty succeeding in having it done in the city of Worms. This step was made necessary because of the adverse influence of the English Bishops. The Testaments were then imported to London. They were placed in the shops for sale. The matter became noised abroad, and the people were anxious to get them. They desired to know just what *was* taught by Christ and the Apostles. It was proposed that Bible classes be started and educated men employed to read to the people.

What did the Bishops then do? They heard about the movement, and being world-wise men, they knew what the effect would be if the people learned of the real teachings of the Bible. Their own power and influence would soon be gone. The people would be asking, "Where did you Bishops get your authority to make creeds and to call yourselves Apostles? We find nothing of that kind in the Bible." So the Bishops shrewdly determined to nip this matter in the bud. Accordingly they bought up the entire edition and burned the books in front of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The spot is marked to this day. It is a matter of history. And these were Protestant Bishops of the Church of England! Moreover, this faithful servant of the Lord, Professor William Tyndale, was later apprehended and imprisoned near Brussels, and after

a protracted trial for heresy, was strangled and his body burned at the stake. How terrible are the blinding influences of Satan!

For forty years after the burning of the New Testament in London the people kept complaining and wondering why the Bishops took the Bible from them. Finally the Bishops concluded that perhaps they were going too far, and that policy demanded that they let the people have the Bible. So they got out a special edition, which they called "The Bishop's Bible." They put them into the shops and told the people they might buy them. They assured them that it was the *Bishops* who were giving them the Bible. However, they solemnly warned the people of the great risk they were incurring in reading the Bible for themselves, and impressed upon them the necessity of giving it no other interpretation than what had been given by the Bishops, because they were sure of going to eternal torment if they did not prove loyal to the creeds.

This warning had its desired effect. Everybody was on the alert to keep in line with the creed. The Catholic Bishops soon were practically forced to do as the Protestant Bishops had done, and they issued the Douay Version of the Bible, prepared at the clerical university of Douay, France. They gave this to their Catholic flocks, accompanying it with the same warnings as the Protestant Bishops had given to their people. Thus the influence of the Bible was for a long time largely nullified, and the people were kept in superstitious fear and under the influence of the Church authorities.

But the Bible could not be fully put down, and in time the entire Scriptures were translated into the various tongues of the people, and as education after the beginning or the Nineteenth Century became much more general, and Bible Societies sprang into existence, the people began to read for themselves as never before, and superstition has been gradually breaking down, the people are daring to think for themselves. Some are still fettered by superstition, but the number is gradually lessening, and the shackles breaking. It is the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church that all of their own people are to go to Purgatory after death to be tortured awhile. No Catholic expects to go at death to Heaven. He must first have certain experiences in Purgatory to fit him for Heaven. To be a heretic, from the Catholic standpoint, is to commit the worst of crimes, and not to believe the creed and their priests is heresy. Heretics are bound, not for Purgatory, but for eternal torture. So a devout Catholic has geat fear of being a heretic. Thus we find but comparatively few Catholics even to-day who dare to read the Bible.

Drunk With the Wine of Babylon.

How much trouble all this nonsense and false teaching has caused! Instead of reading the Bible in the light of the creeds, we should read the creeds in the light of the Bible. Then their absurdity is at once apparent. They have been a sore bondage upon God's people. But all this will be overruled for good. It will teach mankind a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. The Bible foretold it all. The Apostle Paul declared that "many would depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons." (1 Timothy 4:1-3; Acts 20-29, 30.) It is upon these seducing spirits that we lay the blame—Satan and his fallen angels. We are not claiming that our Catholic and Episcopalian friends have really intended to perpetrate a fraud. But with the Apostle Paul we claim that they were deceived by the great Adversary and his hosts of evil spirits.

We are beginning to see that a God of Love could never arrange any such Plan for His creatures as is claimed by the creeds. Our loving Creator has been painted blacker than the blackest Devil imaginable. "Oh, that is too strong!" says one. No, it is not, my brother. If you will take a pencil

and paper and sit down and deliberately write out a description of the worst Devil your imagination can picture—paint him as black as possible—then compare your picture with what the creeds have made out our God to be, what they have declared He has done and is doing, and will continue to do through all eternity, you will find that your description is less black than our great Creator is painted.

We have been in the habit, especially we Protestants, of quoting the text, "God is Love," and also, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," and "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy," and kindred passages of Scripture; we have hung these upon our walls. But there must have come sober thoughts when we have asked ourselves, How can God be a God of Love, and how can He be like a father that pities his children, and how can He be plenteous in mercy, and at the same time make a Plan before the world was created for the eternal torture of the vast majority of His human creatures, brought into the world without any volition of their own, and placed under conditions that made it almost impossible for the majority to do right and to live Christian lives, many of them untaught in the ways of righteousness? We cannot help reasoning, you know!

Now, what does the Bible say about all this? The Lord Jesus declares, in His Message through the Apostle John in the Book of Revelation (17: 1-6), that we have all been drunk with the wine of Babylon, the drink mixed by the apostate Woman, the Mother of Harlots. He says that this Woman has held in her hand a golden cup full of abominations and the filthiness of her fornication, and that she made all the nations drunk with the wine of her false doctrines and blasphemies. Now we see where these horrible doctrines came from. The nations are still drunk to-day. Very few know how to reason straight on religious matters even yet. People can reason on any other subject than religion. We have been something like a man having delirium tremens, who sees snakes and lizards around his coat collar. In our bewildered, intoxicated condition we have seen visions of flames, and of devils with tails and pitchforks, of poor humanity writhing in these flames, and the devils taking delight in prodding them and seeing how much they could add to their tortures. Some have come to have a somewhat more refined idea of Hell. They declare that the torture will be eternal, but it will be mental rather than physical, that it will consist of agonies of terror and remorse, which they say will be as bad or worse than physical tortures. And these are the kinds of imaginations we have labored under in our blindness and intoxication.

With Greater Light Came Further Satanic Devices.

Thank God that some of us are sobering up! And we believe the majority of intelligent people are beginning to think a little more rationally. A couple of centuries ago one's life would have been seriously jeopardized if he had dared to hint at the truth on this subject. Let us rejoice that to-day one dares to think and to express the truth on this vital matter. This is an evidence of much progress. Luther, Knox, Calvin, Wesley and other reformers saw some light, and they were noble men, Christian men, true children of God, living up to their light. But they did not have all the light. We could not expect that at one or two bounds men could get out of all the darkness of more than twelve centuries and into the full blaze of Light and Truth, could we? They all had on creed spectacles. They would smash one set and get another.

But we praise God for the light they did bring in. We surely are thankful for one doctrine that Brother Martin Luther gave us, or that God gave us through him—the doctrine of justification by faith, instead of justification by penances and Masses, etc. The

Bible says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." "The just shall live by faith." God does not say that we should wear hair jackets to torture ourselves, nor anything else of that kind, to do penance. All those things came from people who meant well, but who did not have the Bible, and who thus got far away from its spirit.

So we praise God for the Reformers, and I believe that whether we are Catholics or Protestants we will agree that the world has had a great liberation from some of the stupidities and darkness and from the "fog" that was once so dense. But there is plenty to learn yet; for we have not yet come into the full light of the Perfect Day. Respecting the Reformation, through the angel Gabriel in His Message to the Prophet Daniel, the Lord speaks thus: "Now when they (the true Church) shall fall, they shall be holpen with a little help; but many shall cleave to them with flatteries." (Daniel 11:31-35.) What did these Reformers do? Well, they also made a mistake. I think again it was the Adversary and not themselves who caused this. They were misled by the flatteries of kings and princes who offered them their backing in return for support of their kingdoms.

The Apostle Paul tells us that Satan is always trying to be a leader, and that he poses as an angel of light, and that his apostles also do the same. The Lutherans and Calvinists and the others each made their creed, and so to speak they fenced themselves off and put down their stake, and said, "Here we stand; we will live and die by this creed." And they got no further; they were fastened right there. Each one said: "There is only one Church, and we are *it*." We think that is just what the Adversary desired; for each sect persecuted the others. They had gotten this suggestion from the centuries behind them. So the Catholics persecuted the Protestants and the Protestants persecuted the Catholics, and the different sects of Protestantism persecuted each other. This fact is familiar to all who have studied history. They thought that if God was going to send these people to Hell to roast them forever, why should they not be faithful servants of God and help His work along?

But public sentiment gradually changed. The people became more educated, and the human mind was thus more exercised, and Church Bishops found it less popular to chase people over the mountains, hinder them from holding meetings, etc. Ever since about 1846 we have been in the place where all Christian denominations who are considered orthodox fellowship one another, except the great denominations of Roman and Greek Catholicism and the Church of England. These are still loth to recognize the other churches, or any church except themselves, because the others did not get their ordination from them. But the others have now become so influential that they do not need to care much. They have a sort of general creed among them that all subscribe to. All must believe in eternal torment and in the inherent immortality of the soul and in the Trinity.

These are all cardinal errors brought down from the paganism of the Dark Ages. None of these doctrines is taught in the Bible! Not a word of them! We would be glad to help these people out of the darkness, but it is not possible with the majority as yet. Why? Because each creed has set a stake, and there is a sentiment among them: "Don't be turncoats! Your father and mother were Methodists, or Baptists, or Presbyterians, or Lutherans, and you should be true to the religion of your fathers." This is a narrow, sectarian spirit. Did God ever authorize any of these sects? No! no! Then all these different denominations are without the slightest authority from God or the Book of God. Is not that true? It is true. Would anybody dispute it? No, for it is incontrovertible. Please read I Corinthians 1:10-13. What does God tell us is the right way? It is that the

Church of Christ should be united—not federated, each still holding to its own creed, but *united,* in the *one faith once delivered to the saints.*

Modern Hypocrisy and Lukewarmness

The Lord tells us in His Word that "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." He tells us that we are to walk in the light, and that we are not to become entangled in any yoke of bondage. (Galatians 5:1). We have neglected the Word of God. We have gotten into bondage and sectarianism. What is the condition today? The condition is a very sad and sorrowful one. We would prefer not to say what we feel that we must say, because it seems like a very severe arraignment. And yet, when you think it over carefully, you will be convinced that professed Christian people in general are living in unrecognized hypocrisy. You ask them if they believe the creed of their church, and the answer will be, "Oh, no, I don't believe that! None of our—well, I don't believe it!" No, of course, he does not! "But," some may say, "when a great lot of people are doing the same thing, it doesn't seem so bad." We answer that if one person professes a falsehood and sails under false colors it is bad. If two do it, it is twice as bad. If a thousand do so, it is a thousand times as bad. If millions do it, it is millions of times as bad. The more there are who are hypocritical the worse it is. Is not that logical? Of course it is. So if any one tells you he is a Presbyterian and believes his creed, you may be sure that he has not read it. And so with the others.

We had a little discussion in the newspapers some time ago, and the reporters of the papers visited the ministers of the different churches and asked them if they believed their creed. The majority said, "No; we don't believe the creed; we never read it." But in taking the vow of allegiance to their denomination they profess to believe the creed. What, then, do these ministers mean? So we see the same condition in both pulpit and pew. All persecution has ceased in these denominations; they are entertained by scholarly dissertations, fine oratory and flowery essays that lull the people to soft repose, and a general condition of apathy and lukewarmness exists.—Revelation 3:14-18.

This is a terrible state to be in. Those who are awake, whose eyes are open to present conditions, believe that we are now at the very close of the present Gospel Age. This great war in Europe is the beginning of Armageddon. Right along after this war is coming the great "Earthquake" mentioned in Revelation—a mighty Revolution—so mighty an "Earthquake" as has never been since man has been upon the earth, overthrowing all these kingdoms of the world. In Europe they call themselves kingdoms of God, and represent that they have authority from God. Each kingdom thinks God is on its side and against its foes, the other kingdoms of God (?). None of them have any authority from God whatever. We see the conditions fast ripening that will demolish in a maelstrom of ruin and chaos all these kingdoms and governments of the world, and then, just beyond that, the "fire" of Anarchy, which will utterly destroy present civilization. And beyond that, what? Oh, thank God; the "still, small voice" of the Lord Himself, speaking peace through Emanuel—the Kingdom of God's dear Son, the Kingdom in which every true saint of God is to have a share! "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My Throne."—Revelation 3:21.

The Scimitar

By John Briggs, Jr.

THE STUDIO was in darkness except for a splash of yellow light above the chair in which lay my friend. In a heavy oaken frame on the opposite wall, illuminated by the upward flash of the light, was a painting of a giant negro, dressed in oriental garments of a deep blue and grasping a great blue scimitar. The painting was alive with sinister personality. It was as though the artist had caught the essence of some evil power and had transmitted it bodily to canvas. So vivid was the delineation that one almost expected the figure to step out of its shadowy background and down into the room.

My friend looked up.

"A peculiar picture," he said. "And I painted it under peculiar circumstances. If you won't interrupt I'll tell you the story. It happened five years ago. Carter and I were playing around at Chaddsford. We'd fixed up a studio of sorts there. We'd paint while the light held good; play the rest of the time; and slept not at all—great life that. We made innumerable sketches of subjects ranging from plump country maidens to even plumper pigs in clover, all of them shockingly bad—and were quite happy. Then one evening we ran into an experience that was anything but pleasing and innocuous.

I had sent a canoe up to Northbrook. We piled our supper and some painting stuff into the boat, and at about three o'clock went coasting down the Brandywine towards Chaddsford. The principle of the thing was quite beautiful. You had only to stay in the canoe and the current would take you wherever you wanted to go; work was not necessary. The day was one of those pleasantly warm ones in Indian summer that give a blue haze to the hills and leave a smell of burning brush tingling one's nostrils. I lay down on the bottom of the canoe and went to sleep. I was awakened by the shock of cold water, and found myself floating down the stream. I pulled myself up on the bank and looked back. The canoe had wrapped itself around a rock in the middle of a rapid, and on that rock sat Carter, daintily perched, like a bird on a telegraph pole.

He splashed across from his rock; came down to where I was; and we looked things over. It seems to me he had been asleep, too, and neither of us had the faintest idea of where we were. Going on was out of the question; the canoe had a foot-long rip in it. Besides it was getting late—the sun was almost down, and we decided that the best thing to do would be to beg shelter for the night at some farmhouse, always providing that we were fortunate to find one, for that part of the Brandywine Valley is none too thickly populated.

We pulled the canoe up on the bank and started across the field. There wasn't a house in sight, just the long expanse of meadow, covered with lush grass, and the hills beyond. We headed for those. It was a pretty scene. All the colors were mellowed to pastel indistinctness by the autumn haze. The brown and green of the field was split by the silver of the stream, and on both sides rose up the gently rounded hills. Everything was soft and melting like a Corot landscape.

We were halfway up one of the hills when we looked back. Over to the right and nestling in by three big willows, was a little house. We had

needed the rising ground to see it. "Our meat," said Carter, and over we went. The place was enchanting—and one of those close-stoned, white-washed, cottages that are rambling without being loose. Old it looked, and somehow made you feel as though you had stepped back a hundred years. There was a small porch in front; a porch which was covered with masses of green vine that flaunted themselves in your face. The entire place had a whimsically fascinating charm.

We knocked on the door and waited. There was a long pause, during which we heard the approach of hesitating steps. Then the door was suddenly flung open, and we stood face to face with the most enormous negro I have ever seen in my life. Framed in the green of the porch he seemed positively unreal. Black as jet he was, with eyes whose whites were unusually large. His squat face was enormously evil, and was twisted into a senseless grin.

His eyes—and I've studied a good many eyes—had so much of that horribly rolling white. It was not a healthy color, but like the surface covering of a month-old snow. His face was seared with lines of bad living, and he had the loose mouth of the extreme sensualist. The fellow's capabilities as a model for a difficult picture I was then painting struck me instantly, and I determined to get hold of him and make him pose as soon as possible. He had just the build I wanted: a magnificent build, mighty thighs, big shoulders and a small waist. You could see the big muscles rippling to and fro under the black skin on his neck and shoulders like the slow weaving coil and recoil of a cobra, and with that face he was one man in a hundred for me.

"There's nobody here," he said sullenly.

"You're here, aren't you?" replied little Carter.

The fellow convulsively gathered himself up. It was evident that the moment had unpleasant possibilities.

"Our canoe upset," I interposed, hastily, supposing him to be a farm-hand left in charge of some tenant-house. "Can you put us up for the night? We'll pay you well for your trouble."

At the mention of money his face lost something of its scowl. It was like the face of a bad child, tempted by a stick of candy. I pulled out my wallet and thrust a dollar bill into his hands. The result was astounding. It was as though an artist had painted a hideously malignant face, and then, with a single sweep of his brush, had changed the expression to one of abject servility. The fellow actually began to bow and scrape. It was sickeningly like the fawning of a dog. Then he opened the door and bowed us in. The room was clean and decently furnished. A large oil lamp on the center of a table fought back the gathering gloom, and I began to think we'd be quite comfortable.

"Can you get us anything to eat?" I asked.

The negro disappeared into the next room, evidently a kitchen, and brought out hot sweet potatoes, liver and bacon; pretty fair living for a farm-hand. He placed the food before us, and, always cringing, stepped back. Yet to me it seemed that under his outward shell of servility lay something deeper and infinitely more sinister, just as the steel of a sword underlies a velvet scabbard. It was as though he were dissecting us, blindly wondering at us. As we ate, I could feel his gaze on the back of my neck, cold, prying and yet, somehow, senseless. It was not a pleasant meal as far as I was concerned, although I doubt whether Carter was disturbed in the least. Whenever I would turn casually around, there the negro would be, subservient and cringing, and yet, more and more, despite every tightening hitch I gave to my mind, he made me think of a great morio—those hideous imbeciles that the ladies of old Rome used to consider so amusing. He fascinated the artist in me, too. I thought of how I would

pose him; how I would arrange that huge body. This feeling grew on me, until I became quite mad to paint him.

It was almost seven o'clock when we finished eating. The negro cleared away the dishes, and we sat and smoked our wet tobacco. Then he reappeared, carrying some dirty blankets, put them down, asked us if there was anything else we wanted, and at our "no," went back into the kitchen. Carter and I talked for a while and then turned in on the floor with our blankets about us. Carter, I am sure, went to sleep almost at once. I closed my eyes and began one of those endless thought-chains that most people indulge in before sleeping, my mind skipping heedlessly from one subject to another. Yet always it came back to this strange negro, and the painting I would make of him. I could visualize every bit of it; see the detail, every pigment of the color. I really think I could have painted it then precisely as one colors a photograph, and always that giant black was the personification of it, as though I had always painted him, and he had stepped bodily out of the canvas.

I was awakened by little Carter poking me in the side. I sat up and rubbed the sleep from my eyes. The room was flooded with soft light. It startled me until I remembered that the moon had risen. Everything, indoors and out, was bathed in that silver mellowness that only a harvest moon gives. It must have been a beautiful night, but still I couldn't understand why Carter should wake me up to look at it; even a harvest moon is common enough. I was preparing to discuss his shortcomings in detail, when he leaned over and whispered to me:

"Our friend is holding an 'at home.' He's been at it for some time now."

I listened and I could hear a low murmur of voices coming from the kitchen. The murmur was punctuated here and there by a plainly audible oath. The thing was interesting; Carter and I left our blankets, and stole over to the kitchen door. It was a battered affair with a wide gap by each hinge, so that we could easily see through.

It was a larger room than I had thought, and looked older than the rest of the house. In its center was a great oaken table at each end of which, jammed into the necks of two broken bottles, were candles. The flames of the candles went straight up toward the ceiling. All the windows were barred; there wasn't a breath of air in the room. Around the table, their faces grotesquely tinged and shadowed in the dim light, sat a strange company. They were all negroes, and seemed to be playilng nickel high-card. At the end of the table, and facing us, was a dealer, a little bullet-headed yellow man, his neck encompassed with a high collar and a red tie. A cigar butt, which he chewed around and around, was stuck in the corner of his mouth. He had his thumbs in his vest, and was leaning back in his chair. On his right was an individual whom I would have sworn was either a politician or a minister. He was tall and lank and dressed in rusty black. Opposite him was a very dirty darkey, his clothes in rags and tatters and his eyes rolling with excitement. There was nothing very distinct about the others to me—just lumps of black flesh, but behind the little yellow man, like a distorted shadow, loomed up the negro who had let us in. The outlines of his figure, merging with the smoky wall behind him, were indistinct, but his face—and what a face it was!—stood out like a cameo cut in black ivory. Have you ever seen a caged animal who smells the food about to be thrown to him. That's how that giant black looked. His mask of servility had dropped from him as a woman peels off a glove, and he was as we had first seen him in the doorway. It was as though he had changed his very soul, and by some marvelous transformation had brought the beast in himself uppermost. His body was hunched over as though he were waiting to spring, his arms were slightly

swinging, and across his face was skewered that hideous, twisted, grin.

The game must have been a long one, since some of the players had many nickels before them, while others had few. The little yellow man deftly shuffled and gave out the cards. Beads of sweat gathered on the forehead of the darky in rags. Slowly he pushed out on the table all his remaining money. Then with the utmost furtiveness he reached down, pulled up a card, and neatly substituted it for the one he had received. The thing was so beautifully done as to be almost imperceptible, but like a flash the great negro leaped the table and grasped the cheat by the throat. It was as instantaneous as though prearranged. That was all we saw, for the next instant the candles were out and there was wild confusion. We could hear the beat of running feet outside. Then came silence, followed by the relighting of a single candle. The room was empty except for the little yellow man and his giant guard, who was cringing under a berating he was receiving. It made me think of a great mongrel dog cowering at a stick in the hands of a small child. Gone was all the surly power, the evil strength. The little yellow man strode to the door and went out, slamming it behind him.

Slowly, as though a hand were pressing itself down upon his facial muscles, the giant's expression changed. Line by line the features tightened, the liniaments shaping themselves with a horrible precision as though a sculptor were deftly modeling them out of wet clay. Bit by bit, with a thousand minor evolutions, the face worked itself into a hideous entirety, and there stood before us the negro of the vine-covered doorway, the negro who had leaped the table to grasp the cheat by the throat. We saw him gather himself up and grasp the table with his great hands. The muscles of his arms flexed and contracted as though he were tearing something to bits. Suddenly, with a sweep of his hand, he brushed the light from the candle. We jumped back, and silently rolled up in our blankets. Perhaps he might come in to look at us; we were taking no chances.

We were up early the next morning, but the negro was up before us, the fawning, docile creature we had come to fear. He gave us breakfast—a good breakfast—which we received with our best attempts at naturalness. We payed for our lodging, and I gave him my card and an extra dollar, saying that I wanted him a day or two as a model. I impressed on him the fact that he would be well paid for easy work. That any one should want to paint him seemed to give him a satisfaction almost childlike. Sane or insane, I wanted him; in fact, I needed him and had to have him. Then we left, Carter telling me that he felt as though he had emerged from a particularly dark and disagreeable tunnel. We hired a wagon to take us to Chaddsford. The incident seemed closed.

Carter went home soon after that, and left me to myself. I improved the opportunity by getting over a good deal of work. I finished all the illustrations for the Arabian story, with the exception of a single painting. It was to be of a great blackamoor, with scimitar uplifted, standing guard at a harem gate. For that I needed a model, and every available model seemed totally inadequate in comparison with the negro of the tenant-house. Daily I expected him, but he always failed me, and somehow I did not care to go get him. I imagine that it was pure nervousness on my part, but I didn't quite care to stick my head into that hornet's nest again. I wasn't quite sure just which incarnation I should find him in. Meanwhile the picture hung fire, and I went back to sketching.

Then came a certain evening in the beginning of November. I had turned on the big incandescent lights we used for night work, and was trying in their blaze to make a few sketches. I had been scribbling away for a couple of

hours and was becoming quite tired. I yawned, got up, looked around, and recoiled in horrible surprise. There by the open bay window was the identical negro of the farm-house. I closed my eyes and then looked again. The nightmare figure was still there. Hunched over he was, like a great ape and senselessly swinging his arms, as I had seen him do that other night. His hands were clenching and reclenching, and his eyes were lit with a kind of foolish cunning. That he was now quite mad I never for an instant doubted. How long he had been there, or what particular bit of devil's luck had brought him to me, were questions which my mind was totally unable to grasp, let alone solve.

We stood and stared at each other for what must have been a full minute. Then he took a step forward.

"You goin' to paint," he growled. His voice was hideous, seeming to come not from his throat, but from deep down in his body.

With a tremendous effort, I pulled myself together.

"I can't in this light," I said.

"You paint," he ordered, and came forward a little more, tensed and ready to spring. I could almost feel the grip of those huge hands on my throat. My mind worked furiously. There must be some way out. Perhaps he had done some terrible thing and was even then fleeing. The condition of his clothes supported me in this belief. They were badly ripped, and the tears appeared to be fresh; besides, he was soaked to the skin as though he had been fording the river. His pursuers might be just behind. If I could only keep the madman in him down—make him somewhat nearer the fawning coward I had seen him to be, until help came! Anything that would occupy his mind would do.

"Strip and step over there," I said, pointing to the model stand. I was calm by now, with a kind of icy dread, and was giving myself orders, precisely as a general behind the lines sends instructions to his troops at the front. I wondered dimly if he would obey me. If he obeyed once, he might obey again, and that would be something gained. For just an instant, while my heart stood still, he hesitated and then ripping off his rags, he stepped up on the stand; I had won the first point.

A canvas was strapped on the easel before me, and feverishly I set to work. That scene is forever burned into my memory. If you were to take a knife and rip up that painting, I could do it again just as it was. That huge madman standing up before me like a great black panther, and I painting for my life. I can remember every line of his glistening body, every twist of his dreadful face. I moved the easel slightly so that he could plainly see it, and at the same time I could see him without turning entirely around. I prayed that he might weaken, become again the cur—but there was no sign of it.

Quickly the picture took shape—I wasn't bothering with any preliminary sketching—and I painted that nigger as I saw him, and felt him, and feared him. How long we were there I don't know, but it seemed eternity. He began to grow restless. Color, I thought, might hold him, and I swept my brush in big blue swathes down the canvas. Would help never come! I was painting in a delirious dream when I heard the beat of hoofs outside and a knock at the door.

"Come in, come in!" I screamed. "He's here. He's here!"—and then I hurled myself across the room——"

"Well," I said, "did they get him?"

"Yes," was the reply. "They got him, though he fought like a wildcat. He had been mentally deranged although not actually insane from childhood. To those he feared, he was like a great dog; to the others—well! The little yellow man whom Carter and I had seen that night was Spike Francis, a notorious mulatto gambler. Spike realized the capabilities of this nigger and used him as a bully to terrorize the patrons of his games. He played with fire once too often. The

big negro had turned against Francis and killed him. That was the push that had sent the giant over into permanent insanity."

My friend paused for an instant, and then laughed softly.

"The picture itself," he said, "I polished up and sent in with the others. It was rejected. They called it 'unpleasant.'"



"The Daughter of the Storage," by William D. Howells.

Style in literature remains a quality which evades the net of definition. But if it refuses to be ensnared by the critic for the purposes of scientific dissection, yet for the reader its recognition is easy, almost immediate. If it were possible to take up "The Daughter of the Storage, and Other Things in Prose and Verse," quite in ignorance of its authorship, one would instantly recognize the hand of a writer skilled in his craft to an uncommon degree.

Mr. Howells's unchallenged position in the forefront of American letters renders notable any new volume bearing his name. "The Daughter of the Storage," which the Harpers have just published, takes its title from the initial story of a volume in which are gathered all of Mr. Howell's recent unpublished work—short stories of varying degrees of shortness, prose studies, some fugitive verse, and a farce or two, in which the dramatic form usurps the place of narrative as the more suitable vehicle for the author's genial irony and delightful humor.

One is everywhere conscious of a mellowness of art, an urbanity of manner, an acuteness of insight and largeness of heart. Mr. Howells is of that rare company of authors whom we cannot read without feeling that we have been ushered before a distinguished presence. His is a realism coupled with such fineness of imagination and nicety of touch that his stories seem to develop themselves without effort, and out of the simple stuff of daily life, without recourse to the melodramatic or to crude or highly colored detail. And in depicting our modern ways of doing and thinking, he finds scope for a genial satire, good-humored and benevolent.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"A History of Sculpture," by Harold N. Fowler, Ph. D.

In this book the author gives a history of the art of sculpture from the beginnings of civilization in Egypt and Babylonia to the present day. A single chapter deals with the art of the Far East, because it has developed separate from Western art; the sculpture of American aborigines, of the negro races, and the tribes of Oceania, on account of its lack of intrinsic value, as well as influence, has been omitted. With these exceptions, the author's discussion includes all important developments in the art of sculpture in ancient, medieval and modern times, with such descriptions of individual works and accounts of individual artists as illustrate the main tendencies in artistic history.

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"With the French in France and Salonika," by Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated.

In writing this record of his second trip to the front, Mr. Davis was greatly assisted by the impression made upon the French authorities and officers by his last book, "With the Allies." Because of this impression he was accorded most unusual facilities for seeing the fighting, living among the soldiers and passing freely through the lines. He gives most graphic accounts of the bombardment and destruction of Arraz, of the mud trenches of Artois, and the zizzag chalk trenches of Champagne, of the fighting in Argonne, of the retreat of the Allies in Serbia, of the landing of reinforcements at Salonika, and countless other events and aspects of the war in the winter of 1915-16. It is all told with startling vividness, giving impressions made on all the senses by every detail of his remarkable experiences. Mr. Davis revised the final proofs just before his death.

$1.00 net. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Answer: An Answer on Philosophy," by W. J. Chidley.

Francis J. Anderson, Professor of Philosophy, Sydney University, furnishes an introduction to this book which covers its scopes and aims adequately. To quote: "Mr. Chidley writes on philosophy and on the various philosophical systems of the past, with great fulness and knowledge, and with much critical insight. He is a man of broad culture and unselfish aims. It would be unnecessary to make this last remark, were it not that Mr. Chidley is known to the greater part of the public as a man who has recently been prosecuted for circulating what was alleged to be an immoral book." The object of the book involves the treatment of the sexual problem. "Mr. Chidley may be wrong in his main contention, both in his statement of facts and his interpretation of them, but there is nothing in his exposition which justifies the charge of immorality brought against him." The question involved is one that divides philosophers, and ordinary human beings as well. Mr. Chidley's object is to improve the human race, spiritually, mentally and physically. There is no doubt as to that point.

Published by Sydney D. Smith, Sydney, Australia.

"The Gift of Mind to Spirit," by John Kulamer.

This volume aims to bridge the chasm between religion ad science, and thus to lend a helping hand to those who travel the road of doubt. The author speaks of the human soul in terms of science—of the soul not only as the life giving principle, but as it manifests itself in daily human intercourse. Soulless science is unhuman, and of little use indeed would be our knowledge of the laws of nature unless applied to the amelioration and enrichment of our social relations so as to make life more agreeable, more full and more complete. On the other hand, religion itself is of little or no value unless it accomplishes the same purposes. As the author makes plain, the saving of an individual by obtaining for him entrance into the realms of individual bliss is too selfish a point of view for the benefit of society.

Price, $1.35 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co.

"Paradoxical Pain," by Robert Maxwell Harbin, A. B., M. D., F. A. C. S.

Paradoxical pain stands in a general sense for all that is uncomfortable, but which sooner or later serves some beneficent purpose and is constructive

in its effect, while the opposite kind of pain is evil and works for harm and destruction. A clear differentiation of the two is made by the author in this volume. In the process of his discussion he shows that a Wise Order decrees that the line of all progress follows a course attended by more or less effort, which is usually more or less painful and uncomfortable. A moderate amount of disease is seen to be necessary to keep man in physical excellence, which has been produced by an acquired immunity from constant exposure to infection, and without the presence of disease man would revert to a condition of vulnerability which now afflicts the savage. Pain is not merely an incident in the beneficent order of things, but a profound cause from which the greatest blessings flow.

Price, $1.25 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

"In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems," by Adolphe Danziger. Author of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." Second Edition.

A small volume of entertaining light verse from a pen that is clever and protean in its effects. The author is an out-and-out cosmopolitan, drifting hither and yon over the surface of the earth, at rest in no place. San Francisco finally claimed him, and held his attention for five years or so. On the "News Letter" he was dramatic critic for many years, and his trenchant pen will be remembered by those who hold the pen mightier than the sword.

Published by Western Authors' Publishing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

Some time ago it was announced that the publication of the second volume of Maxim Gorky's autobiography would be indefinitely postponed, owing to the fact that the English translation and printed sheets of the book were interned in Berlin for the duration of the war. But the Century Company, which published the first volume, "My Childhood," has just received word that the second volume is now running serially in a Russian magazine. Hopes are entertained that a fresh translation may be undertaken immediately, and that the book may appear sooner than had been supposed possible. It is to be called "In the World."

Tributes to Anna Howard Shaw.

At the luncheon given Dr. Anna Howard Shaw in New York, a short time ago, many speeches were made, expressing the joy of the suffragists in this return of their leader, after her almost fatal illness of last winter. Elizabeth Jordan, who collaborated with Dr. Shaw in the preparation of her autobiography, "The Story of a Pioneer," devoted her speech to the life work of "the Pioneer." Miss Jordan began by saying that this was her first opportunity to tell what she thought of Dr. Shaw, and that she intended to talk all afternoon. She didn't do it, however, but contented herself with a few minutes' tribute, which deeply touched Dr. Shaw.

"The Night Cometh," by Paul Bourget.

The scene of "The Night Cometh," by Paul Bourget, is a war clinique to which are sent desperate surgical cases. The surgeon-in-chief is a man endowed with every intellectual power —overwhelmed with all the favors of fate. Yet at a time when his pre-eminent abilities are most needed, when the life of others depends upon the clarity of his faculties and the sureness of his hand, he is threatened by a mortal disease. The sport of a cruel Destiny, he faces what he believes is annihilation, and he has planted in the soul of his young wife the seeds of his materialistic outlook.

As a champion against this view and incidentally as a danger—a danger recognized by the ageing husband—to the stability of the young wife's affections, always more imaginary than real, and under the domination of her will power rather than her heart, there enters, or rather is brought to the hospital severely wounded, a young officer full of the enthusiasm of faith, a de-



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vout believer in the ways of God, however inscrutable. The combat of belief regarding the ultimate truths of life no less than the absorbing human battle between the jealous husband, on the one hand, whose hitherto noble poise of character is giving way under the double attack of disease and drugs, and his ardent rival, on the other, who, notwithstanding the control he exercises over his heart, cannot conceal from those suspicious eyes the trend of his love—a love so closely guarded that it is only incompletely recognized by the woman who is the object of it—make this story one of action as well as of thought, and of both in an exceptional degree.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The J. B. Lippincott Company published this month "The Rise of Rail Power in War and Conquest," by E. H. Pratt, the noted expert, in which the startling developments of rail power are given a clear and interesting exposition, with particular reference to the military achievements of the great world powers. In fiction, they offer Dr. Nevil Monroe Hopkins' "The Strange Cases of Mason Brant," in which science and psychology are handled by the author with the skill bred of intimate acquaintance with both branches of human knowledge; and Mrs. Grace L. H. Lutz's new novel of adventure, "The Finding of Jasper Holt."

Nationality in History.

The varied manifestations of nationality among the chief European nations are studied in J. Holland Rose's "Nationality in Modern History," published by Macmillan Company. The author, one of the ablest of modern historians, supplies, in effect, the background of the conflict in Europe, contributing largely to a clearer understanding of those factors which make for war. Beginning with a discussion of the dawn of the national idea, he takes up in turn the growth of that idea in France, Germany, Spain, Italy and the Slavic Kingdoms, concluding with a consideration of The German Theory of the State, Nationality and Militarism, Nationality Since 1855 and Internationalism.

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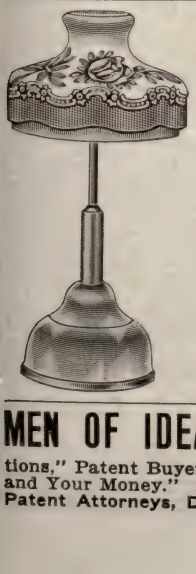
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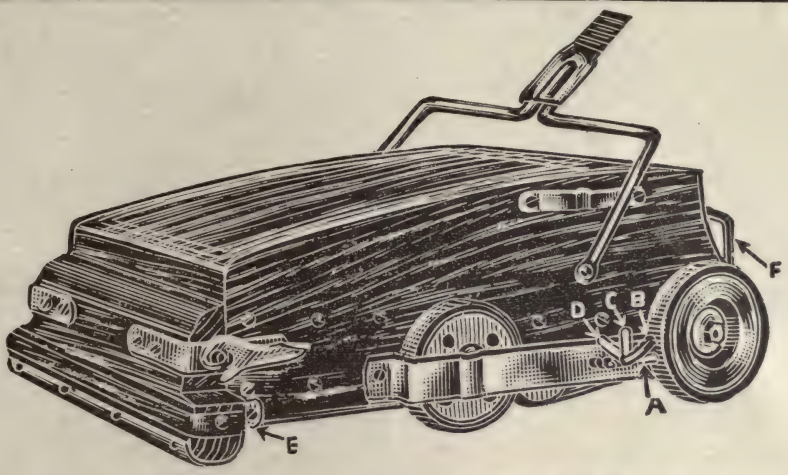
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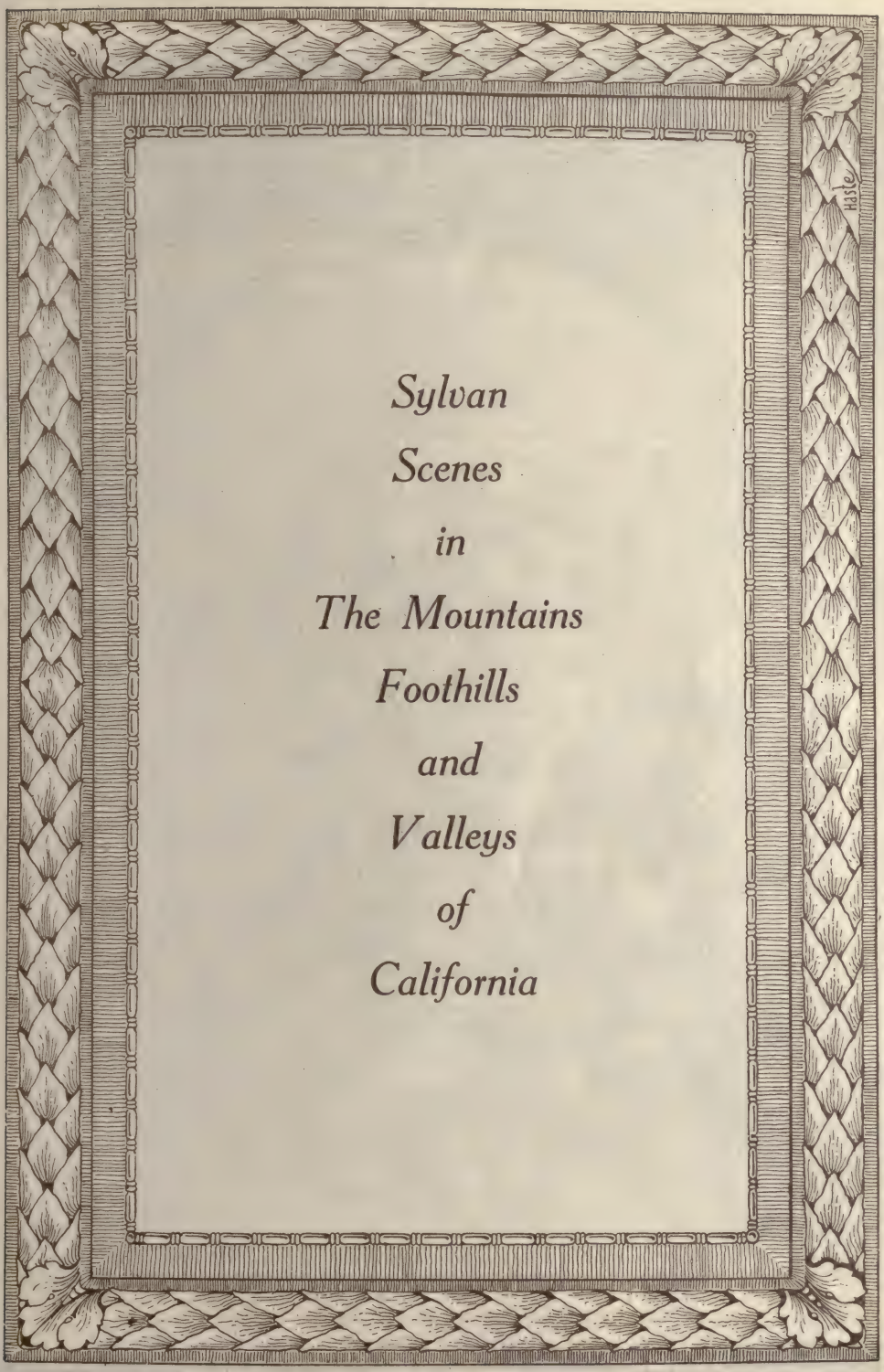
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Marengo Avenue, Pasadena, Southern California.



Ostrich tree (Monterey Cypress), Monterey. Pacific Grove in the distance.



In the vicinity of beautiful Lake Tahoe in the Sierra Nevada Mountains; a scene on the Tallac Meadows.



City of Pomona, Southern California; snow-covered mountains in the distance.



Among the oaks, University of California, Berkeley.



Browsing sheep on a hill slope.



Machine Gun Company, Fifth Infantry, N. G. C., lined up and listening to orders being read prior to their departure for the front. Captain Fred A. Marriott, in the foreground, in command.

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JUL 29 1916
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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXVIII San Francisco, August, 1916 No. 2



Hospital corps practicing constructive work in the field.

The Task of the National Guard

By Marshall Breeden

THEY are marching and countermarching up and down this broad land of ours. Preparing and prepared mingle, each intent upon gaining the knowledge of how to handle the Springfield efficiently. The prepared may know how the preparing are going to school to learn now.

Plattsburg, Monterey, Salt Lake City, each has its Business Man's training camp, but practically all of the cities and towns have their National Guard commands. The Business Men's training camps are necessarily very limited in scope because they last only thirty days, and come possibly but once in a man's life time. The National Guard is really not limited at all. It is continuous, a man



A raider from another tent caught in the attempt to steal apples.

enlists for three years' service, and he must faithfully fulfill the requirements of that service.

A National Guard Command will hold weekly drills in its armory the year round, and then once every twelve months attend a rigorous camp of instruction. Usually under the very hardest and stringent military discipline. Consequently the National members and ex-members become very good soldiers. The first camp is really an eye-opener, the second a lesson, and the third the graduation, provided, of course, that the man has been a faithful attendant during the winter months at the armory. Military knowledge cannot be gained by thirty days in camp. It comes like other knowledge—slowly and with physical and mental effort.

In spite of the need for trained men, it is very difficult indeed to secure enough enlistments in the National Guard; that is, enough to keep it up to enlistment efficiency. The new pay bill whereunder each man receives cash compensation from the Government will not aid in recruiting as much as the National Guard members think it will. But it will have the effect of forcing better discipline, which perhaps is as important almost as the securing of additional men in large numbers.

There are many reasons why a young man should associate himself with the National Guard of his State. But alas, the young men do not appreciate that in order to be good soldiers, they must become good privates. Consequently, it is hard to get enough good privates. It is, on the contrary, quite easy to get enough men who are willing to service as commissioned officers. To secure suitable members is therefore the task of the National Guard.

Owing to the great diversity among the men, their ability, mental equipment and general characteristics, the procedure should be different for each new man approached, according to their separate and distinct ideals of



Lining up in regimental formation.



Field camp construction.

life. This would bring about the nearest possible approach to a personal bond between the officer and the enlisted man, without which no National Guard Command can be wholly efficient. With this help and a common understanding along strictly military lines, each enlisted member can eventually be depended upon to seek new recruits on his own initiative, a very necessary preliminary to the completion of the personnel of any command.

By the closest possible approach to a personal bond, is not meant personal friendship, or a chummy attitude between officers and men.

In fact, that would have a very negative result, far more harmful than beneficial. We enlisted men do not care to associate socially with our officers, any more than they care to associate socially with us, but we do want that undefinable spirit to exist which by its very intensity inspires confidence, and which is sadly lacking in many commands.

To get the fullest confidence of a recruit the Commanding Officer should deport himself strictly as a soldier, but he should also keep an eye on the personal welfare and comfort of the man. He should know each man personally, and he should let each man know that he is being watched over carefully. In short, being taken care of.

Right here is where so many officers fall short of their possibilities and their duty. And when an officer lacks the respect of his men, his command suffers in exact proportion. Friendliness is not respect, and neither is respect dependent upon personal acquaintance outside the Armory. For when we enlisted men speak of an officer as being a "fine fellow" we place his personality ahead of his soldiering qualities, and the latter suffers in consequence, which is shown by the slack discipline, and the lack of snap and ginger appearing now and then in the ranks, and which like all other roads of least resistance soon becomes top heavy and presently completely over balances the military side, with the inevitable result of a poor company of soldiers, and a fine group of good fellows.



Field Artillery in practice, rushing into position to open fire on the enemy.



Snapshot taken through the bore of a giant gun.

This relation between officers and men is, however, not the chief difficulty with which guardsmen have to contend. The principal problem is the securing of new recruits. The enlisting of men who expect to serve in the ranks and who look no higher perhaps than to become good non-commissioned officers.

This difficulty would be greatly relieved if some such recruiting propaganda or plan were employed as the following.

To some men patriotic arguments appeal more strongly than anything else. If he is the son of a Veteran of our Civil War, the brother of a Spanish War veteran, or a naturalized citizen, raised in Europe, love of the nation frequently overbalances all other objections, and an argument along patriotic lines will secure an enthusiastic recruit.

It is passing strange how many young men know nothing of the National Guard. Its purpose, organization and mode of conduct. Evil tidings always seem to gain credence while truthful accounts are shoved into the limbo of the past and quickly forgotten. So it is with the National Guard.

During a somewhat varied career of upwards of ten years as an enlisted man in the guard, I have had great occasion to observe the attitude of young men with regard to the service, and in a vast majority of cases the negative attitude was uppermost in their minds. They had to be educated along many lines, first, before they would even consider an enlistment and all of this required time, printed matter and much persuasion. It appears easier, at times, to sell a man a policy of life insurance which he does not want than to cause him to enlist in the Guard. His prejudices are frequently stronger against the Guard than against the insurance. Some prejudice must therefore be overcome by patriotic appeal, before the next step is taken, which leads more directly to the enlistment and the personal benefits to be derived therefrom.

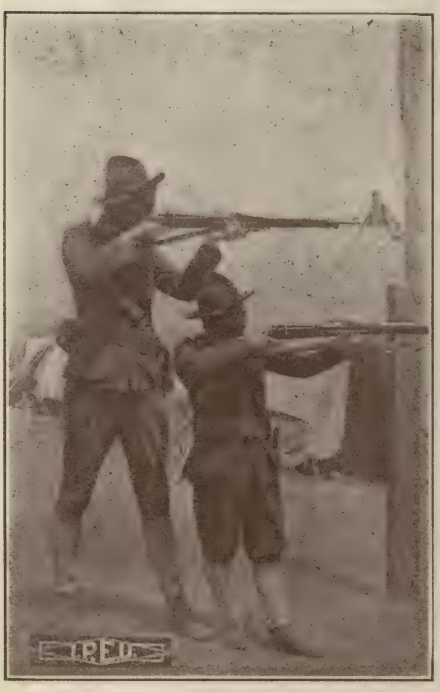
Right here is a strange analogy, the most stubborn cases to persuade very frequently made the best soldiers after they are once enlisted, provided, of course, that the company has an efficient commander. The Captain is



The most successful attack of the day in the practice maneuvers —satisfying hunger.

the vital officer because the lieutenants are scarcely more than good file closers or assistants to the Captain. His is the dominating personality.

The idea of congenial associates frequently goes a long way in the process of persuasion. Whether you believe this statement or not, it is nevertheless true, that the average good enlistment timber is lonesome. Downright lonesome. He wants congenial companionship, at least temporarily one degree removed from the blasphemous fellows which our prospect encounters elsewhere. Recruits come mainly from the working young men, and not from the bank clerks, or wealthy fellows, and to these husky wagon drivers, post men, and the like the idea that they will make men friends appears most desirable and appeals strongly. Indeed, and it is very true, the donning of the old uniform in the armory tends to make even the roughest roughneck, moderately gentile and careful in his speech and actions, and extremely loyal to his comrades.



Rough target practice.

Every man, secretly or openly, longs for a perfect body, strong muscles, and a clear eye. Even if he be a truck driver accustomed to hauling heavy boxes all day, he nevertheless wants other physical exercise, provided that it comes without the mental effort of the gymnasium. Right here is a splendid recruit argument, for the marching and counter marching, the manual of arms, and the other duties required of an enlisted guardsman furnish an abundance of excellent exercise. Excellent in that it is totally different from his ordinary daily toil. Just as the act of swimming will instantly relieve the tired muscles of the post man, so will the military drill relieve the throbbing arms of the truck driver. And when that military exercise is coupled directly with the necessity for an active brain, so much the better. Mental exercise of the military sort is almost exhilarating, for the reason that it requires no concentrated effort like that of reading or direct application. The soldier's mind must be receptive only to the commands, and since the commands are usually given in a sharp, imperative voice and compelling manner the mind plays with them and romps joyously through the maneuvres, finishing, as it were, all a-tingle with anticipation, entirely relieved from the labored or phlegmatic attitude of the day.

The military training itself should be very severe while it lasts until the "will to obey" is much stronger than the "will NOT to obey." Obedience is the prime requisite of every man, not necessarily for the soldier only. That is, perhaps, why the military training secured in the Guard service tends not only to make the man a good soldier, but a good economic unit in the business world as well.

It is peculiar that right here in the matter of training is perhaps both the strongest and the weakest recruit argument. Strongest in that a large number of young men recognize that they are deficient in the ability to obey without question or delay. They know, for instance, that instantly upon



The Colonel of a regiment and his staff inspecting maneuvers.



Unpacking camp cases.

receiving an order their ego springs in the negative attitude, and it is with involuntary reluctance and sluggishness that they do obey the orders which come up in their daily lives. To these the idea of military discipline is a haven, for they know that in military life they must obey, quickly, promptly and without question, and they hope that such training will relieve them of the forced obeying of the day. This is quite true since the military mind is so receptive when they are in uniform that it catches and retains the "will to obey" far more easily than does the business mind.

Contrariwise there are numbers of possible recruits whose egos will permit of no dictation. They obey the mandates of the business world simply because by so doing they are assured of their livelihood, and while obeying outwardly they are disobeying inwardly. To this class the appeal of the military training is very repugnant, and has a tendency to keep large numbers of otherwise good soldiers out of the ranks. Experience has taught the wise recruiting officer or man to steer a wide path away from the suggestion of training when he approached one of this sort for an enlistment. Unless he does neglect to talk training, he may as well go on the great traverse, for he'll never land the prospect, no matter how he may view the service from the other angles. Obedience is the rock upon which many a prospect is lost, and perhaps it is just as well, for no command wants insubordination in its ranks.

Frequently it is said that the art of shooting with the rifle is inborn with the average American male. That is reasonably close to the truth, for practically all prospects have the desire in them to shoot; therefore they will listen attentively to the argument that in the Guard they will have an opportunity to try their skill with the Springfield. A little subtle flattery, here, well placed, will frequently act as the closing argument with your man. For every American seems to think that he can shoot straight; that is, he thinks so until he gets on the range with the Springfield, when he frequently makes the interesting discovery that the rifle kicks like a mule, and the bullet is about the size of the point of his little finger, and has a pernicious habit of missing the target.

While extolling the delights of the target range it is well to refer to the annual State encampment. Those encampments appeal to the primitive in all of us. We like to picture ourselves as maneuvering among the grass out on scout duty and the like, and it is perhaps the strongest recruiting argument, which is borne out by the fact that recruits come easier just before encampment time. It is the appeal of nature, the call of the great outdoors, especially to the city man, and should be used a great deal stronger on the recruit idea than it is.

Securing recruits is really scarcely less than selling them the Guard service. Therefore, it should be approached in much the same attitude.



Engineers laying out a camp.



A battery in practice on a designated enemy's position.



Swinging a piece of artillery into position on the jump.

The recruit officer is really the salesman, and since it is a tenet of good salesmanship to leave something with the prospect after your argument is done, so too the guard should supply all of its members with an abundance of booklets and pamphlets, explaining in detail and with much elaboration the different points of the service.

Selling enlistments, then, is no harder than selling stocks, bonds or insurance, for in all cases the salesman must first overcome the attitude of his prospect's mind, which is usually negative.

Occasionally a man will be influenced by the idea of promotions. This is a dangerous precedent, for those who enlist with that as the central idea are apt to be of the domineering sort who would work more havoc than benefit to the organization. To some men rank spells power, the right to bulldoze, rather than a trust to be fostered and exercised with care and judgment. Still it must not always follow that because a man desired rapid promotion he will prove unworthy, for contrariwise he may be ambitious and may know that he possesses the required ability to make a good officer, so the promotion idea should be used sparingly and discreetly. But assure him that he will be given the square deal, and then if he is truly ambitious you'll get him, because his ability will sooner or later be recognized and he knows it.

It is, of course, easier to get a man to accept a commission in the Guard; the securing of men to serve as officers is not difficult at all, for most any man will jump at the chance; the real problem facing the National Guard is to secure enough men to service as privates, and it is a very severe problem, and one that the enlisted man himself is better qualified to answer than the officer who never served in the ranks.

O WERE YOU ON THE UVAS?

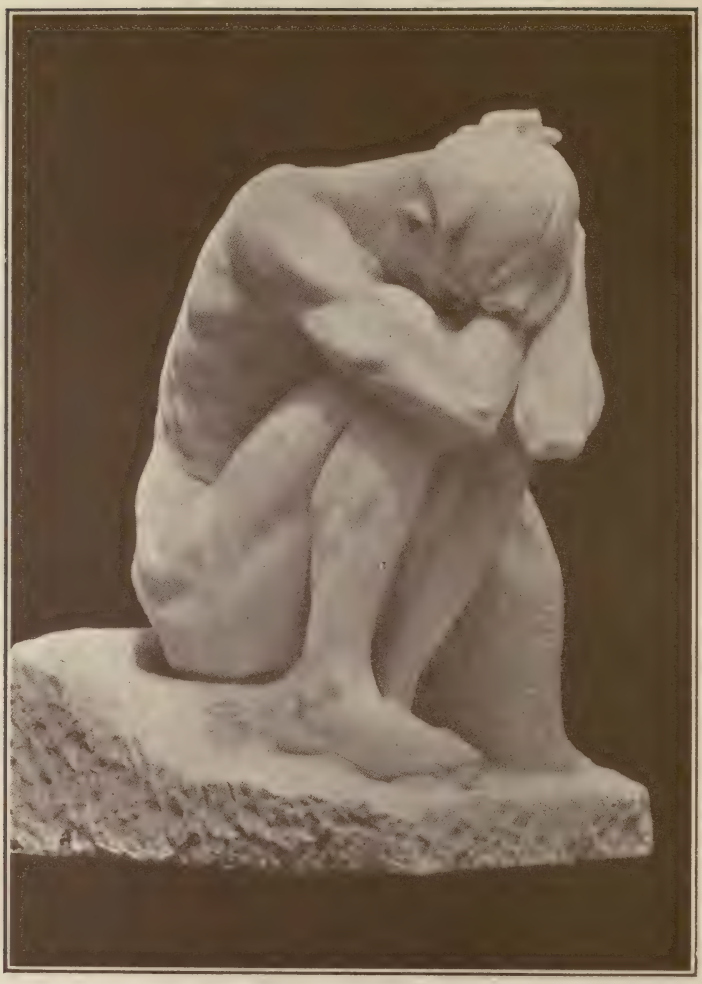
O were you on the Uvas, the silvery, sparkling Uvas,
And did you see young April come tripping down the hills,
Her green skirts hemmed with pansies, the little yellow pansies,
Her bodice, lupine purple, with silken poppy frills?

O were you on the Uvas, the shining, shimmering Uvas,
And did you see the young June bending over the stream,
Her warm lips stained with berries, her elf-ears ringed with cherries,
Her frock of wild-rose petals, her cap, a gold sunbeam?

O were you on the Uvas, the placid, peaceful Uvas,
And did you see October weaving at her loom
Rich robes of reds and russets with amber seams and gussets,
Where golden-rod and asters shed gold and purple bloom?

O were you on the Uvas, the rushing, racing Uvas,
And did you see December, a poppy in his coat,
Pause in the rosy shower of a wild pink currant flower
To listen to the lilting of a lark's celestial note?

EDITH ELLERY PATTON.



Marble statue (gold medal) by Attilio Piccirilli, in front of Fine Arts Building at P. P. I. E.

AN OUTCAST

There is a darkness worse than death can bring
To those the world has thrown aside unclassed,
For death's release obliterates the past,
And in one void engulfs all suffering;
But what of that abandoned soul, that thing
More lowly than a beast that fate has cast
Within the vortex of a hell so vast
That life holds nothing to which hope may cling!

What depths of desolation and despair
Must shroud that soul, whose anguish knows no tears
Surcease, whose misery benumbs all fears,
Whose being is a sepulchre to share
A brotherhood with Cain throughout the years
That scourge you for the deeds whose curse you bear.

STANTON ELLIOTT.

The Passing of German East Africa

By F. G. A.

It will not be many weeks before the lifting of the veil which has so long hidden coming events in German East Africa from our expectant eyes, and we may then hope to see the comforting spectacle of the lowering of the black and yellow standard, with the blasphemous reference to 1870, in the Kaiser's last stronghold on African soil. It is not going to be a very easy "show," but the end is worth waiting for, and we shall wait with perfect confidence. Only last mail brought a letter from a high official at Nairobi, in which he said: "I wish I could say more on the subject, but look out for news in about six weeks' time." And the context, which I do not feel at liberty to quote (and which the Editor would not publish if I did), indicated a justification for the most optimistic view of the situation.

German East Africa, the spoiled child of the Reichskolonialamt, is nearly as large as both our East African Protectorates together, and is very much richer, particularly in minerals, including gold, iron and coal. The population, Masai and Bantu, is also estimated at close on ten millions—a figure which, if correct, exceeds that of British East Africa and Uganda together, which aggregate no more than eight millions at the outside. Yet we need not attach undue importance to this preponderance of native subjects, since, in the first place, they are not all equally well affected towards their German masters; and in the second, the campaign will be won and lost by white men, as the enemy will realize with the first considerable invasion from the Rhodesian frontier.

The political position of German East Africa could not well be worse when the situation begins to develop. It has not a mile of friendly or even neutral territory on its borders. Hemmed in by British, Belgian and Portuguese territory, its chief port menaced by Zanzibar, and its settlements on Lake Victoria at the mercy of our armed steamers, its outlook is not a happy one. Utterly cut off from the outer world, it must defend itself with its present resources, and these, though doubtless provided during many years of intelligent anticipation at Dar es Salem, cannot be inexhaustible. True, it has a more elaborate network of railways than we have established in the neighboring Protectorate, but the irony of the situation is that a considerable proportion of its thousand miles of iron road has a commercial rather than a strategic value; and only the main system, from the ocean to Lake Tanganyika, will eventually be of service in those rapid lateral concentrations by which the outnumbered garrisons will alone be able to prolong the inevitable decision in our favor.

It is not to be denied that, as preliminary raids have already demonstrated, our own Uganda Railway is more vulnerable at some points than could have been wished. Yet even where it runs closest to German territory—say between Tsavo and the Kilimanjaro district, it is so well guarded that the enemy can only organize trifling affairs at night, doing no more damage than can be repaired by the available emergency gangs in time for next day's train.

It may, therefore, without further preamble, be assumed that, long before the issue of the war is decided nearer home, German East Africa will have changed masters; and there remains

the interesting problem of what is to be done with it. Give it back to the Wilhelmstrasse on the signing of peace? Such a solution of the difficulty may be relegated to the furtive proceedings of peace meetings, which are forever dinning into our ears that a great imperial nation must have a place in the sun, and that we have no right, even when victorious, to bottle Germany up inside her own frontiers. The reply to which is quite obviously that we asked nothing better than to live at peace with our unpleasant neighbors south of Vanga and Shirat, and that they alone are to blame for the unavoidable revision of the old arrangement. It was by the grace of Queen Victoria that the beautiful land of the Unyamweis became German; it will shortly be by the grace of King George that it will become British. What England gave, she can take away.

Yet this does not settle the future of the country. It is inconceivable that this magnificent unit of African Empire which is twice the size of British East Africa, should henceforth rank as a mere appenage of that Protectorate. There is very little in common between the two regions, since, though sisal and cocoanut are of first importance in the coast belt of both, our present territory must be regarded as mainly pastoral, whereas, as has already been pointed out, the mining interest, absent (and, as some think, fortunately) from British East Africa, must inevitably assume a prominent place in the future development of the new colony. This alone links it rather with Rhodesia; and as it is an open secret that the determining factor in German evacuation is to come from that quarter, we foresee a closer association with a Greater Central Africa. The Government at Nairobi, which, just before the outbreak of the war, took over the administration of Zanzibar, has its hands full without the new and vast responsibilities entailed in the control of yet another ten million natives, and the Colonial Office will in all probability arrive at a smoother solution of the difficulty by bringing Dar es Salem in closer touch with Blantyre and Salisbury. Apart from the many other advantages of this settlement, this would give both Nyasaland and Rhodesia a British port on the ocean; an outlet which, friendly as our relations will always be with Portugal, cannot but be preferable to their present dependence on Beira and Chinde. To those who prefer to pull a long face over current events much of the foregoing will no doubt savor of counting our chickens before they are hatched. I can only repeat that friends on the spot who are able to see something of the hatching in process are absolutely confident that—to borrow a homely phrase from sporting circles—all is over in German East Africa bar the shouting.

A FIELD OF CALIFORNIA POPPIES

Life up your eyes and look abroad
Where God hath strewn His living light;
It glorifies each humble clod
And maketh all the waste land bright.

The slender stems do bravely hold
Up to the burning eye of day
Their brimming cups of vivid gold,
Which to and fro like censers sway.

A vision of the heav'nly street,
A cloth of gold no king e'er trod,
A carpet fit for angels' feet—
This beauty from the looms of God.

JNO. N. HARBAUGH.

The Land of the Lawless

By Cardinal Goodwin

(Continued Story)

Chapter I.

THE TRAIN rushed around the foot of a mountain near a bend of the river, out across a narrow strip of prairie, and stopped at a little red station with "B-R-A-G-S" written on one end in big white letters. Sylvester Pattie was the only passenger who got off at the desolate looking place, and barely had he stepped upon the platform when the big engine puffed and throbbed, and with its train rushed out across the plains to become lost from sight amid the gently rolling green hills of the prairie. He watched it until it had gone, and with its disappearance, felt that the last link between him and civilization had passed away.

Walking around to the opposite side of the station, Sylvester placed his portmanteau upon the platform and looked out upon the little village. The entire town lay easily within the range of vision. Just in front of him was the single street, with its five stores, including the post office and a hotel. Behind these were a few dwellings. At one end of the street, horses stood tethered to a post, but with this exception not a sign of life was discernible, and although it was a hot day in the middle of July, all the store doors were closed. It was a pleasure to look from this deserted town to the scenery which surrounded it. Toward the east and south stretched the green billowed expanse of prairie; a skirt of heavy timber cut off the view toward the north, and rock-ribbed, shrub-clad mountains were visible across a narrow strip of prairie toward the west. Within those mountains, he had already learned, the "Star Gang" found a safe retreat from the marshals that the government sent against them.

While he stood gazing and meditating upon the setting of this beautiful little village, which the conductor had styled "hell," a scene occurred which led him to believe that the epithet was not entirely inappropriate. A store opened, and a negro with a Winchester came out and started to cross the street. Almost at the same instant another door opened at the farther end of the street, and an Indian, similarly armed, stepped out. He was still looking at the Indian, when a sharp report startled him, and he saw the Indian's hat fly off. The latter whirled quickly, and seemingly without taking the slightest aim, fired. The negro, with upraised hands, fell face forward in the street. In a moment, four men in their shirt sleeves, with their revolvers in their hands, came running, half bent, from the other side of the station. When they saw what had happened, however, they replaced their weapons and walked slowly toward the Indian, conversing as they went. The five then mounted their horses and rode quietly out of the village.

"Ding it all to dingnation, if 'at nigger 'd a lowered his sight a little there would only been four of 'em pesky fellers ridin' out o' here. Too bad they hain't killed each other."

The words were spoken by a tall, broad chested, wrinkled visaged fellow who had approached within a few feet of Sylvester.

"What does this mean?" the latter inquired, turning towards the old man.

"Wall, stranger, I guess it means there's one nigger less in this 'ere town, and the Star Gang 'as one more murder to answer fur."

"Was that the Star Gang?"

"That's 'em, sonny. D'ye notice a black eyed feller in the gang?"

Young Pattie nodded.

"That was Schute. You've hearn of Schute? Him an' Mose Miller is the leaders of the gang. Mose went to Eufala yistidy with some o' the men and robbed a bank. They'll git back some time to-day and have a whole posse of U. S. marshals a follerin' 'em. 'Tain't no use, though. These people 'round here won't help the government a bit. Why, scat my buttons, sonny," and the old fellow slapped his youthful companion on the back as if to emphasize his remark, "scat my buttons if I hain't seen 'em chuck dem outlaws down 'n cellar, up the chimney, jest any place to hide 'em from the marshals. Ye see there's a silent contract atween 'em. The outlaws, they won't bother the citizens so long as the citizens won't tell on the outlaws, and 'll give 'em food and 'tection in a tight."

"But who is that fellow that shot the negro?"

"Oh, that wus Henry Miller, Mose's half-brother. Him and the nigger had a game o' craps last night, and Henry won all the money. The nigger said he'd kill 'im, and ding my skin if he didn't come purty nigh doin' it. But it'll never do to miss any of 'em Star fellers when you shoots at 'em, because they never needs but one shot." And after a moment's hesitation he asked the young man:

"But I say, sonny, what yo're doing here? I seen Schute eyeing you suspicious like when you got off the train. We don't have many strangers stop here, you know, and 'em that does must give 'count of 'emselves. That ain't no drummer's bag you got there, so you ain't here to sell stuff to 'em store keepers. Come, 'fess up, what's your biz?"

"I'm a missionary," Sylvester replied.

"Whhhhh, a parson be ye! Well, by gum, you look kinder young fur this 'ere district. Guess you won't find many sheep round here. Wolves keep 'em all scared off, you know." And the stranger laughed heartily. "Well, I say, parson, how long you 'spect to be here?"

"Probably during the rest of the summer."

"What you goin' to do?"

"Conduct a meeting."

The old man dropped his head a minute and then raising it, fixed a keen eye on the young man which softened a bit as it lingered on his face.

"Dye know anything about this 'ere place?" he asked.

"I've heard that it's the toughest place in the territory, and from what I've just seen I believe it will exceed my expectations."

"I know nothin' 'bout your 'spectations, sonny; I know nothing 'bout your 'spectations," the old fellow said, shaking his head slowly from side to side, "but le'me tell you now that if there's a hell anywhere, this is it."

He paused a moment while he searched Sylvester's face with his keen eyes for some indication of the young man's thoughts.

"Wall, you still think you'll stay?"

"I think I shall remain for several weeks," was the answer. Clasping the hand of the younger man he squeezed it until the former felt almost like crying out.

"You're the stuff, sonny," and then casting a furtive glance about him, he leaned forward, and added in a low voice: "If there be anything old Joe Farley can do for ye, just ye let 'im know." And the old fellow dodged around a corner of the station and was gone.

Chapter II.

As soon as Joe disappeared, Sylvester took his portmanteau and made his way towards Mrs. Maddin's—a widow whose husband had been killed

by a member of the Star Gang, and with whom he had already been invited to stay while in Braggs. Her house stood out most conspicuously from the other dwellings of the little village. A large lawn covered with blue grass, and containing a few trees, surrounded a cottage with a veranda extending across the front and along the sides. The clean whiteness of the house, the judicious arrangement of the shade trees, the dark green of the grass, gave the place a comfortable appearance, and indicated that even in that wild district civilization was planting its foot.

As Sylvester entered the front gate a prolonged, agonizing squeal was followed by a dull sound, and a pig appeared, struggling through the front door, dragging a small, sallow faced urchin who lay upon his stomach with his mouth open, and his tongue sticking out, while he held on to the pig's tail with both hands. It was probably exhaustion from his labor that relieved the pig of the first agonies of his terror, and when he had crossed half the width of the porch his feet slipped from under him, he fell over on his side, and responded to a series of jerks which the lad performed upon his tail with deep grunts of contentment. The two had not been lying in that position long when a young lady with an upraised broom rushed out, and struck the prostrate swine across the side. Renewed terror brought renewed energy. The pig sprang up, rushed to the edge of the porch and leaped off, dragging the small boy with him. The young lady threw down the broom and hurried anxiously to the lad's assistance. There was no cause for anxiety, however, for the youngster, probably misinterpreting her haste, sprang up and ran around the house, laughing in great glee.

"I'm glad the young fellow sustained no injury from his fall," Sylvester said, coming up.

She turned quickly and a slight blush spread over her cheeks, but she soon recovered her composure. "Oh, you are Mr. Pattie," she said, smiling sweetly. "Ned wrote me that you were coming. We are so glad to have you with us while you are in Braggs. We have heard Ned speak of you so often that we feel as if we knew you already."

"It is very kind of you to take me in, I'm sure." Then taking her outstretched hand, "And you are Miss Maddin. No one could associate with Ned Foster very long without learning to know you."

"Dear old Ned!" she exclaimed. "But you mustn't believe all that Ned tells you of me. He has always been decidedly prejudiced in my favor."

But further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Maddin. She was a neatly dressed, rather stout woman about forty-five years old, and very cordial in her manner. She extended a hearty welcome to Sylvester, invited him into the house, and showed him immediately to his room.

Weary from travel, he threw himself across the bed, and soon fell asleep. The sun was shining through the window when he woke, and his clothes were wet with sweat. He got up, bathed his face and hands, and went out on the veranda. Mrs. Maddin was coming around from the front of the house.

"Would you like to go for a ride?" she said.

Sylvester told her that nothing would give him greater pleasure.

"I thought you would like it. I told Sam to saddle Trickster for you. If he suits you he is to be your horse as long as you remain in Braggs."

When he reached the front veranda Sylvester saw a negro leading a bay pony across the lot, and walked down and met him at the gate.

"Is that pony for me?" he inquired.

"Yes, sah."

Taking the reins out of the negro's hands, Sylvester led the horse out into the road, mounted him and rode off through the woods toward the river at a steady gallop. For nearly a mile he saw no sign of human habitation, and then the road led past fields, where

cotton and corn grew in abundance. As he proceeded, the ground became more level, the soil blacker, and the foliage more luxuriant. Finally he came to a long level stretch of firm, straight road, bounded on one side by an immense cotton field, and on the other by dense tropical foliage and slushy swamps.

"Now, Trickster," the young man said, "I'll see what you can do."

Leaning far over in his saddle, he gave the pony a quick rap on the shoulder with his hat, and then straightened himself in the saddle. The pony responded nobly. His ears fell back, his nose shot out, his entire form lowered several inches, and the great cotton field began to turn as if on a pivot. No one except the fellow who has experienced it knows what a dare-devil spirit it puts into a man to feel the air fill his shirt and beat his hat brim back as he is being hurled through it, and hears the roar of iron shod hoofs as they thunder over the ground beneath him. Sylvester would have been contented to have that ride continue indefinitely, and had no intention of stopping it, when he came to the corner of the field. Here the road turned at an angle out into the woods. As he dashed around the curve in the road, three men, one of them leading a small mustang, appeared around the next bend not a hundred feet ahead. They frightened Trickster, and he stopped suddenly, turned half around, and came near throwing young Pattie out of his saddle. When Sylvester recovered his balance and directed the horse's head once more toward the men, they were smiling and pushing back some half-drawn revolvers. No one spoke a word, and Sylvester rode by.

It was a close afternoon, and Trickster had become heated from his exercise. White specks of sweat oozed out of his shoulders and hips, and large white flakes of foam appeared on each side of his neck where the bridle reins rubbed against it. The flies, too, were very annoying. Sylvester was just reaching over to kill one which had alighted at the root of his horse's mane, when the latter shied quickly to one side. Looking up, young Pattie saw about a dozen armed men riding in single file through the woods towards him. When they had drawn closer he recognized the leader as one of the United States marshals whom he had seen in Muscogee.

"Did you meet any one on the road, young man?" inquired the leader.

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Three."

"Were they armed?"

Sylvester replied in the affirmative.

"Describe them."

"Two of them were Indians, and one was a white boy about eighteen or nineteen years old."

"Was one of the Indians a heavy-set fellow with a scar across his cheek?"

"Yes."

"Those are the fellows," he said, turning to his men. And again addressing Sylvester: "How far ahead are they?"

"Not over half a mile, I should think."

"Come, fellows," and spurring their weary horses into a gallop, they disappeared around a bend in the road.

(*Continued next month.*)

SAN FRANCISCO

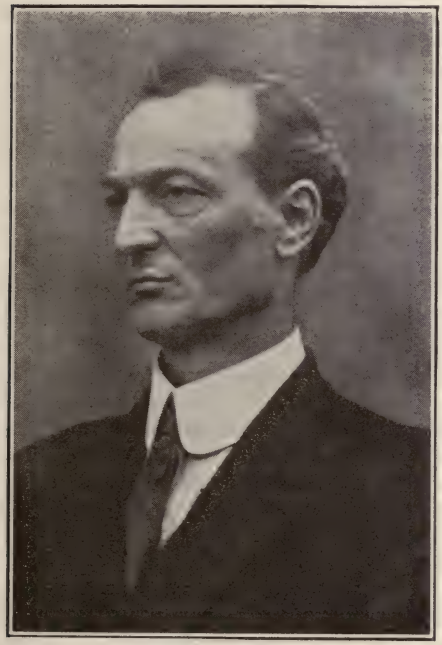
The edge of the world and the edge of the sea,
Set where the farthest camp-fire gleamed,
City of youth and of youth to be—
The newest dream that the world has dreamed.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

How Basquet Lost His Horses

By C. C. Hammerly

(Born on Iowa farm and raised to manhood "between rows of corn," my first event occurring forty-six years ago, the 27th of October. Attended country schools until able to teach. Earned money teaching to pay way through Iowa State Normal School at Cedar Falls. Parentage, father German, mother Scotch, Welsh, Irish descent. Father one of five brothers in Union Army. Spent ten years teaching— most of time since as printer and publisher of weekly newspapers. Present home Portland, Ore. Lived in Northwest last twenty years. Married, two sons.)



C. C. Hammerly

MR. TONEY, a bright-eyed, dapper, energetic little man, came briskly into the dining room of his home and set the milk pail upon a side table. He had just finished caring for his two cows and delivering the evening milk, work in which, despite his eighty-eight years, he took keen delight.

Naturally, he was quite gray, and his form was somewhat stooped. He wore whiskers only upon the sides of his face; none upon his upper lip and chin. In traveling about he sometimes carried a cane, but he was by no means dependent upon it, and was as active as most men who have reached the age of but sixty.

"A gentleman to see you, father," announced his daughter, with whom I had been chatting for a few minutes in the room in which they had preferred to remain after the evening meal. The hearty hand shake, the pleasant greeting, and the alert activity and friendliness of the old gentleman, immediately won my admiration.

She who had been his helpmeet for the last sixty-four years, but who was not in robust health, sat across the room and listened to the conversation, while the daughter remained near at hand to help recall reminiscences or parts of them that might possibly be omitted. However, the old gentleman's faculties are still active and his memory good.

"Yes, I came West in '47, the year of the Whitman massacre," said he in answer to a question. "I was twenty years old then, and have lived here ever since. I have never voted outside of the county, and haven't missed many elections, either. Of course, I have been away at times. In '49 and '50, for a period of nine months, was

in California, and in '48 was in the Cayuse Indian war in the Walla Walla country and Idaho, but I always considered this my home, so never voted anywhere else.

"The discovery of gold led me to go to California? Yes, it was the report of gold; but I didn't find any of the filthy lucre," he laughed; "at least I didn't dig any of it out of the ground.

"When I went there I did not intend to make it my permanent home, though I might have been called a 'forty-niner;' but I was an Oregonian before I was a forty-niner. I owned land here at the time gold was discovered there; but I wasn't specially tied down, so when we heard of the golden opportunity, I decided to make the trip, together with Tom Rainey and Dan Basquet. It was on that journey that Basquet lost his horses.

"There was already considerable excitement and a number of mining camps in the northern part of the State when we reached there, for nearly every white who had gone there before the summer of '48, dropped everything and went to prospecting; and this end of the State was especially favored.

"On this trip we spent considerable time among the Indians, or in their neighborhood, and learned much of their ways and customs.

"Say," suddenly questioned my host turning toward me with still more animation than he had exhibited before, and extending his hand in the direction of my knee, "do you know how the Indians make their arrowheads?"

"No," I acknowledged, "I do not. I have seen the statement that it is not known how they make them."

"Well, sir," said he, "most whites don't seem to know how it is done. They seem to think that the implements are beaten or hammered and chipped into shape by means of a stone or metal hammer. That is not the case at all. That would break the rock in every way, and they would not get what they wanted at all.

"I have seen them at work many a time. They use the duclaw of a deer. That," said he, noting my evident bewilderment, "is a bone from the back of the leg or hock of the animal, just above the hoof. It is about five or six inches long and perhaps three-fourths of an inch wide, shaped very much like a dagger. Both edges are sharp, and they sharpen them still more by scraping the green bone with flint. Then they make a notch with the rough edge of a piece of flint, perhaps an inch from the wide end. This bone makes an excellent knife for skinning animals and many other purposes.

"Well, those Indians hook that notch over the edge of the piece of flint, and holding it down firmly, give it a sidewise twist or swinging motion with the hand like this," and he indicated as he talked, "and so chip off piece after piece of the flint with the razor-like bone. It takes time, but not so much as you would think, to get the desired shape.

"The making of the entire arrow is a very interesting process," he continued. "I got so I could make very good ones myself, so far as the wooden part was concerned.

"They make them of arrow wood. That wood is very hard. They select the long, straight stalks of last year's growth, cut them the right length for arrows, and peal the bark off. Then they wrap about fifty of them together with wet rawhide. As the bundle dries the rawhide shrinks, and when the arrows are unbound they are straight and true, all the defects having been remedied by the tight binding.

"Next they fasten the flint point to the smaller end, and the two halves of a split feather to the larger end of the shaft of the arrow with stout string or buckskin. The feather is put on twisting, so that the weapon is given a twisting motion like that of a bullet.

"You have probably heard, too," he continued, "that the Indians start a fire with two sticks. Well, they don't. They use only one: a very dry, pithy like piece of willow. They insert the stick into a hole in a cedar bark block and rub it around vigorously. The bark has a notch in one side for the

dust to run into, and this catches fire very quickly from the energetic rubbing. They seem to get fire almost as quickly as it can be gotten with a match.

"Naturally they have to keep the wood very dry, and to do so carry it carefully wrapped in a buckskin sack.

"A peculiar custom we noticed in Northern California was in connection with the Indian widows—tar head widows, they were called. Those women had the tops of their heads covered with what looked much like tar. We learned that the covering on their head—their bodies were not burdened with any particular covering," he chuckled, "was not tar at all, but the burnt flesh of their former husband's bodies.

"When the husband died, the hair on the wife's head was clipped or shaved. Then the flesh of the dead man was burned and a coat of the smoke and fire blackened, greasy concoction was rubbed upon the scalp. Layer after layer was added, until she had quite a thickness of mourning to wear around day and night. This remained upon the head until the hair had grown out to a sufficient length to loosen the load of sorrow, when it could be gotten rid of, and the squaw was free to marry again.

"After we had spent some time prospecting, we discovered one morning while in the vicinity of Chester City that three of Basquet's horses had disappeared. There was no doubt that they had been run off by the Indians. Of course there were white men mean enough, but they were too busy hunting for the yellow nuggets to bother with our horses.

"We hadn't made anything in the prospecting line, so we were pretty well exasperated at losing what we had brought along in the way of horseflesh. We decided to go and hunt for them.

"The Indians in the immediate locality were friendly, and there was nothing to indicate that they had taken them; but there was nothing to hold us there, and no attractions for us, as Rainey said, 'even among the tar heads.'

"There were two directions in which those horses might have been taken. Away to the northeast, in the Klamath and Goose Lake region in Southern Oregon and Northeast California, were the Modocs; while to the south of us were the Pitt River Indians.

"You know what the Modocs were. This was a long time before the Modoc war, but even at that time those fellows were ugly.

"Already they had killed and robbed quite a number of emigrants at one time or another, and in the rough country where they lived they had every advantage.

"Well," said Mr. Toney, with a merry twinkle of the eye, followed by an audible chuckle that was most suggestive, "we made up our minds that we had not lost any horses among the Modocs; so we rode south to the Pitt River, and then on to the Sacramento, of which the Pitt is the most important branch.

"Before we struck the Sacramento, we received information that made us think that we were on the right track. A couple of prospectors informed us that they had met a band of Indians traveling rapidly down the valley several days before, and that they had noticed horses that tallied with the description of those for which we were looking.

"They also said that there were not to exceed twenty-five or thirty in the band; bucks, squaws and pappooses included; and so we now hurried on more rapidly than ever. About two days later, along toward evening, we came in sight of the smoke of a camp some distance ahead.

" 'There are your horses, Basquet,' said Rainey. 'I'll warrant those are the scamps that took them.'

" 'I wouldn't be surprised,' said Basquet. 'We had better mosey along,' and we rode down upon them as rapidly as possible.

"Well, sir," and the old gentleman laughed heartily at the recollection, "it was. We found the carcasses of what

had certainly been the horses. Those redskins had eaten them; or at least the best parts of them, and what was left," and again the old eyes grew merry, "was of no value to us.

"Basquet was mad. 'You blamed hounds,' he roared, shaking his fist in rage as he gazed around in hope of seeing some of them, 'I'd like to catch you.' He even threw up his rifle and fired at a hummock off about a hundred yards, but of course he did not think that was an Indian.

"As the horses were gone, I don't imagine that any of us really wanted to catch the thieves, for we would not have wanted to take the lives of even the men unless they showed fight, and we would not have known what to do with them had we caught any of the women or children.

"But there wasn't a single Indian in sight, though the country was very level and we knew they were not far away.

"You see all the Indians went naked. None of those south of Eugene in the west central part of Oregon wore any clothing, and those in California were the same way. They could lie quietly in a depression of the ground, and their bodies, being so nearly the color of the earth, we could not see them.

"We didn't try very hard to find them, anyway, as soon as Basquet's wrath cooled down a little. It may have been that as we rode around for a few moments that a slight mound in a hollow was about the size of an Indian urchin, but I took care not to examine too closely to find out.

"We did not need to fear them, for we were much better armed than they were. At that day very few of them had guns, and what they did have were generally of an inferior quality. They did not have the advantage of location, either, that the Modocs had; and besides were not so warlike, although they did give some trouble two or three years later. Then, while they would steal horses and make themselves a nuisance, they did not care to go to war.

"Their supper, mainly a large kettle full of a sort of mush made of manzanita berries, was still cooking over the fire. The six of us—there were six of us after the horses—ate it all up," and again the jolly narrator laughed merrily, but no more so than he had over the joke, if joke it could be called, that had been played upon themselves.

"After we got through, to pay them off we burned their camp; that is, everything except what we could use. Besides a large supply of arrows like those I have described, we found quite a lot of fishing tackle and took that along. They had spears that they used in fishing. These, like the arrows, were long, straight sticks, but they had the duclaw of the deer split and fastened to a line, and when the fish was impaled, the duclaw came loose from the shaft of the spear and spread so that the fish could not get away, acting like the ordinary hook, but being still more effective.

"My father and I went as far as San Francisco on that trip. Wasn't much there at that time," he continued reminiscently; "just a few dwekkubgs and a warehouse or two. While there, we cut out the timbers and boards for a warehouse from redwood logs with a whipsaw. My father was very good at using the saw, and handled the end that guided the work, and I was just his helper. We made fine wages at it, for workmen were hard to get, most men preferring to hunt for gold.

"The result was that our journey to California paid us all right in dollars and cents as well as experience and pleasure, even if we didn't find any gold mine or look ahead and see the future great city and make ourselves rich by investing in its sandpile lots," and he leaned back good humoredly, with evidently no special regrets over failure to have taken advantage of past opportunities.

The Equation

By Billee Glynn

THE history of Robert Hatter was much the same as that of many others. He had been born in the country; ambition carried him to the city; he had gone into business, and become engrossed in it. At the age of ten he sold Sunday papers on the streets of his native town. The mothers of lazy boys pointed him out as an example. And such pointing was all the more potent in that the father of this exemplar was in fairly prosperous circumstances, having a small business that kept his family nicely. When but fifteen, Robert Hatter could boast of a bank account. At that age, indeed, he was too shrewd to waste a peanut on an elephant. He had learned the value of money, and his parents were satisfied with him. They admitted to themselves that neither of them had possessed the hoarding instinct sufficiently. They had not even taught it to their son, though they approved it in him and the energy which went with it. Undoubtedly it had been inspired by another person. While he was but a little fellow, a plutocrat and politician, noted in the community for his success, had patted the boy cordially on the head and thus advised him: "Always get something for everything you do. You have only one life to live, and don't forget that success is money."

Robert Hatter never did forget. When at twenty-four he set out to conquer the city it was with that idea in mind, and repeating that axiom: "I have only one life to live, and I have no time to be a fool."

The gold-gathering lures of the metropolis consequently enticed him little. In three years, after serving a necessary clerkship, he started in a produce commission business for himself. This was the beginning of the great engrossment. He worked from gray morning till midnight. But toward the end of his twenty-eighth year he took the time and the trouble to get married.

She had two thousand dollars, this young lady, of intensely respectable people, and she had a plain, wistful face that constantly did its best to smile. This faded out with the years somewhat, but it appealed to Robert Hatter then. He remembered always the first day he saw her when she came smiling toward him through a field of dead autumn grass. Later she had thrilled him by admitting how much she admired his type of a man.

Fifteen years after he married her she died. Robert Hatter was worth a quarter of a million dollars by this time. She had proven a very good wife. It was a great loss, but the interest in new investments helped him over it. Though the look on the face of the dead, the ashen futility which death drew out from this attempt at gratitude and self-compensation, haunted him. Their only child, a boy of thirteen, he sent away to boarding school. He chose a select place where he knew that only the proper code would be taught him. This boy was in general physical appearance like his mother. He had his father's chin, however, which was long and square-set. And he had something, too, of his father's vitality. Every six months the father visited him at the school. And he never failed to impress upon him as they walked in the fields where the wild birds sang and the flowers gave up their perfume that Money was the Great Power and the Great Success

in the world, and that one must have a great deal of it.

He was in the habit of thinking of this son as a multimillionaire, a power in the world of finance, and the vision pleased him mightily. His ambition belonged to himself as well, however, else how could he have worked so hard. Around that phrase: "I have only one life to live," he had built his gray matter. He had now several businesses on his hands which took up almost his entire time. A maiden sister had been installed as his housekeeper, and she gave him that sort of animal loyalty and constant country sympathy which pertained to such kinship and the provincial admiration for money power.

With increasing years he found her invaluable as a companion. In one instance he prevented her possible marriage, and she submitted easily to his wishes when he explained that the man was not quite satisfactory, and that there would be many better chances. He advised her to find more friends of her own sex and age. Sometimes of a night he took her to the theatre. He preferred comic opera and broad humor, and laughed goodnaturedly. Certainly people might have taken him for a philanthropist. His sister always had the feeling of protecting him from other designing women. She disliked the idea of his marrying again. Since he did not seem to care about women, he gave her little reason for uneasiness in the matter. If she manufactured it—that was for her own entertainment.

Things kept on apace for fourteen more breathless years, with Robert Hatter still hastening through his pleasures and his meals. Even in what he called relaxation haste had become a habit with him. He had now accumulated half a million dollars. His son graduated from the university, and he put him in a business North in which he had invested seventy-five thousand dollars. All his life he had seen really little of the boy, scarcely knew him, indeed. The advice he gave him entering business life was firm, forcible and to the point, and he seemed to take it to heart. He sent a trusted clerk with him to help him conduct the business, but was rather proud when in six months his son wrote that he no longer needed this man, but felt entirely capable of running things himself. At his end, Robert Hatter was as busy as ever. He had come to look upon every hour as an entity representing so much material advantage to him. His health, however, was no longer what it had once been.

A year and a half of initiation in business, and Robert Hatter, Jr., married. Oddly enough, the woman had quietly divorced him before his father had a chance to see her. Shortly after the business in the North went unexpectedly bankrupt, and Robert Hatter, Jr., came home. He blamed it on the woman, bad advice, and inevitable conditions, and the father believed him. For pleading his own case thus, he reflected, and somehow poignantly, the saddened aspect of his mother, though sadness had little part in his general character. Besides, the matter was somewhat swept away when Robert Hatter suffered a slight apoplectic stroke. One arm and shoulder were disabled. He kept the boy at home, teaching him the handling of his different interests. In a few months' time he, himself, had resumed as far as was possible all of his former activities. Then it became necessary for him to go to the far East to establish an export trade in a certain commodity and look over some mining prospects in China. The trip might restore his health, he thought.

He stayed away a year, spending the last six months of it in the interior. Coming back to Shanghai he found his mail waiting him, and it foreshadowed trouble at home. Accidentally, he encountered Jensen, the trusted clerk, whom he had sent North with his son, and whom the latter had let go. Unpleasant misgivings impelled him to ply this man with questions. The account which Jensen gave made it certain that it was fast living, gambling, dissolute companions and downright

refusal to take advice on the part of the young manager which had caused the bankruptcy.

Robert Hatter reached home with a saddened heart and an angry mind. He was met by his chief lieutenant, who told him another story. Robert Hatter, Jr., had been impossible to control or advise. He had drawn large sums out of the business and thrown it to the winds. Five months past he had married a girl after an hour's acquaintance in a cafe, and in six weeks she ran away with another man, taking with her several thousand dollars' worth of jewels which young Hatter had bought for her. He was given a divorce, but there was no chance to prosecute. Then an actress with whom the young man had evidently been associated a long time, and who probably regretted the loss of the jewels brought a breach of promise suit against him for thirty thousand dollars, and won it handily by virtue of a honeyed correspondence she had had the wisdom to preserve.

These unimaginable proceedings, so utterly at variance with the tenets of his own life and all that he expected in his offspring, Robert Hatter heard with feelings hard to describe. His very blood went sick, his lungs seemed to forget to breathe. The flood of his years came upon him in an instant.

In a terrible rage, he sent for his son. "You have cost me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he said. "You are thirty-two years old. What do you mean by this wasteful, libertine life?"

For the first time they stood unmasked and facing each other in their elementals. The long, square-set chin of the boy had drawn out and down with the stubbornness of his elder. And he proved that he had inherited something else besides. Unconscious that he was using the other's phrase, he replied with a flame in the words:

"I am your only heir, and I have only one life to live. I represent the repression of both my mother and yourself."

This reply, so hard, so familiar, and turned to such a meaning seemed to stun Robert Hatter. He sank back into his chair, his mouth twisted awry, regarding his son. At this moment another stroke came upon him, and without the power of speech his face retained that strange expression for the few months which elapsed before his death.

TO A FRIEND

Only a crescent of light in the heavens
Piercing with gold the deep shadow of night,
Only a blossom of infinite wonder
Born from the love-couch of Spring and sweet Light,
Only a lark calling clear at the dawning,
Springing and singing in rapturous flight,
Only a voice through a mystical silence
Thrilling the soul to loftier flight;

Only a message of love and kind friendship
Wafted through space to an answering heart,
Only a flash of soul understanding,
Sudden and clear as the lightning's dart:
These are the things that inspire our best soul powers,
More than e'en poetry, music, or art,
Yield us new meanings, new life-laws, and strengthen
Weary-grown lives to a nobler start.

LENNA B. MELTON.

Poison-Oaked

By Alice A. Harrison and Anette Windele

IT WOULD be an awful nuisance to close the flat," sighed Laura Murray, when her long-legged husband suggested a cottage in the country for the spring and summer months. "But, as you say, it's weeks since we've spent a peaceful day together. Really, Alan, I see so little of you alone that I'm beginning to forget what you're actually like."

The Murrays had not been married long. In fact, they were at that blissful stage when the most attractive number in the world is "two," and the addition of even one may constitute a mob. Among a great number of friends but few realized this state of affairs, and an endless procession of callers did their best to make this blessed state, in Laura's eyes at any rate, a "cussed" one.

They happened in, informally, for breakfast, lunch and dinner—sometimes for all three. No hour seemed too early, none too late for a noisy invasion of the little flat. A tempting supper for two would be happily planned and prepared with loving care by Mrs. Murray, to be ruthlessly intruded upon at the last minute, and no evening, balmy or stormy, was immune from the uninvited guest.

One night, in the precious after-dinner hour, Alan and Laura were sitting hand in hand gossiping over the fire, and lazily blinking into the "hollow down by the flare."

"Who was the wise man who once said that his idea of real bliss was 'four feet on the fender?' " she asked, smiling at the two big and two little shoes perched up to the blaze.

"I don't know, Honey, but he surely was a wise man, whoever he was," answered Alan.

He had scarcely ceased to speak when a loud, determined ring at the door bell interrupted. Despairingly, the Murrays looked at one another.

"I'm not going to answer," said Laura. "This is the first night we've had together all week, and I won't have it spoiled."

Alan said nothing, but he stiffened a little as the bell sounded again.

At the third ring, Laura's resolution melted. "They make me sick, just plumb sick," she muttered, as she dragged her lazy length from the low, cozy arm chair, and stumbled out into the dark hall.

A minute later Cousin Mona's voice filled the house. "What!" she exclaimed, as she flung into the living room. "As I live! Spooning in the dark, you Sentimental Sillies! There'll be no more of that, not while Cousin Mona is here," and she gaily snapped on the lights.

Alan and Laura blinked in the sudden glare, but offered no protest as she prattled on. "Althea and Tom said they'd be in after the 'nick,' and they're going to bring tamales, and we'll all have a party," she concluded, plumping down into Laura's chair.

"Fine! Fine!" exclaimed Alan, abstractedly, as he leaned over to poke the fire. His eyes carefully avoided Laura's. Althea and Tom were as good as their word, and the last night in the week passed like all those before it, and, as Laura afterwards complained to Alan, like most of the nights to come probably would pass. Alan stroked his wife's pretty hair. "I think, dear, it's about time we did something definite, or our beautiful dispositions and our sense of hospitality will be ruined forever."

That night Alan Murray laid awake. His head was filled with troubled thoughts. Such a seemingly unimportant thing was disturbing the peace of his little, new home, yet it was too subtle a thing for his masculine mind to cope with. He couldn't, much as he might like to, put a sign over his front door bearing the legend: "Keep Out—This Means You!" Still nothing short of some such drastic measure, he feared, would prove effective.

All at once he had an idea. Why not flee before a trouble too insidious to wrestle with? A cottage in the country for the spring and summer months would settle the difficulty in the very neatest of fashions, discourage the ever solicitous visitor, and bring quiet and contentment to his little wife.

When the subject was broached to Laura, she seemed more or less hopeful. "We'll try it, anyway," she said, "and if it doesn't work, let's feed them arsenic!"

In the succeeding days the Murrays learned that real estate ads. belong in the great and ever increasing company of such as is not gold, but glitters.

"Ten minutes from the station" they found meant a perpendicular climb that left them winded on the face of a cliff after perhaps a half hour! "Every convenience" usually commenced with one faucet in the whole house, and the more enthusiastic phrases they turned from shudderingly.

At the end of one discouraging day, they were homeward bound on the interurban. Alan felt too tired and discouraged to speak, but Laura, having powdered her nose and a small surrounding area seemed to have drawn lasting refreshment from the rite. "Of all the appalling holes," she laughed. "How any one could offer them to civilized people to live in I can't imagine!" With the lights of Sausalito blinking ahead of them, Alan cheered perceptibly.

"Never again!" he said. "We'll retreat to our comfy little flat and tack a sign on the door: 'Diphtheria—Keep Out of This House.' "

Yet in spite of resolutions and discouragements, they went once more in pursuit of a rustic dwelling, and this time fortune favored them. They found a very duck of a place all ready for occupancy.

For a week they fell over unfamiliar furniture and learned the limitations of the local emporium. Alan and the morning train never seemed to hitch, and the home-coming train and the dinner hour were constitutionally incompatible, but these were minor discomforts compared to the great peace and quiet that filled their evenings and made Laura's days a succession of golden hours.

Their happiness reached a climax when Alan came home Saturday noon. A whole glorious day and a half, they gurgled, with nothing to do but enjoy themselves and each other. Laura fixed a lunch full of thrilling surprises, and like two youngsters let out for a holiday, they trailed off to the woods to loaf and "play with the weather."

That night, tired but happy, they toiled up the steep road to the cottage. Mrs. Murray paused with her hand on the gate.

"Some one is here, Alan!" Her expression was comical in its dismay.

Alan took his pipe from his mouth. "Who on earth——" he exploded, but was not allowed to finish. An excited chorus of "Here they are" drowned him out, and an avalanche of what seemed to be Amazons swooped upon them with welcoming roars. They were forcibly seized and hustled into their erstwhile peaceful house.

Cousin Mona boomed in Alan's ear "delightful place—lovely spot—charming view—so clever of you," and somewhere in the middle distance the excited chorus intoned: "We're crazy about it!"

There they were, lined up, smiling brightly and radiating capability and satisfaction, a whole dozen of them at that, instead of the homeopathic doses to which the Murrays had been vic-

tims in the city. To Laura's horror, the fire was burning brightly, pots were bubbling on the stove, and the table was laid for what appeared to her distracted gaze to be an army.

At ten o'clock on Monday morning Laura Murray, with a grim expression on her face, surveyed the wreck of her little home. Pillows, mattresses, rugs, blankets, cushions—anything that could serve as bedding—bestrewed the floor. The table was piled with breakfast dishes left from the last meal of that awful week-end. Cups and even glasses stained with coffee dregs, bowls and soup plates with bits of cold mush clinging to their sides, a mass of orange and banana peels completed the picture. Mrs. Murray sat down in the midst of the mess and shed a few hearty tears, then put on the biggest kitchen apron in the house and fell to work.

"If only it were over now," she said ruefully when Alan came home that night; "but they all had a glorious time, and swore they'd be back with the bells on next Friday afternoon."

Alan with difficulty swallowed a smile.

"Never mind, Angel Face," he comforted, "we may be able yet to think of some way to lose the whole kit and crew of them," and little knew that in that speech lay phophecy. Inspiration was to sit upon the brow of Laura Murray, and to assist her in the accomplishment of the apparently impossible.

Poison oak as well as inspiration was to sit there, however. Alan came home on Thursday night to find her itchy and miserable, and by the next morning one of her pretty blue eyes was almost closed.

When she saw herself in the glass she was divided between tears and laughter.

"Great guns!" she cried. "I look like a sore-eyed kitten." And be it said to Alan's everlasting credit that he didn't even smile at her grotesque appearance. Being one of those blessed beings born immune from the disease, he might, not realizing its painfulness, have considered it funny. But he didn't.

Then as it dawned upon Laura that that same evening would see Cousin Mona and the horde settling upon them for another uproarious week-end, she wailed: "You'll simply have to ring them up as soon as you reach the city and tell them I'm covered with this horrid disease and wouldn't risk their getting it for the world."

She achieved a hideous smile as it struck her that at any rate peace would be theirs over the week-end.

"That would never work, Foolish," laughed Alan. "Cousin Mona is a walking compendium of First Aid, and Horrible Hints for the Helpless! She would be up here on the next train, prepared to stay for an indefinite period and to nurse you back to life."

"I wish they'd all get it so bad they couldn't see for a week!" she burst out, and then at Alan's look of distressed amazement: "Oh, no, I don't. But they *are* a nuisance, especially now when I look like a toy balloon and feel simply awful."

And at that moment the inspiration glimmered.

When Alan was a mere speck on the hillside she hurried to the woods and gathered as many branches of the ruddy leaved poison oak as she could carry. Guiltily, she darted across the road into the house, and then the plot began to take shape.

She thought first of filling all the jars and bowls as if for decorative purposes. Then rejected this idea, knowing they would recognize the leaf.

She could see Cousin Althea, who was a school teacher and an enthusiastic botanist, ordering the whole thing out of the house, and at the same time giving a dissertation on the value of a "little botanical knowledge," while emptying the jars.

She racked her brain, and then amazed at her own deviltry, set to work.

She opened every available pillow on the beds and couches, and feverishly stuffed in as many leaves and branches as would fit without detec-

tion. It was hours before her task was completed, and she was free to commence putting her house in order, and prepare for her guests. She flew about making everything ready, feeling like a gorgeous Borgia.

She was almost eager for the guests to arrive.

When everything was ready she waited on the porch. In a calm moment her conscience smote her. A tiny thought reared its head. "What if they really should become dreadfully sick?"

"Nonsense; no one ever died of it," she told herself. "Anyway, I've got it myself!"

She felt just a little uneasy, and wished she hadn't done it. What would Alan think? And right there she decided that it would never do to tell him. No, let them all die if they had to, but Alan must never know.

"At any rate it's too late now," she said to herself, as she saw them coming up the road. Presently suitcases like young trunks were thudding on the porch, and solicitous cries of "You poor thing! Use camphor! Baking soda! Try peroxide!" rent the air.

Laura squirmed. She began to pity her victims. They *were* kind. Oh, how could she have done such an awful thing!

A few minutes later they were invading her kitchen and permeating every available inch of space. She smiled grimly.

"Sic him, Tige!" she muttered.

"What, dear?" queried Alan, peering over the evening paper, behind which he had taken a brief refuge.

"Nothing—just talking to myself." Her tone was so blithe that he looked suspiciously at her. She was bearing this invasion alarmingly well.

The evening was chilly, and the guests disposed themselves around the fireplace to loaf and enjoy the blaze. Louise picked up a pine pillow and buried her face in it.

"Isn't it fragrant?" she said, taking a mighty sniff. "I just love 'em!" Mrs. Murray started guiltily. The pine pillow had been treated liberally. She pushed her chair out of the range of the firelight.

"Face bad, dear?" asked Louise.

Cousin Mona looked up from her tatting. "Take care of yourself, Laura. I remember a case at the settlement when a child went stone deaf, and the same year a perfectly lovely girl developed erysipelas from poison oak."

"You're awfully comforting, Mo," defended Alan, and Laura threw him a grateful look.

Mrs. Murray tumbled out of bed early the next morning, hoping to salve her uneasy conscience by preparing a specially tempting breakfast for her victims. Some one was moving about in the kitchen. Cousin Mona in remarkable deshabille was peering shortsightedly under the sink. She straightened up heavily.

"That you, Laura? I was looking for a pan or basin." Her voice was husky with sleep, and she turned a strangely splotched face on Laura.

The sight of the elder woman, usually so taut and trim, bulging in a glaring kimona, was disconcerting. "I seem to have gotten poison oak," her tone was faintly accusing. "It's very odd. I wasn't out at all."

Laura, red in the face, busied herself with the baking soda, and Mona unwontedly subdued, submitted meekly to her ministrations.

Having bathed and bandaged and consoled her, Mrs. Murray induced her to take another little cat-nap before breakfast. Then she hastened to prepare a meal for the rest of the mob. She flew about, rattling pans and dishes, cutting bread, laying the table and trying by much speed and industry to forget her own wretched share in Cousin Mona's misfortune.

When finally she came into the dining room with a plate of crisp, buttery toast in one hand and a steaming coffee pot in the other, she found a mottled crowd gathered about the breakfast table. One look at their speckled visages, and one earful of their groans and complaints proved too much for her overstrained nerves. She sat down on the floor in a heap, toast, cof-

fee and all, and laughed and sobbed, sobbed and laughed until Alan took her by the shoulder and led her upstairs.

"Don't scold me, Alan," she pleaded. "If you only knew! If you *only* knew!"

"I know that my little girl is not acting like herself one little bit; you will simply have to pull yourself together while I go down and attend to the speckled beauties below." She heard his footsteps flying down the stairs, and then she pitched herself on the bed in an agony of laughter and regret.

That day from the house of Murray there was a quiet but determined exodus. Fortunately for Laura's peace of mind her guests had reached the conclusion that some one in the neighborhood was burning the poisonous growth, and so explained to their own satisfaction, and to her unspeakable relief, the strange misfortune that had befallen them all. Not one had escaped the blight.

After it was all over, after the last suitcase had been strapped, the last germful kisses exchanged, and an almost solemn quiet pervaded the little house, Laura determined to tell Alan. The very idea made her feel weak in the knees, but she knew that she never could be quite happy till she did. Maybe he'd never love her again when he knew to what depths of villainy she had fallen! Maybe he would not want to live in the same house with a creature capable of so wicked a deed! Maybe she had ruined her own happiness forever! But whatever the consequences she knew she must tell him.

Two lovers strolling past the Murray cottage that night were rudely awakened from their quiet contemplation of the stars and their own bliss by a man's sudden roar of laughter. It came from the porch of the little house, and seemed to echo and roll over the landscape.

Laura Murray had confessed to Alan.

CONVERTING THE DESERT

The desert silent sleeps the decades through,
Devoid of verdant pastures and of grain.
For centuries thus dormant it has lain
Somnambulent, save for the eagle who
Scans wide the horizon's unchanging blue.

Behold! he sees the arid fastness wane
Before the sturdy plowman in whose train
Comes streams of water kissed with mountain dew.

Now waves the golden grain where sagebrush grew,
Embryo cities new are rooted deep.
The shriek of steam, the hardrock drill's tattoo
That into mountain strongholds swiftly creep,
Converting ever old to ever new,
Awake, O silent land from peaceful sleep.

LOUIS ROLLER.

My Prophetic Dreams

By I. MacDonald

HERBERT L. Stewart, writing in "The Canadian Magazine," on the subject of "Dreams and their Causes," cites many theories advanced by prominent scientists as an explanation of this curious irregularity of the mind. One of the most prevalent ideas about dreams seems to be that they are merely an illogical patchwork of such imagery, familiar to the waking senses, as may recur to the mind during sleep. This no doubt is a satisfactory explanation of such mental activity as is stimulated by late suppers, etc., but the fact that all dreams do not lend themselves to this hypothesis is ignored by many expert psychologists. It is, in fact, a failing of the scientist to deny that which does not fit in with such theories as he or his school have advanced; virtually he cuts his garment, and with an egotistic satisfaction in his own handiwork tries to make life itself fit the tailor-made suit; those far shoots and intricate tendrils which are awkward to handle he would lop off—if we let him.

Thus, for example, a negative attitude is adopted on the subject of prophetic dreams. The argument is quite a logical one: if the universe is going through a process of evolutionary development there can be no possible way of holding up a mirror to the future, since even to the eye of Infinite Consciousness the future is yet unformed. We are therefore told that a dream is a mere mirage, or the reflection of some thought or act that has been present in the mind before; that in the case of the man who claims to have had a distinct vision of the boat on which he had booked his passage being wrecked, upon which he took warning and stayed at home, he is a victim of some mental illusion, or an uneducated and superstitious person. This is the attitude taken up not merely by the man of higher learning, but by the ordinary person who prides himself upon his common sense. Sometimes the latter is an orthodox churchman, who firmly asserts his belief in the miraculous, but tell him of something bordering on the supernatural which has occurred in your life, and with a supercilious air of incredulity he will deny the possibility of anything outside of his own experience. The fact that another man may not be on the same psychical plane as himself does not signify. And so through a natural fear of ridicule, the sensitive and imaginative person who is more susceptible to such things, wisely keeps his own counsel.

In drawing attention to those incidents of my own life which I am about to relate, I may say that while a dream is commonly supposed to reach a man only through the sense of sight and fear, it will be my purpose to prove that in a dream the mind may not only retain the faculty of reasoning with itself, but may be affected through the sense of touch, sound and even that most illusive of all the senses—the olfactory.

Perhaps all children are imaginative, especially when there are hereditary tendencies in the development of this particular mental quality, and if the child lacks the companionship of other child life. Going back to my own early years which were spent in a lonely prairie home with none but my parents and an elder brother, and such companionship as I might find in the animal life about me, I can see that

both these forces were active in making me drift into a dream world all my own. There were no schools there in those days, and the only form of instruction at all tempting to me was in listening to stories of warriors and other great people. I loved to picture a battle, with the mounted soldiers charging across the field as the enemy galloped away before them. I was particularly fond of horses, but I could never see a real live horse that looked exactly as I wanted it to. It was only in picture books that one saw a snow-white animal with arched neck, flowing mane and fiery nostrils; so I used to conjure up pictures to please myself. As a result of this, such things began to flit through my mind in sleep, and I would have an occasional dream which portrayed all sorts of men and animals and strange experiences which I could only with difficulty have conceived in my waking mind. Then I discovered that by an effort of will, before going to sleep each night, I could make myself dream several nights in succession.

After a time this faculty of voluntary dreaming left me, and since then I have been perhaps less prone to such mental disturbances during sleep than most people are. I have heard several people confess that they had unpleasant dreams every night of their lives, which to me would seem the most distressing affliction. When I was about seven years old, however, I had a dream which made a strong impression on me, and which was the first of a series of phophetic dreams which have occurred to me at intervals all through my life. It happened that near our house was a well from which the water was drawn up not through a pump but by an old-fashioned pulley. There had been a wooden bucket suspended in the well, but this had in some way been broken, and an iron one substituted. It was a favorite amusement of mine, if I discovered this well open, to pull the rope and run the bucket up and down. I did this unknown to my father, who had strictly forbidden me to go near the well, especially in the winter time, when the edge was sheeted with ice. One night I had a dream in which I saw myself playing about the well as usual, and conscious that I was doing wrong, when suddenly a huge black snake leaped out of the well and twined itself about me. I shrieked in terror, and in my effort to extricate myself from the long, thin tail which had wound round my ankles I struck out furiously at it, and to my horror saw the head of the reptile, which was the exact size and shape of the iron bucket, shattered to a thousand pieces. My fear of the snake now turned to grief for what I had done, and in a desire to cover up my guilt I took up the pieces and tried to stick them together again. Finding all my efforts of no avail, I went off in fear and trembling to tell my father. If I could have hidden the deed I would not have gone to him with my confession, for I was very much afraid of him, but as it was sure to be discovered anyway, I thought honesty the better policy. It was a crisp winter morning, and I found my father standing talking to a young man, a neighboring farmer who had driven up in a wagon. I looked at the young man, wondering what could have brought him there at that time of the day; then summoning up courage, I told my father of what had happened. The latter was very angry with me, but the visitor interceded on my behalf, and, after giving him a grateful smile, I turned and ran into the house.

It is a curious thing that this dream did not warn me of that which might possibly happen, for the next day, as though it were the decree of fate, I went to the well, and finding the cover, which resembled a loose trap-door, off, and the rope lying coiled on the ground I started to pull it back and forth, delighted at the frosty squeak of the pulley. When my hands had got cold I turned to run home, but as I did so my foot caught in the rope and I fell. This jerked the bucket up suddenly, and in striking the edge of the well, it was shattered to pieces. Disentangling myself from the rope, I looked with

consternation at what had happened, realizing how angry my father would be when he knew of it. The thought came into my mind that if there had been any way of temporarily putting the bucket together again I would have done so, but that was impossible, so I went off to try and find my father and tell him about the accident. Just as I had seen it in the dream, I found my father talking to young McRae, who lived about two miles from us, and with the same query in my mind as to why the latter should have been there at that time of day, I made the confession to my father, who was very angry. The visitor, seeing how frightened I looked, attempted to take my part, telling my father I hadn't meant to do wrong, and after giving him a look of gratitude, I turned and ran into the house.

The second dream of a prophetic nature came to me when I was fourteen years of age. I was then living with relatives in New York City. In my dream I seemed to be back at my prairie home again. There was a little grassy spot at the west end of the house where I used to play a great deal as a child. I seemed to be standing there looking out across the prairie to that familiar spot on the horizon where the sun sank to its couch in a ruddy glow. Often I had stood thus and watched the clouds rolling up into great snowy peaks or figures of recumbent giants. But the sky was clear as I saw it in my dream, till suddenly there flashed forth a brilliant cross, and beside it appeared the figure of the Savior, also radiant as the sun. Now a marvelous thing happened, for I seemed to see some one leave the earth—I thought it was my mother —and the Savior stretched forth his arms to receive her. It was all wonderfully real to me, and the consciousness that I was in the very presence of God himself so overcame me with a sense of awe that I fell on my knees and covered my face.

The only person to whom I cared to tell this dream was my little cousin's nurse, who was an Irish woman and superstitious. She listened to me very seriously when I recited my experience to her, and told me to make a note of it, because it had a meaning. Going up to my room, I wrote on a little slip of paper the date of the dream and a few words to indicate what I had seen in it. This had happened in the fall of the year. About Christmas time my mother came for me, and I went back with her to my home on the prairie. After a short illness my mother died on the *15th of April*, and on the day of her death, as I turned over the leaves of an old Sunday School Bible, I discovered the little slip of paper dated the *15th of October* —the day six months previous on which I had apparently received an intimation of her death. If any one asked for proof of this I could show them the record of my dream, written on this tiny slip of paper in a school girl's handwriting, which is still preserved in my Bible.

Equally remarkable was the fact that my mother herself had a dream which she believed to be a forewarning of her own death. She described the day on which she died—the heavy dark clouds and drifting snow; she also saw an open grave with people standing round with sad faces, and as they listened to the words of the minister the sun burst forth and a little bird sang in the trees nearby. The day of her death corresponded to what she had seen, as did also the day of her funeral, on which the storm had ceased and the warm spring sun come out; and though my memory fails me as to the singing of the little bird, it was highly probable that this, too, should have occurred.

Sometime after my mother died, I dreamed that I heard her voice call me sharply by name; within a few seconds after this it seemed as if a hand touched my face. It was a hand that was soft and warm, yet seemed to have no bone structure to it; the palm touched my face first, and then the fingers were drawn down my cheek and snatched away. I woke with a start and called out. I still seemed to hear

the voice and feel the impression of a hand on my face—then I remembered that my mother was not living. The strange thing about this was the fact that while one is rarely if ever conscious of a dream passing through the mind in a few seconds, I realized that both the sound and the touch had been instantaneous as the shutter of a camera would open and close.

It is worthy of note that when some years later I began to read books on higher criticism, and the philosophy of Haechel and others, my dreams—particularly the one in which I had seen Jesus in the personification of God and felt the significance of that Divine Presence—remained as the last prop to my belief in the infallibility of the Bible.

Some few years after the experiences which I have last related, I was living in a country town in Scotland. One night I dreamed that just as the dusk was falling and the street lamp opposite our house had been lit, a messenger boy came to the door with a telegram. I went to the door, and standing on the stone steps outside, took the telegram from the boy's hand, and as I did so the latter took from his pocket a short yellow pencil, and, offering it to me, asked if he should wait for a reply. I went into the house, and as I held the yellow envelope between my fingers, there came to me suddenly the overpowering consciousness that it contained some terrible news. All at once there flashed upon me a bright light from which I vainly tried to escape. This light which beat upon me cruelly seemed in some illogical way to be the same thing as the contents of the letter—something of which I had a terrible dread.

The following day as I sat in the dim light of the little sitting-room with the street lamp directly opposite shining in, I saw a messenger boy step up to the door. I went outside and took the cablegram from him. He asked me if I wanted to write a reply, and digging into his pocket produced a short yellowish brown pencil. The pencil had an individuality all its own, such as one might expect in anything which a boy had carried about with him, and in spite of my anxiety to know the contents of the cablegram I looked at the pencil for a moment wonderingly—then the memory of my dream flashed into my mind, and I knew that the cablegram contained grave news. I opened it and learned of my father's fatal illness. It was totally unexpected, for I had not known that my father, who was then in America, was in ill health.

Another remarkable dream was one in which I saw some person lying in bed wounded. I could see blood stains and knew that he was very ill, but whether it had been caused by an accident or not I could not tell. Something seemed to say to me that the person—whom I knew was related to me, but whom I could not identify—had been hurt for his own good, and in my sleeping mind I argued the unreasonableness of this. Why should he have submitted to such a thing, and what good could it possibly do him? It happened that in this little Scottish town the postman arrived almost as early in the morning as the milkman, and I had scarcely wakened from my dream when my aunt, opening my bedroom door with a bunch of letters in her hand, picked out one and handed it to me. It was from my uncle in a distant part of the country telling me that he had not been well for some time, and on an examination by the doctor he had been ordered to undergo an operation of a very serious nature.

In addition to the incidents above related I have had premonitions occasionally of things of more trivial consequence, such, for instance, as having seen in a dream a huge rock towering above me, in the center of which was a round hole through which I could see the green branches of the trees waving. The hole was large enough for a man to climb through, and I wondered how it had come there. Some little time after this I went with a party of friends on a picnic to Niagara Glen—a particularly attractive spot among the woods along the Niagara

River. What was my surprise to see two or three large rocks of the exact type I had seen in my dream, having large round holes worn through them—presumably by the action of water in past ages.

Again I dreamed once that a man came into the office where I was employed and asked me for a certain book. The curious thing about the man was that his voice made a strong impression upon me. It was a particularly soft and pleasant voice, and the book which I handed him had a red leather binding which was tempting to handle. The sequence of this was that one day while alone in the office in which I was then working a man telephoned and asked for information as to the financial standing of a certain firm who purchased goods from us. His voice sounded familiar to me, and I suddenly remembered that it was the voice I had heard in the dream. Not being able to give him the information he then asked if we had a copy of Dunn's or Bradstreet's reports. Remembering that one of the men in the office had ordered a copy of Bradstreet's the day before, I went to search for it, and on finding it, discovered to my surprise that it was a book with a red binding and soft to the touch as had been the book I had handled in my dreams.

One instance in which the strength of imagination was shown was a case in which I dreamed that some one was administering chloroform to me. I woke up with a stifled feeling, and so certain was I of this that I distinctly smelt the chloroform after waking, and not until I had proved that the door of my room was securely locked could I convince myself that it was only a dream.

A curious and interesting fact is that one mind sometimes reacts on another in sleep. I have been told by people who have slept in the same room that they have dreamed the same thing. An example of this was an instance in which I myself, having sat up late at night to write a letter, became suddenly conscious that I was not alone in the room. The room was well lit up, and looking all round I could see nothing to account for my strange feeling of uneasiness. I took up my pen again and tried to write, but I could not—my fingers trembled with nervousness. I rose and went upstairs to my bedroom. I was still trembling and frightened, when, just as I passed my brother's room, I heard him turn over with a distressed groan, and instantly the spell under which I had been held vanished. A few days after this, while driving with my brother, he remarked that he had had a "terrific nightmare" recently. I asked him on what night it had occurred. He mentioned the night on which I had been overcome by a peculiar fear. "The strange thing was," he remarked, "that the dream was so real to me I lay trembling with fright after I had wakened, and just as I heard you passing my door the spell seemed to be broken."

Departing from the subject of dreams, I might relate something which happened while I was spending a summer holiday in the little town of Portstewart in the north of Ireland. My cousin and I had climbed the hill behind the town one Sunday morning, and entering the little old Presbyterian church a quarter of an hour before service time, had selected a pew well in the center of the church, but pretty far back. One by one we watched the straggling couples come in, and by and by a stream of folks. Suddenly turning to my cousin I said: "Mr. McG—— is just coming in." "How do you know?" she asked, looking at the crowded doorway; "he is not in sight." "No," I replied, "but I heard his step outside." "But you couldn't possibly hear his step and distinguish it from the others, so how could you—why, there he is now!' she exclaimed. And it was he, though how it had been possible for me to have "heard his step" was a mystery to myself, only to be explained perhaps by some subconscious action of my mind.

A somewhat amusing experience was told to me recently by a friend,

who asserted that he had dreamed of his partner in business having come to him in great anxiety because he could not find his wife. Offering his assistance, he went with the distressed husband to search for her, and finally discovered that the missing wife had eloped with another man (a mutual friend) and gone to Chattanooga, Tennessee. Turing to his partner he said: "This is a thing one *might dream about,* but to think of it really happening! It's hard to believe, isn't it?" "That is so," the other replied. "Are you going to go after her?" "No, indeed," the husband answered in an unconcerned tone. "If she wanted to leave, why shouldn't she?" My friend thought this particularly funny, because his partner has not been married very long and his wife and he are naturally devoted to each other.

For several years I have not had a dream which appeared to have any significance until recently, when I saw for the first time in my life a real ghost. There is a wide fire place in the room in which I sleep, and in a dream one night I saw one side of the fireplace illuminated, and in the center of this light was revealed a delicate, filmy veiled figure of a woman leaning against one corner of the mantelpiece. An interesting thing in connection with this curious vision was that in my dream I distinctly said to myself: "This is how ghost stories arise. What I am looking at just now is nothing but an optical illusion; the light cast on the mantel is coming through the window from some light on the street, and the figure I see is probably caused by the curtain. If I shut my eyes for a minute it will be gone when I open them." I must have used some effort of will to close my eyes, for I woke up and was surprised to find the room quite dark. Naturally the dream, being a very unusual one, made me feel that it was one of my "prophetic" dreams. Now it happened that I had been disappointed in not getting any Christmas communications from relatives who live in a certain Eastern town—I being at the present time on the Pacific Coast. There is an old lady in the family, and I surmised that she was ill. After waiting for two or three weeks I received a letter from her daughter telling me that her mother had been very seriously ill, but was then recovering. For three days, the daughter said, her mother's life had been despaired of. The date of my dream would correspond, I think, with that time. It is interesting to note that as I lay awake one night I discovered that a passing automobile cast a light into my room not unlike that which I had seen in my dream, but it did not, of course, account for the mysterious figure.

The last instance which I have to relate of these inexplicable scenes have come before me in sleep, is one which does not appear to be a forecast of any actual event, but is nevertheless interesting as an illustration of how perfectly logical a dream may be in its presentation to the mind. What I saw was the interior of what appeared to have been a farm house somewhere on the battle front. There was a stone partition inside which had been destroyed, leaving only a ragged portion, and thus throwing two rooms into one. There were two entrances—one to the front facing the enemy and one to the back through which a haystack and some farm implements were visible quite near the house. The place was being bombarded, and there was the consciousness that at any moment it might be blown up. There seemed to be several men in uniform moving about inside the house, and one woman. The latter was a young person, slightly built, with a pale face and dark hair and eyes. She wore a white waist and black skirt, and while not untidy, it was evident that she had not had time to brush her hair or put her waist on carefully. With an attempt to jest at the seriousness of the occasion, she said in words which I cannot exactly recall, but the meaning of which was: "You bet I wouldn't have been here if I had known we were going to have such a hot time." Now all of a sudden the firing seemed to

cease, and everything was very still—the attention of the enemy having been directed elsewhere. The thought came into my mind that no doubt they believed the occupants of the house to be all dead. A strange thing was that I was not distinctly conscious of being there bodily, but only mentally. When the firing outside had ceased, the men seemed to have left the cottage. After a brief space, however, a boy rushed in through the front door. This door swung back on a loose hinge, and a man who appeared from somewhere inside the house snatched up a gun and sprang behind it. There was the sound of a scuffle outside, and suddenly three men of the enemy rushed in. The man hidden behind the door fired on them as they entered, killing two of them dead, but only wounding the third. He was a thick-set man with black hair and eyes and a black mustache. A few minutes after this, two friendly officers entered, also by the front door. They were tall, thin men. One of them seemed to be in khaki, but the others wore a light grey tweed suit and leggins. He had fair hair, a light mustache, wore eye-glasses and carried a cane. The wounded man on the floor looked up at him as he entered, and an angry altercation took place between the man and the officer. The latter snapped his fingers at the man, strode through the cottage, apparently ordering every one to leave with him, and before passing out through the back entrance, turned again and spoke contemptuously to the man lying on the floor, as though accusing him of some mean treachery, and refusing to help him.

In conclusion, let me say that while perhaps very few people have had so many unaccountable dreams as I have had in my life, many people have had at least a few. I remember my surprise when I discovered in conversation with a friend whom I believed to be, not only a particularly well informed person, but one with a very clear, practical mind, that she had had a dream in which she had seen the death of a little child who was related to her. She said that when the message was delivered to her she was not in the least surprised, as even before the words were spoken she knew what it was, for she had seen the mother weeping over the dead child the night before.

What is the explanation of such things? It is not my habit of mind to be convinced of anything which I am not compelled to believe in. If I could "explain away" such weird journeys as I have had through dreamland I would gladly do so. But is it possible?

The only good solution which has ever presented itself to me is that outside of our human physical existence there is a reservoir of consciousness—an omniscience to which even the future is invisible. That during sleep it may be possible for the mind to detach itself from the body—such as we may suppose to occur in death—and that this fragment of consciousness which has inhabited the body may then merge for a time with that great Infinite Consciousness which is also the Well of Knowledge, bringing back with it such little bits of light on the future as it is permitted to retain.



The Great War's Effect on Immigration

By Frank B. Lenz, Immigration Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, San Francisco, California

SINCE the outbreak of the great European conflict, there has been a tremendous discussion about the volume of immigration to this country after peace has been restored. It is always a rather dangerous policy to venture a prophesy on such a contingency as the possible migration of peoples. But there are certain definite facts in relation to the immigration question that cannot be overlooked. Let us consider for a moment some of the forces that govern the flow of immigration.

Briefly, the principal factors that govern immigration may be divided into two general groups—first, the expulsive and second the attractive. The expulsive forces are the economic, political, social, racial and the spiritual. Chiefest among the expulsive forces is the economic. Unquestionably this is the prime factor that has been driving immigrants to this country at the rate of about a million a year. Between 1908 and the outbreak of the war we had an average annual immigration from Europe alone, of about 840,000, and had normal conditions continued it is probable that the average would at least have been maintained. Since the war began, the annual average has been something over 180,000. The economic conditions in the United States have always been superior to those in the countries of emigration. The present war will in no way improve the economic conditions in Europe. Quite the contrary will be the case. Taxation will be increased because of the enormous war debts, and this burden will fall on the laboring people, some of whom would have eventually been immigrants. The laboring man will go where he can sell his services at the highest price. Labor will not stay in Europe. For labor cannot get profitable work unless capital is there to supply it, and in many European countries capital will be very scarce when the war is over. In all probability capital will be least impaired in the United States, and that capital will call loudly for labor.

It is argued that strict emigration laws will be passed to prevent the man of all work from leaving his native land, because he will be needed in the economic reconstruction of his country.

Laborers undoubtedly will remain in France and Belgium to reconstruct industry, trade and commerce, but in countries like Italy, Russia and Austria-Hungary, which furnish the bulk of immigration, economic reconstruction will take place very slowly. Economic development has always been far behind the growth of population in these countries, and we cannot conceive of a development in a month or two that will change the old conditions and make emigration unnecessary.

Men have always found ways of evading restrictions, and they will continue to evade any laws that might interfere with their movements. Germany is certain to adopt restrictive legislation toward the Jews if she retains Poland. If Poland passes again under Russian control, we can count on it that Russia will not alter her former treatment of the Jews. If a policy of tolerance is inaugurated by either of these countries Jewish immigration will decline, and here let me point out the significance of the second factor among the expulsive forces—the political.

Government oppression has always

been one of the outstanding causes of immigration. The desire to escape military service has driven thousands of immigrants from Germany alone. The same is true of Russia; in fact, it is true of any country that demands compulsory military service of her subjects. One has only to enquire about him to learn that many of his immigration neighbors "ran away" from their native lands to escape service in the army. In my own case, it was not my neighbor, but my father. Taxation, which is a political burden, has caused hundreds of thousands to flee Europe. The present war will intensify and increase all these motives to emigrate.

Then there is what we may call the social force. Social cast changes when a man desires a better lot for his son than the lot to which he was born. Potential immigrants can see better homes for their sons in America after the war than in Europe.

Racial and religious antagonisms account for much of our modern immigration. Russia contains 172 races by her own count, each kept at sword's points as a matter of policy. Austria-Hungary is a mixture of heterogenous and discordant races. Economic conditions which will be intensified after the war will be made to assume a religious cloak, which in turn will engender riot and rebellion. The horrible persecutions of the Armenians are driving many of them to this country. More would come were escape possible. Spiritual forces that control immigration manifest themselves when men and women sacrifice in order that they might have opportunity for greater freedom of thought; when men and women tear themselves away from their beloved associations in the hope that in their new home they may find religious freedom and a greater opportunity of service to their brethren.

Briefly, now, let us simply enumerate the attractive forces that govern immigration. The attractive force is a belief and hope that the new land offers opportunities to relieve the uncomfortableness that is felt at home. The call for a new home is made through one or more of the following agencies: Letters from the immigrant in America; the foreign press sent home; the returned immigrant; the prepaid ticket; the steamship ticket agent and cheap transportation.

Statistics point out that after most of the European wars there has been an increased immigration to this country. This is true of the Napoleonic wars, the Franco-Prussian war, the Russian-Japanese war and the Balkan war.

The Franco-Prussian war furnishes the best guide in considering the relation between war and immigration. At the time of the war in 1871 Germany was the most important source of our immigration. It was not until the early eighties that the shift to the southern part of Europe took place. The war interrupted the movement for a time from that country just as the present war has checked immigration from Italy and Russia, but it was resumed immediately. In 1869 the immigration from Germany to the United States was over 132,000, while in 1871 —the actual year of the war—it dropped to 82,500. In 1872 it rose to 141,000, and in 1873 it reached about 150,000. The high water mark in German immigration was not reached until 1882, when more than 250,000 came. The immigration from France was 3,000 in 1871. In 1874 it rose to 14,800.

Because of our war with Great Britain in 1812 immigration was practically at a standstill. But as soon as the treaty of peace was signed, there was a sudden influx to this country, reaching 20,000 in 1817.

After the Crimean war our immigration was smaller than before, but this decrease was due to conditions in the United States rather than in Europe.

Whatever the effect the present war may have on immigration we can safely say that with the end of the war and the restoration of transportation facilities there will be an inward and outward movement of peoples that

may test the capacity of our carriers. There is certain to be a reunion of friends and relatives either here or in Europe.

Another class which will come in large numbers are those whose homes have been destroyed and whose families have scattered because of the war. These will be compelled to make a new start in life, and it is very probable that they will make that start in a new world. Already in many sections only children and old women remain. Hope of a better day will be at a low ebb for years to come. Thousands of these women and children will be assisted to come by relatives who will send money and who will at the same time point out the attractiveness of the United States. Even before the war, from 70 to 80 per cent of those coming from Italy, Russia, Austria-Hungary and the Balkan states were assisted in this way. The millions of widows and orphans left by the war will not be wanted at home, because they will be a burden during the period of reconstruction.

The war has taken from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 men from the mills, mines, factories and farms. They have experienced a new freedom. They have been thrown on their own resources. A spirit of independence has taken possession of them, and with it has come a feeling of restlessness. The humdrum life of the farm or factory no longer will appeal to them. A new psychology will take hold of Europe. Many men will resent their former conditions. Thousands will never take up their old life again. Thousands will be led to migrate by a restless, roving, unsettled instinct which will increase the flow to America.

Since the war began there has been a marked decrease in the total immigration. In 1914 the immigration from all countries was 1,218,480. It dropped to 326,700 in 1915. From July, 1915, to March, 1916, the total immigration was 206,481. In the month of March, 1915, the total immigration was 206,-481. In the month of March, 1916, it was 27,586. It will be impossible to say what the proportions of immigration will be when the war ceases. Few will question the prophesy that there will be an increase. Authorities all over the country seem pretty much agreed upon that point. Thousands and thousands of immigrants now in this country predict a great increase in immigration with the conclusion of hostilities.

The immigration problem is complex and baffling to an extreme degree at present. It is one of the biggest and most difficult problems this nation has to deal with. The sorry side of the whole question is that the government is not dealing with it.

The Federal government has made absolutely no preparation to meet and solve the problem. She has devised no methods of coping with extraordinary conditions that might arise. The tide of immigration is low. Now is the time to act. Some of the States like California are pointing out a way through their Immigration Commission. The National Americanization Committee has started a new movement of assimilating the foreigner in its dealings with governmental departments, schools, courts and churches. As early as 1907 the Young Men's Christian Association inaugurated an international movement for the welfare of immigrants to the United States and Canada.

The matter of Americanizing the immigrant should not be left to private enterprises alone. The Federal government should tackle the problem now. A domestic program of assimilation should be developed and put in operation. The country needs preparedness for the immigration problem, and the government should realize that at present this is the *real* preparedness that we need.

The Anzac

By Frank Fox

THE Anzac striding—or limping—down the Strand with challenging glance has brought Australasia actually home to the Mother Country. The British Continent in the South Seas has been, of course, represented in London these many years, permanently, and at conferences with politicians, of pressmen, and the like, with the timidities and discreet reservations of representative persons. But here are the Australasians, the men of the Bush, in London, as remarkable, as significant almost as the Dacians in the streets of another Imperial capital two thousand years ago. Easily can they be picked out from the native population. They walk the streets with a slightly obvious swagger. When they are awed a little it is a point of honor not to show it. When they are critical a little, it peeps out. Two by two, they keep one another in countenance and are fairly comfortable. Catch one alone and you may see in his eyes a hunger for a mate, a need for some other Anzac. For all his *bravura* air, the Anzac has no perfect self-confidence; and he has a child's shy fear of making himself ridiculous by a false step. The same fear makes him difficult to know. He will often set up as a protective barrier against a real knowledge of him, a stubborn taciturnity, or a garrulous flow of what Australasians call "skite" and Londoners call "swank." I am tempted to try and explain the Australian Anzac, what manner of man he really is, and what message he brings, this time of war, leaving his splendid New Zealand comrade—also an Anzac—to some other pen.

Hardly *barbaroi*, strangers, to the warring England of to-day, stripping for the ring and with rarely a regretful glance back at discarded beliefs that you've only to play fair to get fair—rushing back to a primitive Elizabethan Englishness which is quite Australian. A little while ago it was different. An Australian of seven years' standing in London, I can confess that I have often felt myself a little of the barbarian in so smooth a comity, where people loved moderately and hated very moderately; walked always by paths; were somewhat ashamed of their own merits and suavely tolerant of others' demerits; and were nervous of allowing patriotism to become infected with the sin of pride. Indeed, in moments of impatience, I could sympathize with the spirit of those who ostracized Aristides because they were tired of his justice. At other moments I was penitent of this; and full of filial respect, arguing to myself that the British attitude was, of course, the proper attitude for an adult nation, and that Australasians were very young, and would learn. Now I see the British people renewing their lusty and tempestuous youth to withstand the Hun; going back to old-fashioned beliefs (such as that an Englishman's home is his castle and he has the right and the duty to fight for it), and drawing nearer to their children's point of view. But the Anzac still stands out as the young of the British.

The young of the British, not of the English only—though that is the master element of the breed. The Anzac is a close mixture of English, Scottish, Irish and Welch colonists with practically no foreign taint. There is, however, a wild strain in the mixture. One

of the first great tasks of Australasia was to take the merino sheep of Spain and make a new sheep of it—a task brilliantly carried through. A concurrent task was to take black sheep from the British Isles and make good white stock out of them. The success in this was just as complete. The "rebels" of the Mother Country—Scottish crofters, Irish agrarians, English Chartists and poachers, mostly needed only full elbow-room to make of them useful men.

Even for Micawbers, a land of lots of room was regenerative. Was it Charles Lamb's quip that the early population of the British colonies should be good "because it was sent out by the best judges?" That was a truth spoken in jest. The first wild strain was of notable value to a new nation in the making. It came to Australasia not only from the original settlers but also from the rushes to the goldfields. And—note here the first sign that the Anzac people were to be dominated by the English spirit and were to keep the law even while they forgot conventions—there was never a Judge Lynch in an Australasian mining camp. The King's writ and Trial by Jury stood always.

The Anzac starts thus with good blood. To carry a study of the type to the next stage, to note how the breed has been influenced by environment, it is necessary at the outset to negative the idea that the Australasian people are engaged, to the exclusion of all other interests, in the task of subduing the wildnesses of their continent. They have done, continue to do, their pioneer work well, but have always kept some time for the arts and humanities. To ignore this fact is, I think, a common mistake, even nowadays when every European opera house of note has heard an Australasian singer or musician, every European salon has shown Australasian pictures, and every great British publishing house has Australasians on its list of acceptable writers.

"Does anybody in Australia then have time to read Greek?" I recall a schoolmaster's wife in England asking me with surprise.

I answered with another question: "Who is the great Greek scholar of the day?"

"Professor Gilbert Murray."

"Well, he is an Australian."

It was a specious argument, for one swallow does not make a summer. But the truth—that Australasia produces at a high rate mental as well as physical energy—could have been proven catagorically. The southern British continent has no great leisured cultivated class with inherited wealth to make easy the succession of one educated generation by another. That one fact excepted, it can stand any comparison for mental and spiritual activity. It is difficult to put such a matter to the test of statistics. But any publishing house will state that pro rata of population, Australasia is the greatest buyer of books. That is a test of consumption. As regards production, a rough analysis I made once of European publishers' lists and academy catalogues, together with the records of concert halls and opera houses, indicated that, considering her population, Australasia was doing about five times her fair proportion of the Empire's mental and artistic work.

Allow that much of this Australasian work is "young"—wanting in maturity. Its existence must still be given value in estimating the national type. The Australian is not only a pioneer wrestling with the wilderness. He is a creature of restless mental energy, keenly (perhaps with something of a spirit of vanity) eager to keep in the current of world thought, following closely not only his own politics but also British and international politics; a good patron of the arts; a fertile producer and exporter of poetasters, minor philosophers, scientists, writers and artists. There is nothing that the Anzac, nationally, resents more than to be regarded as a mere grower of wool and wheat, a hewer of wood and digger of minerals. He aspires to share in all the things of life, to have ranches and cathedrals, books and

sheep. Above all, perhaps, he has a passion for *la haute politique*.

All this was in the blood. The "wild strain" was not only of men who found in the old country a physical environment too narrow. It was partly of men who desired a wider mental horizon. Some very strange minor elements would show out in a detailed analysis of early Australasian immigration—disciples of Fourier, who gave up great possessions in England to seek an idealistic communism in the Antipodes: recluse bookworms who thought they could coil closer to their volumes in primitive solitudes. But one element was strong—the political and economic doctrinaire; and the conditions of the new country encouraged the growth of this element particularly, so that Australia has won quite a fame for political inventions (e. g. the "Australian Ballot" and "the Torrens Land Title.") But the general growth of what may be termed a "thinking" class was encouraged by the very isolation which, it would seem at first thought should have an opposite effect. Whilst other young countries lost to older and greater centers of population their young, ambitious men, Australasia's Antipodean position preserved her from the full extent of the drain of that mental law of gravity which makes the big populations attract the men who aspire to work with their brains more than with their hands. Australasia in the Imperial Family Council will always be claiming attention not only as producer of wheat, wool and well-knit men, but also of ideas.

Those ideas of this young nation of the British, nurtured in the Australasian environment, would strike the England of two years ago as naively reactionary. The Anzac faced by natural elements which are inexorably stern to folly, to weakness, to indecision, but which are generously responsive to capable and dominating energy, has become more resourceful, more resolute, more cruel, more impatient than his British cousin. The men who followed the drum of Drake were more akin to the Australasian of today than, say, such electors of Wandsworth as would follow Sir John Simon to the polls. I cite two extremes, but the middle Englishman, neither Elizabethan nor Simonian, who made up the mass of the people before the war, were much apart from the Anzac. The latter in his superabounding national confidence, his instinctive thought of the British as the Chosen people of destiny, his intolerance, his contempt of incapacity, represents a tendency to revert to an older national type. I can recall a Balliol man's comment on an outburst of "Australianism" before him. The Australian had been rhapsodic about "our Imperial destiny" and the like. "How ridiculously but how delightfully old-fashioned!" was the comment.

Australian Imperialism, in truth, must have had for some years past a fussy air to the cooler and calmer minds of England; though the good sense and good humor of the Mother Country rarely allowed this to be seen. When New South Wales insisted on lending a hand in the little Soudan war she was not snubbed. Nor was Victoria, pressing at the same time a still more unnecessary naval contingent. In the South African war, Australian eagerness to take a part was more than generously recognized, and when Australia next insisted on giving help also in the suppression of the Boxer rising, room was patiently found for her naval contingent. About which an illustrative story: When the Australian gunboat Protector arrived in Chinese waters, the British Admiral went on board to pay his compliments and was not stinting in praise of Australian military and naval prowess. Thereupon the Australian band is said to have struck up with a tune from "The Belle of New York:"

"Of course, *you* can never be like us."

It is perhaps true; certainly possible, for there is a touch of gay impudence in the Australian character which an ex-Governor confessed to me he loved "because it was so young."

Always one comes back to that word "young." It is, I am convinced, the key to an understanding of the Anzac —youth with its enthusiasms, rashnesses, faults, shynesses; youth, raw, if you will, but of good generous breed and high intentions; youth to be treated, if the best is to be got out of it, after the early tradition of the Public School.

Though so much younger in ideas, the Anzac as a type is much more adult than the British type on the practical side of life. He starts work at an earlier age. He has sterner work to do. Resourcefulness was forced on the Australian from the first. He had to cut clean across all old-world conventions and to carve out quite a new world for himself. It was the deliberate opinion of the early settlers, founded on their first experiments with the sail and the climate, that the continent of Australia would never produce food enough for five thousand persons, and a small settlement could only be maintained amid inhospitable wastes with the aid of regular food ships from England. There was no native grain, no native edible fruit nor roots, no native animal to provide a good meat. A land with no oxen, no corn, no fruit, the very trees and grasses of which were strange, the rare rivers of which seemed mostly to flow inland—this was no place for the resourceless man. It offered the supreme test of the colonizing spirit. Other great European races had touched on Australian shores before the British came; and had left them quickly. "This land is full of devils," one old map records of Australia; and forlorn, desolate, it must have appeared to civilized eyes until the Fairy Prince, British Colonization, came to wake its sleeping beauties and to bring to man's use its hidden riches. The British colonizers were successful because they had not lost (though they had partly forgotten) the genius of adaptation. All the problems of Australia's new conditions in time found their solutions; and in the search for them the Australian colonists developed as race characteristics, resource, stubbornness, disregard for convention.

To illustrate Australian resource—I remember a little scene at a sheep station, "Back of Beyond," as the Australian phrase has it. To the squatter (i. e. proprietor) came up a swagman (the Australian bush-worker who, because of a nomadic disposition, elects to live by tramping from sheep station to sheep station, carrying his "swag," seeking work which he keeps until the particular task is done and the mood seizes to travel again.)

"Gotter job, boss?"

"No. Go to the store and draw rations."

That is the Australian formula to pass on. The swagman has an acknowledged right to draw a day's rations to carry him on to the next sheep station. The man did not wish to take the refusal.

"I wanter get going."

"Sorry. Full up."

"Down at Diddibadgery they said you'd have a job for me most likely. The boss said he's written to you."

"Oh, you are Jack Sindon, then. I was keeping a job for you. See, behind the store there, you'll find two wagons. They'll want some fixing; and some of the yokes are missing. Fix them up and make what yokes you want at the blacksmith's shop. Then back of the station house, about five miles northeast, there's a paddock with a tank; a little herd of cattle run there. Six of the bullocks have been broken in to team work; pick out likely ones and make up two teams of eight."

"All right, boss."

"When you have the teams ready you'll take stores to the out-station. It's about seventeen miles out, almost straight east. They will have some loading to bring back."

The man turned off to get busy. He was expected to be wheelwright, subduer of wild oxen to the yoke, sure voyager along trackless plains; and he would be, for that is the way of the Anzac of the bush. The Anzac of the towns is in his way almost as resourceful. He is accustomed to turn his hand

to anything, never to sit down under a remediable evil, to make himself comfortable under all circumstances. It is rare to find an Anzac, even a city man, who cannot cook, build a shelter, manage a horse, and find his way about without roads.

Australasian life leads to a certain hardness of outlook that must seem a little savage to the British citizen. Life is prized, of course, but its loss—neither of one's own nor of the other fellow's—is not regarded with any superstitious horror. Certainly it is not considered the greatest evil. To go out with a mate and to come back without him and under the slightest suspicion of not having taken the full share of risk and hardship would be counted greater. Living close up to Nature (who can be very savage with tortures of fire and thirst and flood), the back-country Anzac—who sets the national type—must learn to be wary and enduring and sternly true to the duties of mateship. The Bedouin of tradition suggests the Anzac in his ideals of mateship and of stoicism. The Anzac follows the same desert school of chivalry in his love for his horse and dog, and his hospitality to the stranger within his gates. He will share his last water with the animal he is fond of; and in the back-country the lonely huts of the boundary riders are left open to any chance caller, with a notice, perhaps, as to where to find the food stores, and to "put the treacle back where the ants cannot get to it." It is, of course, a point of honor not to take except in case of need.

It is not easy to understand at first the back-country code of ethics. An English parson who now, back in his rectory in one of the fairest counties of England, often looks back with a feeling almost of regret at his year in the "Back of Beyond" of Australia, tells me that his first impression was that the Anzac of the bush was cruel and pagan. His last impression was that the Anzac was generally as fine a Christian as any heaven for human beings would want. An incident of this parson's "conversation" (he related) was the entry into a far-back town of a band of five men carrying another on a stretcher. The six were opal miners with a little claim far out in the desert. One had been very badly mauled in an explosion. The others stopped their profitable work at once and set themselves to carry him in to the nearest township with a hospital. The distance was forty-five miles. On the road some of the party almost perished of thirst, but the wounded man had his drink always, and always the bandages on his crushed leg were kept moist in the fierce heat of the sun. One of the men was asked how they had managed to make this sacrifice.

"It was better to use the water that way than hear him moan."

The rough modesty was true Anzac; and just as true Anzac would it be for the same man to "skite" with childish vanity over some trifle.

British in breed, "young British" in outlook, resourceful, ruthless a little, the Anzac greeted this war with joy rather than dismay. When Great Britain found that she must take up arms against Germany, there was among many in the Mother Country a serious searching of heart as to whether there could not have been some escape from that action; and a great body of opinion averse to the prosecution of the war in any way which would show a desire to crush Germany. On all sides, nearly, there was a resolute effort to study as far as possible the viewpoint of the enemy and not to err against canons of good form and of fair play in fighting him. I am convinced that, if the German had not proved such an unspeakable hog in warfare, to this day England would not be wholehearted in enmity to her. In Australia, on the other hand, as I have said, the war was greeted with joy, and the people rushed with delighted promptness to clear the Germans, bag and baggage, out of Australia and New Zealand, and out of the South Pacific. The Anzacs had made up their minds about the German long before the war; and in any case he was now the Empire's enemy. There was no nice reasoning

on fine points of ethics. Neither too proud to fight nor too scrupulous to take full advantage of his fair opportunity, the Australian had his share of the German "down and out" within a very few weeks, and was pouring out to Europe a stream of eager young fighters to take a hand there. Neither the trade nor the contracts of the Germans had any more respect than their colonies and their ships. No rules were broken. The fighting was clean. But it was ruthless.

If the Anzac is to have any part in the peace deliberations—the Canadian, the South African and the Anzac will all expect to have a part—he may take up a simply dutiful attitude: the child has moods of that wind. But he is more likely to come out in all his honest intolerance and young candor; and what weight his voice will have will be raised against any soft dealing with the German, because his life has taught him that in fighting dangerous enemies the stern course is the best. It would break his heart almost if the German were allowed back to the Pacific.

America! First and Forever!

Hymn to be Sung by Naturalized Citizens of the United States

By Kinaham Cornwallis

America! we bow to Thee alone!
Though subjects once of Lands across the sea,
No more we yield to alien State or throne!
We owe allegiance only unto Thee!

America! we glorify thy name!
And proud are we Americans to be,
Rejoicing in thy grandeur and thy fame!—
Mighty, Magnificent, Progressive, Free!

Hail! to thy lustrous galaxy of States!
The many that are radiant in one—
To share whose harvests old world Commerce waits,
While tireless Progress leads them swiftly on.

Hosannas for these great United States!
United less by laws—and wire and rail—
Than warm and loyal hearts and buried hates.
Grand units of our Great Republic, hail!

Hail! to Columbia's realm, where Plenty reigns,
And Nature wooes, with bounty in her hands—
Across the fertile prairies and the plains—
An endless sea-borne throng from other Lands!

Hail! Splendid Daughters of our Chosen Land!
Whose grace and beauty bear away the palm
From rival beauty on each foreign strand,
Whose presence kindles love; whose smile is balm!

Hail! to the bright star-spangled flag we love—
That typifies our lasting Union!
Its stars are like the shining stars above,
But—mark!—how close is their Communion!

That Flag reflects our glory and our might,
With all our vast achievement and renown,
And as it flies—what more inspiring sight?
We see, in stars and stripes, Columbia's crown!

Hail! the Red, White and Blue, so near sublime!
Forever may that symbol wave on high,
And—Freedom's emblem!—range from clime to clime!
With patriotic pride we see it fly!

Prepared for war, yet let us shun its curse—
If peace, with honor, we can well maintain—
For war is woe, destruction, death and worse,
On all things civilized a blight and stain.

May Fortune ever smile on this fair Land!
For which, of yore, the Patriot Fathers fought!
Forever may the States United stand!
To cap what they—by Revolution—wrought!

Hail! to the great and wondrous deeds undone—
The Future's greater glory to be gained!
Our grandest work has only now begun!
Our destiny—behold!—is God ordained!

Here we have pledged our oath, our fortunes cast—
And where the treasure is the heart is too.
Yet to our native land Love holds us fast.
So to the old love and the new we're true!

"America! First, Last and All the Time!"
This undivided loyalty we feel!
And with the native born, as one, we chime!
While, hand in hand, we seek Columbia's weal!

Columbia! Thou with matchless glory bright!
Invincible alike on land and sea!
Great in thy splendor, majesty and might!—
Our love and homage ever are for Thee!



SEEIN' THINGS IN AMERICA

Getting Cultured in Philadelphia

By Richard Bret Harte

CHAPTER III

THE last time I saw Philadelphia was many years ago, when one cold, January morning I delighted my parents by generously arriving into the world. But it was only a few days after this family exuberance, and just as I was beginning to appreciate the fact that I was an American, when we crossed over to Europe, where I was destined to pass the early part of my life.

Thus my native city was an utter stranger to me. It seemed almost uncanny to be returning to my birthplace alone, knowing neither a soul nor even the "house where I was born." I might just as well have been born in the air.

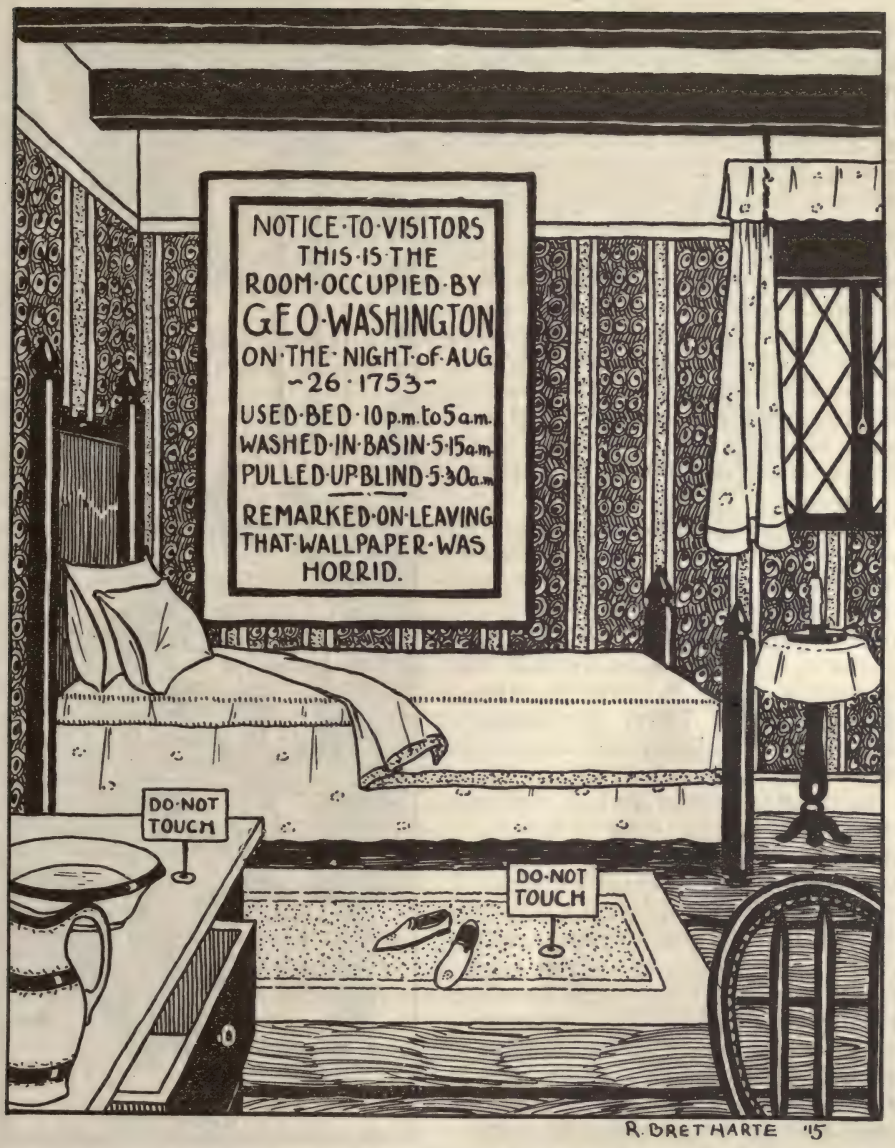
The first thing that impressed, or *de*pressed me most, during my entire sojourn in Philadelphia, was the pensive seriousness of the people. They seemed to be either going or coming from a funeral, contemplating holy orders, or pondering over their future in the world beyond.

Their expression suggested a kind of Dickens revival, with a noticeable seasoning of O. Henry. Perhaps it was merely a Quaker idiosyncracy, yet this seemed so incongruous because Philadelphia positively palpitates with all the gaiety, glitter and high-life of a typical modern American metropolis.

But this is strange, because is not the very name of Philadelphia symbolical of taste, culture and antiquity?

Antiquity! There you have the key to the whole enigma.

Philadelphia *revels* in antiquity, the people are afflicted with it, it is contagious. For instance, every other house in Philadelphia—and in the entire State of Pennsylvania, for that matter—has been "slept in" by Washington. Be it a one-roomed shack, and outhouse or inn, if Washington has slept there its fame will be handed down to posterity. The room he inhabited will be preserved in precisely the same condition as he left it in. The bed clothes rolled aside, the water in the wash-basin containing the identical atoms of Pennsylvanian soil that once tarnished his noble physiognomy, and the soap beaming from the soap-dish with a pride that seems to exclaim, "Behold me! I washed George Washington!"



"If Washington has slept there its fame will be handed down to posterity."

Even the most casual topic of conversation is not the weather, but Washington, Penn or Benjamin Franklin. Washington is the idol; in fact, his name has actually become an everyday expression in the emphatic utterance of "By George!" One hears more By-Georges in Philadelphia than in any other part of the globe. To say the least about it, it is an expression with a pedigree and certainly vastly superior to the popular, asinine outburst of "Land sakes," which has about as much significance and euphony as the "ventre blue" ("Blue stomach") of the French.

Ancestry is another characteristic of the antique-adoring Philadelphian. Ninety-five per cent of Philadelphian ancestors are directly related to Washington; in consequence of which their descendants are hopelessly submerged in an impenetrable forest of family trees. The colonial aristocrat carries

his ancestry on his visiting card, which frequently reads like a Dutch patent medicine or an English rural address.

But this exuberance of antiquity is not confined merely to the colonial period. In some of the hotels, restaurants and even stores one finds fantastic combinations of "imported" antiquity, Elizabethan, Louis Quinze, and some dating as far back as the Normans. Restaurants and Rathskellers invariably adopt the "medieval atmosphere," hence it is nothing exceptional in Philadelphia to find one's self enjoying such delicacies as "Mary Queen of Scotts oats," "Chicken a la Sans cullottes" or "William of Orange marmalade."

One of these restaurants, which I used to visit, situated on a prominent corner in Chestnut street, was famous for its "atmosphere." It was medieval in every possible detail from the cash register to the cook. Even the dust on the window-sills might have been imported from the Tower of London, and you could possibly hire a suit of English armour if you wished to dine in real fourteenth century style, which might be termed "dining a la Knight." To quote my first impressions of this "atmospheric cafe" (which were published in the Philadelphia Record): "We ate from old English pewter, with Edward the Confessor silver, and drank "mead-cocktails" from Renaissance goblets, while the minstrals shook with many "merrie melodies" from 'Ragtime Louis Quinze.' The banquet room was divided into small compartments called inns, the same adorned with lanterns and appetizing wisdoms from Falstaff, etc. There were English, Dutch, Flemish and German inns, with their respective 'buxom wenches,' who chatted mirthfully with insurance cavaliers and other fine gentlemen of business 'largesse.'" . . . "But what tickled me most was an old Canterbury cut of the medieval 'September Morn,' entitled 'Ye Ladye Godiving.'"

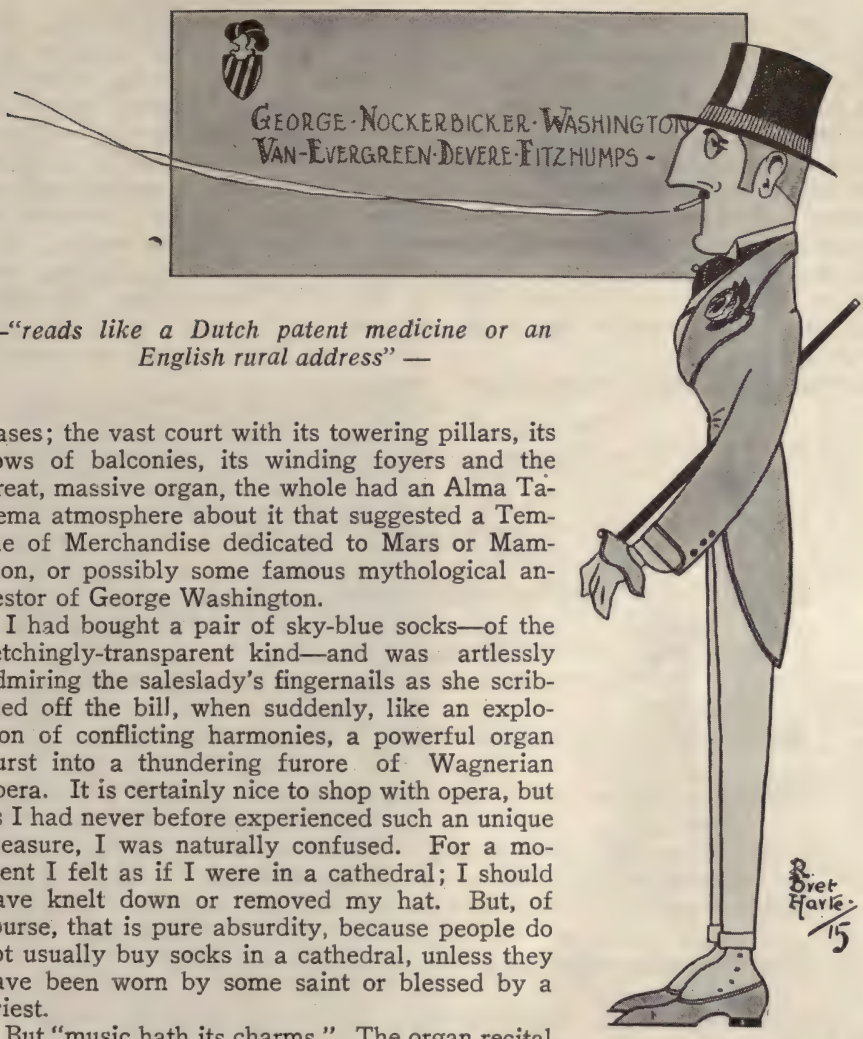
Shopping in Philadelphia is another sensation. It is indulged in with all the dignity, ceremony and display of



"Dining a la Knight"

an ancient, cultivated people, giving one the impression that Philadelphia might at one time have been inhabited by the Phoenicians or some other obsolete race of artistic merchants. Such was one of the many impressions I gathered on my first visit to the Wanamaker store.

In the first place, I did not feel that I was in a department store at all. The long tiled aisles and the showcases decorated with large oriental



—"reads like a Dutch patent medicine or an English rural address" —

vases; the vast court with its towering pillars, its rows of balconies, its winding foyers and the great, massive organ, the whole had an Alma Tadema atmosphere about it that suggested a Temple of Merchandise dedicated to Mars or Mammon, or possibly some famous mythological ancestor of George Washington.

I had bought a pair of sky-blue socks—of the fetchingly-transparent kind—and was artlessly admiring the saleslady's fingernails as she scribbled off the bill, when suddenly, like an explosion of conflicting harmonies, a powerful organ burst into a thundering furore of Wagnerian opera. It is certainly nice to shop with opera, but as I had never before experienced such an unique pleasure, I was naturally confused. For a moment I felt as if I were in a cathedral; I should have knelt down or removed my hat. But, of course, that is pure absurdity, because people do not usually buy socks in a cathedral, unless they have been worn by some saint or blessed by a priest.

But "music hath its charms." The organ recital impressed me so much that I bought another six pair of socks; in fact, whenever I heard Wagner again I would just buy them by the score, until my wardrobe consisted of little else but socks.

I learned that other shoppers were just as susceptible. Whenever the organ played those family-cuddling melodies of the "Home Sweet Home" calibre, the hardware department was crowded with home-loving shoppers indulging in saucepans, kettles, teapots and the like of which all "homey" things are made in. "Madame Butterfly" favored the millinery department, and "Hearts and Flowers" always assured a successful sale of handkerchiefs.

This "Musical Shopping" is certainly educational, and should be more extensively advertised, thus:

OPERATIC SALE TO-DAY
Assorted Soaps with Chopin and Pucini.
2 for 5 cents.

The most interesting spot of genuine historical interest in Philadelphia is Independence Hall. Unlike so many European historical landmarks it is not moss-covered and decayed or crumbling into ruin. It stands to-day just as it stood years ago, bright and

fresh with all the picturesque daintiness of the old colonial days.

The little museum on the ground floor contains many objects of colonial interest—including the *attendant.* I do not know why it is, but museum attendants invariably remind me of cobwebs and reincarnation. Cobwebs —because they are often very old and gray, and reincarnation, because they seem to have lived and died with the very antiques over which they have charge.

Having spent a few moments in patriotic adoration before the dear old Liberty Bell, I passed upstairs into the banquet room. Here, with its rows of colonial pictures and portraits, its pretty, white window casements, and its dark, polished floor, one feels at once the romantic atmosphere of days gone by. It takes no effort of imagination to see the hall bright with lighted candelabra, and to hear the Virginia Reel, gay with the twirl and twitter of crinolined belles and the laughter of elegant beaux.

THE SUNFLOWER ROAD

There's a land of opal mountains, singing creeks and springing fountains,
A land of magic distances, in hazy, lazy light,
Where the pastel green and yellows, amber browns and purple shadows,
Make a glory of the daytime; and it's dusty blue at night.

When the summer sun is burning, there a friendly road is turning,
Twisting, bending, rising, falling; just a trail among the hills;
But 'tis bordered by the graces of a million golden faces,
And the laughter of the sunflowers frees the heart of all its ills.

Now the winter snows are driven through the land; the trail is hidden.
Desolate, the white hills glitter under skies of turquoise blue.
But 'twill soon be summer weather, and again we'll ride together
On that friendly, glowing, happy road, just wide enough for two.

ELLIOTT C. LINCOLN.



Coyote O' The Rio Grande

By William De Ryee

Author of "No Questions Asked," "His Dream Girl," Etc.



William De Ryee

A LATE supper was going on in the bunk house of the Crescent O Ranch when Dennis McAll swung off his horse and planted his huge form in the doorway.

"Jerry," he called, "where's Coyote?"

"I don't know, Mister Dennie, 'less she be a-hunting Imp. Now I do believes I heerd her saying somethin' about him getting out o' the trap. Thet cussed hoss——"

"Git yer grub-wagon packed tonight, Jerry, and have breakfast ready at four. Beany, yuh ride the east and west pasture fence. Gotch, yuh the north and south. Spike, yuh and Domino catch up the mules and take the hacks to Laredo for the 10:30 from San Tone. And don't forgit yer carbines. I heerd Valtran cut up the devil in Cactus last night. Better take yer arsenals. Yuh've gotta protect a gang o' Bostonians—friends and relations o' the Captain's—that's going to hang out here fer a month or more. The rest of yuh fellers git yer strings ready fer the round-up. We'll start moving at four-fifteen fer Maguey Hill. I'll expect yuh fence-riders and hack-drivers in camp to-morrow night. Mind, no monkey-business. Them's the orders fer *manana*."

There was a jingle of spurs, a swish of chaps, and Dennie McAll disappeared into the night.

Jerry, the bunkhouse cook, left off tending his corn bread to show himself in the kitchen door. He eyed the double row of "punchers" belligerently.

"Them's the orders," he echoed, "but I adds one more, and it's this 'un: Spike Gallagher, if yuh don't go by Buck Weatherby's barber shop and git thet razor o' mine, I pits pizen in yer coffee when yer ain't——"

A roar of laughter went up from the diners, drowning out Jerry's vehement speech. The cook's bald head, rotundness and fiery temper were ever

sources of great amusement to the cowboys of the Crescent O. No sooner had the speaker turned his back on his tormentors than the man called "Spike" seized a hot biscuit, and yelling, "I'm on, Dance Hall!" sent it spinning across the room. The missile landed squarely in the back of Jerry's hairless head, where it paused the fraction of a second as though undecided whether to stick there or not. No one could have truthfully sworn that it fell to the floor, for the good reason that not one remained in his seat long enough to see. Simultaneously with the biscuit's "smack," the bunk-house eating room was a scene of confusion. Like a flash, Jerry sprang to a bag of stale potatoes. Chairs clattered to the floor and men scrambled for their Stetsons.

"Take them spuds!" shrieked the enraged Jerry.

And more than one cowboy's laugh was cut short before he reached the outer air.

While this was going on in the puncher's quarters, Dennis McAll sat on the porch of his small, three-room house, his shoulders stooped, his hat pulled down low over his eyes. In his right hand he held an old corn-cob pipe, upon which he drew at intervals. Near by stood his horse, still saddled, the bridle-reins dragging upon the ground. The foreman was waiting—and listening. Once he glanced up to where the lights of the "Capitol," as the boys called the big house, gleamed on the crown of the hill. But his gaze fell again, and he sighed wearily. As range-boss of the largest ranch in Webb County, Dennis McAll was known and liked by every cattleman on the border. His popularity was due to an in-born talent to boss cow-punchers. Lack of education, a too generous nature and an inherent indifference to his material advancement had hindered his rising beyond a salaried man. But he loved the work. He had the friendship and confidence of his employer, Richard Carlton, and he was admired and obeyed by every man on the Crescent O Ranch.

Suddenly the foreman straightened up, listening. Out of the darkness there had come to him a faint but familiar sound. It was a plaintive, childish voice, singing far down in the valley. Distinctly now the words floated up to him:

"A curse to all gold and all silver, too,
And to all purty gals who won't prove true."

McAll rose and shook the ashes



The author on his favorite mustang-pony ("Imp") on Rattle-snake Trail."

from his pipe. "Just like her mammy," he muttered as he led his horse out to the corral.

* * * *

"Listen! Thar's Coyote!"

The speaker was "Beany," a young cow-puncher who had acquired his nickname because of his extraordinary fondness and capacity for Mexican beans. He was sitting cross-legged before the bunk-house, a little apart from a score or more of his fellows, some of whom, like himself, reposed with their legs crossed under them, others squatted on their heels, while still others lounged indolently against the wall of the house. Conversation instantly ceased among the cowboys, cigarettes were taken from lips to be held in tough, sun-burned hands, and in the ensuing silence, not far down the trail, a clear, sweet voice rang out over the hill:

"And I'll go away to some distant land
And thar I'll join some cowboy band.

"I'll stay on trail till the day I die,
And I'll cut my way whar the bullets fly."

Silence reigned for a moment; then, amid a clatter of hoofs, and a cloud of dust, Coyote thundered up the trail. As she passed the bunk-house, she waved her broad brimmed hat. and yelled: "Helloa, boys!"

"Evenin'!"
"Hey thar!"
"Ho thar!"
"Whoop-ee!"
"Howdy!"
"Yip-ah!"
"A, que Coyote!"
"Wah-hoo!"

These and other greetings burst in chorus from the lounging cow-punchers.

"I calls thet ramp good singing," challenged the youth who had first heard Coyote's distant voice.

"So does I, Beany. I calls hit ramp good singing," agreed Gotch Lumsey, a young fellow with red hair and a crossed left eye. "And Gotch Lumsey's heerd singing, fellers," he added impressively. "Did any o' yuh ever heer Nordickie?"

"I guess not," drawled Spike Gallager. "Who's he?"

"'Tain't no *he*,' and Gotch eyed Spike with withering contempt; "it's a female woman what I heerd in San Tone last fall. Cost me a hull plunk in the pee-roost, but everybody said as how she were the best afloat, so I coughed up. Well, let me tell yuh, she was a warblin' gal from away back —but shucks! why, I hopes to drop plum dead this minit if Coyote's singing ain't soop-peer-reeor—far soop-peer-ree-or!—Gimme a light."

Gotch got his "light" from Spike's cigarette, and puffed vigorously for a considerable space. There are moments when silence is more weighty than speech. Presently he resumed:

"And I'll swallow a cob if Coyote ain't got the biggest heart of any gal yuh ever knowed."

"Yep!" chimed in Spike. "Fer once yuh told the truth, Gotch."

"I knowed it," averred Gotch. "Whimpering snakes! I knowed Coyote when I warn't no higher'n a goat. Why, five years ago, afore lots of yuh fellers had drifted this a-way, a bald-face fool of a yearling got cut up purty bad. It was winter and ramp cold, too. The Captain wanted to git shed o' the critter and told me to shoot it. I was going for my gun when I heers Coyote a-calling me.

"'Gotch,' she says, a-running after me, 'yuh ain't really gonna shoot thet yearlin', be yuh?'

"'Why not?' says I. 'Them's the Captain's orders, and he—I means the yearlin'—ain't wurth a dead skunk.'

"'He be wuth more'n a dead skunk,' she says. 'Now, Gotch, yuh and Pinto hitch up the mules and go git thet yearlin' and put him in the lil' corral here, 'cause I be a-gonna cure thet poor lil' cuss.'

"Wall, fellers, I allurs does what Coyote wants me to. And despite the fact thet thet yearlin's neck was cut nigh plum into, I'm a grinnin' tom-cat if Coyote didn't cure the critter in two months—yes sir-ree!"

Again the dead quiet was a compliment to Gotch. But for once he failed to appreciate his triumph. He fumbled for his cigarette papers.

"Them was great days," he muttered reminiscently. "Coyote was a regular lil' devil them days. She be a-gittin' tamer now, and purtier."

"Coyote be a ramp purty gal," observed Spike, sententiously.

"Thet black hair o' her'n be ramp long and glossy," ventured Domino, who was by nature painfully reserved.

"And them big blue eyes!" chimed in Beany; "they shore be makin' a feller uncomf'table."

"Coyote ees flirt—no good!" came from Pinto, a tall, handsome Mexican, who was ever at enmity with public opinion in general and Gotch in particular.

Beany caught his breath. Spike's dark eyes flashed menacingly. Two or three cowboys shifted their positions.

Pinto, conscious of what he had done, smiled contemptuously under cover of his wide hat-brim. The Mexican had gained some reputation with a "hair trigger" gun. He had it on now. Secretly, he had long loved Coyote. He hated Gotch for his "gift of gab," but mainly for the evident good-fellowship between the cowpuncher and Coyote. Pinto's advances had been spurned until, perceiving the hopelessness of his case, he had begun to itch for revenge upon them both. He believed Gotch to be a coward. But that the Mexican's hand was moving slowly toward his hip showed to what extent he realized his own limitations. The continued quiet emboldened him. He spoke again:

"Coyote she kees me long 'go—love me much. But now she ees——"

"Shut up!"

The order came from Gotch and his cocked pistol was leveled at Pinto.

II.

"If yuh move thet hand another inch I'll kill yuh. Up with 'em! High! Now, keep 'em thar!"

Gotch arose and walked slowly toward the Mexican, whom he still covered. His left hand drew Pinto's Colt from its holster, and turned the muzzle on its owner. When the cowboy spoke, as before, his voice was low, cool, but hard—hard as steel.

"Now mem'rize this, Pinto: The tonk don't live what can insult Coyote afore me, if I've got breath and strength enough to kill him. Better praise yer saints I didn't let daylight through yer greasy hide; but if I ever catch yuh on the Crescent O agin', I'll kill yuh deader'n hell, so help me Jacob! Now hit the trail."

* * * *

Back of the foreman's house, in the corral, Coyote pushed a box of cornchops toward Imp.

"Thar, now, yuh lil' rascal, and don't yuh turn hit over just 'cause I ain't got no mirral 'cep'in' this 'un and it's full of *patallos* fer daddy."

And giving the mustang a final loving pat, she turned to her luggage: a baby carbine, a mirral half full of *patallos* (wild strawberries) and a jackrabbit she had shot that afternoon. Coyote shouldered the gun and the *patallos*, picked up the rabbit, and made for the house. She was small, slim and straight as an Indian. Her hair, black and straight, hung loose, blowing in the wind. She walked with the elastic, swinging stride of the experienced bushwhacker. Her high crowned, broad brimmed Stetson hat made her small, oval face seem even babyish, and in fact had the effect of making her appear ludicrous in the eyes of a stranger.

At the kitchen door, Coyote dropped everything to spring into the arms of Dennis McAll. After she had given him the French kiss he had taught her almost before she could talk, he asked, "Who loves her daddy?"

The girl strained back in her father's embrace to look into his eyes. The light from the kitchen showed them tired, but smiling.

"Love yuh?" she whispered. "Why, I be a-lovin' yuh better'n—better'n the hull world!" She kissed him again and, wriggling from his arms, snatched

up the rabbit and *patallos*. "See what I got fer yuh? We're gonna put on *some* dog to-night. Bring my gun in, please, daddy."

Coyote passed into the house and Dennis McAll followed with the gun—a small forty-four-forty carbine that had been his present to her on her fifteenth birthday, exactly a year ago. He smiled as he thought of the gift he had for her to-night.

"I knows yuh be tired, daddy." And Coyote dragged a rawhide-bottom chair nearer the door. "Yuh just sit yourself down here, and hit won't be no time afore I'll have the grub ready."

"I'll be a-cleaning' yer gun," said the foreman.

"And I'll be a-cleanin' the rabbit," laughed Coyote.

A half hour later, McAll and his daughter sat down to eat. Their supper consisted of sausage meat, biscuits, milk and a bowl of *patallos* and sugar.

The two bowed their heads and the foreman said grace in his deep, strong voice:

"Dear Lord, we offer up thanks to yuh fer this grub. We asks yuh to bless us, and show us the right trails from the wrong 'uns. Amen."

After the prayer, the foreman turned his tin plate and glanced furtively at Coyote.

She looked up at him frankly. "Wall, daddy," she began. "I seen two big bucks and—" She stopped her eyes upon a small, neat package before her.

Suddenly she was out of her chair with a bound, and into her father's lap, her slender arms about his sturdy neck, her lips to his. Another instant and she was back in her place again.

"Hit's my birthday present!" she cried. "I were a-forgettin' hit. Oh, daddy, yuh be the dearest old pap a gal ever had!"

Hurriedly she unwrapped the package, disclosing to view a small, gilt-edged, leather-bound bible.

"Oh, hit's a lil' Bible! Ain't hit purty!"

Dennis McAll's big right hand closed over one of Coyote's little ones. There was a suspicion of moisture in the foreman's eyes.

"Thet lil' Bible were yer mother's a-fore yuh, Coyote," he said huskily. "Yer daddy's kept hit these sixteen years fuh yur, and now he wants yuh to read hit and bide by hit. Yuh will, won't yuh, lil' gal?"

"I will, daddy. I'll read hit to-night."

After another appreciative kiss Coyote laid the present aside and the meal began. The two ate in silence for some time. Presently the father spoke.

"Honey, I got some news fer yuh."

"I hopes hit be good news, daddy."

"Hit be good news, lil' gal. John and Kit Carlton's comin' home to-morrie."

"Oh, Jimminy! Ain't I glad!" And Coyote clapped her hands excitedly, while her blue eyes danced in anticipation of future frolics.

Dennis McAll chuckled.

"I knowed yuh'd be glad," he said. "Hit be goin' nigh onto eight years since they left fer thet high-ferlutin' school in Boston, and I guess as how they'll be glad to see yuh. Come ag'in with them *patallos*. They'll be ramp good 'uns."

Coyotte passed the bowl, but her mind was elsewhere.

"Be they a-comin' *alone*," she said, pointedly.

"Naw. Thar's a hull band o' 'em a-headin' this a-way from Boston. Thet is what the Captain's havin' the corrals and shacks white-washed fer. He were in mighty low spirits to-night' 'cause his ole woman's a-comin' with 'em. I can't blame him much, seein' as how she allers was an ole cat and never did like yuh, lil' gal."

"Poor ole Sadie'll have enough to cook fer up yonder in the Capitol," sympathized Coyote. "Wonder if Kit'll pitch in and help her?"

McAll drained his cup of milk.

"Guess we'll all be primpin' up some with them Bostonians about," he prophesied. "Yuh'd better wear yed lil' white dress, to-morrie, Coyote. I don't want Kit and John to be ashamed o' yuh. John's a good boy, and I am hoping he'll marry yuh, some day,

honey."

But Coyote ignored the latter part of her father's speech.

"Aw, daddy! I don't like thet dress 'cause hit gits dirty so ramp quick. I'll wear my blue 'un and the purty blue ribbon Gotch gave me this mornin'."

"Did Gotch Lumsey give yuh a blue ribbon?"

Coyote's long, black lashes veiled her blue eyes; her cheeks colored rosily.

"Ye-ah," she admitted.

"What be Gotch a-givin' yuh ribbons fer?"

"I—I dunno, daddy."

McAll's stern face relaxed into a slow smile.

"Wall, yer daddy knows, lil' gal. It's 'cause Gotch be a-likin' yuh. But remember what I said about John. He's the husband yer daddy picked fer yuh, honey."

"Dennis! Oh, Dennis!"

The voice came from the front of the house.

"Thet's Gotch now," said Coyote. "Wonder what he wants?"

The foreman swung half-round in his chair.

"Come in, Gotch," he called.

"I wants to see yuh privately, Dennis."

McAll rose and strode from the room.

Left alone, Coyote picked up a bob-tailed cat that had been purring about her chair, and stroked the soft, black fur caressingly.

"Poor lil' Bob," she said. "Nobody pays no 'tention to the lil' cuss 'cep'in to kick him out o' the way. Here, Bob."

And "Bob" got his share of milk and sausage.

Coyote was clearing off the table, preparatory to washing the dishes, a moment later, when three pistol-shots, so rapid that the reports blended, rang out, startling her so that she dropped the pan of plates she was holding, and stood for an instant dumbfounded. Then, thinking only of her father's safety, she snatched up her baby carbine and ran toward the front of the house.

(To be continued)

BOULDER CREEK GULCH

Above the cool, dim depths that lie below,
Those granite walls in majesty arise,
And seem to meet the curve of azure skies,
Where lazy clouds in fleecy folds drift slow.
Far down below the hurrying brooklet sighs
As round the boulders huge and gray, it tries
To wend its many curved and tort'ous way.
A wandering sunbeam on the water lies,
And there a trout snaps at the dragon-flies.
A tiger-lily bends o'er some deep pool
To view its flaunting colors ere it dies.
While from the moss-grown walls so green and cool
The rare, sweet ferns hide from the garish day.
'Tis God's Cathedral, would that we might stay!

EDITH CHURCH BURKE.

Little Girls I Have Met

By W. H. Hudson

THEY were two quite small maidies, aged respectively four and six years with some odd months in each case. They are older now, and have probably forgotten the stranger to whom they gave their unsophisticated little hearts, who presently left their country never to return, for all this happened a long time ago—I think about three years. In a way they were rivals, yet had never seen one another, perhaps never will, since they inhabit two villages more than a dozen miles apart in a wild, desolate, hilly district of west Cornwall.

Let me first speak of Millicent, the elder. I knew Millicent well, having at various times spent several weeks with her in her parents' house, and she, an only child, was naturally regarded as the most important person in it. In Cornwall it is always so. Tall for her six years, straight and slim, with no red color on her cheeks; she had brown hair and large serious grey eyes; those eyes and her general air of gravity, and her forehead, which was too broad for perfect beauty, made me a little shy of her, and we were not too intimate. And, indeed, that feeling on my part, which made me a little careful and ceremonious in our intercourse, seemed to be only what she expected of me. One day in a forgetful or expansive moment I happened to call her "Millie," which caused her to look at me in surprise. "Don't you like me to call you Millie—for short?" I questioned apologetically. "No," she returned gravely: "it is not my name—my name is Millicent." And so it had to be to the end of the chapter.

Then there was her speech—I wondered how she got it! For it was unlike that of the people she lived among of her own class. No word-clipping and slurring, no "naughty English" and sing-song intonation with her! She spoke with an almost startling distinctness, giving every syllable its proper value, and her words were as if they had been read out of a nicely written book.

Nevertheless, we got on fairly well together, meeting on most days at tea-time in the kitchen, when we would have nice little talks and look at her lessons and books and pictures, sometimes unbending so far as to draw little pigs on her slate with our eyes shut, and laughing at the result just like ordinary persons.

It was during my last visit, after an absence of some months from that part of the country, that one evening on coming in I was told by her mother that Millicent had gone for the milk, and that I would have to wait for my tea till she came back. Now the farm where the milk was got was away at the other end of the village, quite half a mile, and I went to meet her, but did not see her until I had walked the whole distance, when just as I arrived she came out of the farm house burdened with a basket of things in one hand and a can of milk in the other. She graciously allowed me to relieve her of both, and taking basket and can with one hand I gave her the other, and so, hand in hand, very friendly, we set off down the long, bleak, windy road just when it was growing dark.

"I'm afraid you are rather thinly clad for this bleak December evening," I remarked. "Your little hands feel cold as ice."

She smiled sweetly and said she was not feeling cold, after which there

was a long interval of silence. From time to time we met a villager, a fisherman in his ponderous sea-boots, or a farm-laborer homeward plodding in his weary way. But though heavy-footed after his day's labor, he is never so stolid as an English ploughman is apt to be; invariably when giving us a good-night in passing the man would smile and look at Millicent very directly, with a meaning twinkle in his Cornish eye. He might have been congratulating her on having a male companion to pay her all these little attentions, and perhaps signaling the hope that something would come of it.

Grave little Millicent, I was pleased to observe, took no notice of this foolishness. At length when we had walked half the distance home in perfect silence she said, impressively: "Mr. Goodenough"—Here I must make a break to explain that "Mr. Goodenough" is one of the aliases I think it prudent to use during my occasional visits to the Rocky Land of Strangers, owing to the friendly warnings (and unfriendly intimations) I am accustomed to receive describing what would happen to me should I be recognized, as—well, as the author of a book in praise of this same Rocky Land in which I have ventured to express the opinion that Cornishmen are lacking in a sense of humor.

"Mr. Goodenough," said Millicent, "I have something I want to tell you very much."

I begged her to speak, pressing her cold little hand.

She proceeded: "I shall never forget that morning when you went away the last time. You said you were going to Truro: but I'm not sure—perhaps it was to London, I only know that it was very far away, and you were going for a very long time. It was early in the morning and I was in bed. I heard you calling me to come down and say good-bye; so I jumped up and came down in my nightdress and saw you standing waiting for me at the foot of the stairs. Then, when I got down, you took me up in your arms and kissed me. I shall never forget it!"

"Why?" I said, rather lamely, just because it was necessary to say something. And after a little pause she returned, "Because I shall never forget it."

Then, as I said nothing, she resumed: "That day after school I saw Uncle Charlie and told him, and he said: 'What! you allowed that tramp to kiss you! Then I don't want to take you on my knee any more—you've lowered yourself too much.'"

"Did he dare say that?" I returned.

"Yes, that's what Uncle Charlie said—but it makes no difference. I told him you were not a tramp but Mr. Goodenough, and he said you could call yourself Mr. What-you-liked, but you were a tramp all the same, nothing but a common tramp, and that I ought to be ashamed of myself. 'You've disgraced the family,' that's what he said, but I don't care—I shall never forget it, the morning you went away and took me up in your arms and kissed me."

Here was a revelation! It saddened me, and I made no reply although I think she expected one. And so, after a minute or two of uncomfortable silence she repeated that she would never forget it. For all the time I was thinking of another and sweeter one, who was also a person of importance in her own home and village over a dozen miles away.

In thoughtful silence we finished our walk; then there were lights and tea and general conversation; and if Millicent had intended returning to the subject she found no opportunity then or afterwards.

It was better so, seeing that the other charmer possessed my whole heart.

II. Mab.

She was not intellectual: no one would have said of her, for example, that she would one day blossom into a second Emily Bronte; that to future generations her wild moorland village would be the Haworth of the West. She was perhaps something better—a child of earth and sun, exquisite, with

her hair a shining chestnut gold, her eyes like the bugloss, her whole face like a flower, or rather like a ripe peach in bloom and color; we are apt to associate these delicious little ones with flavors as well as fragrances. But I am not going to be so foolish as to attempt to describe her.

Our first meeting was at the village spring, where the women came with pails and pitchers for water; she came, and sitting on the stone rim regarded me smiling with questioning eyes. I started a conversation, but though smiling she was shy. Luckily, I had my luncheon, which consisted of fruit, in my satchel, and telling her about it she grew interested and confessed to me that of all good things fruit was what she loved most. I then opened my stores, and selecting the brightest yellow and richest purple fruits told her that they were for her—on one condition—that she would love me and give me a kiss. O that kiss! And what more can I find to say of it? Why, nothing, unless one of the poets, Crawshaw for preference, can tell me. "My song," I might say with that mystic, after an angel had kissed him—

"Tasted of that breakfast all day long."

From that time we got on swimmingly, and were much in company, for soon, just to be near her, I went to stay at her village. I then made the discovery that Mab, for that is what they called her, although so unlike, so much softer and sweeter than Millicent, was yet like her in being a child of character and of an indomitable will. She never cried, never argued or listened to arguments, never demonstrated after the fashion of wilful children generally, by throwing herself down screaming and kicking; she simply very gently insisted on having her own way and living her own life. In the end she always got it, and the beautiful thing was that she never wanted to be naughty or do anything really wrong! She took a quite wonderful interest in the life of the little community and would always be where others were, especially when any gathering took place. Thus, long before I knew her at the age of four, she made the discovery that the village children, or most of them, passed much of their time in school, and to school she accordingly resolved to go. Her parents opposed, and talked seriously to her and used force to restrain her, but she overcame them in the end, and to the school they had to take her, where she was refused admission on account of her tender years. But she had resolved to go, and go she would; she laid siege to the schoolmistress, to the vicar, to others, and in the end, because of her importunity or sweetness, they had to admit her.

When I went, during school hours, to give a talk to the children, there I found Mab, one of the forty, sitting with her book, which told her nothing, in her little hands. She listened to the talk with an appearance of interest, although understanding nothing, her bugloss eyes on me, encouraging me with a very sweet smile, whenever I looked her way.

It was the same about attending church. Her parents went to one service on Sundays; she insisted on going to all three, and would sit and stand and kneel, book in hand, as if taking part in it all, but always when you looked her way, her eyes would meet yours and the sweet smile would come to her lips.

I had been told by her mother that Mab would not have dolls and toys, and this fact, recalled at an opportune moment, revealed to me her secret mind—her baby philosophy. We, the inhabitants of the village, grown-ups and children as well as the domestic animals, were her playmates and playthings, so that she was independent of sham blue-eyed babies made of wood and inanimate fluffy Teddy-bears: she was in possession of the real thing! The cottages, streets, the church and school, the fields and rocks and hills and sea and sky were all contained in her nursery or playground; and we, her fellow-beings, were all occupied

from morn to night in an endless complicated game, which varied from day to day according to the weather and time of the year, and had many beautiful surprises. She didn't understand it all, but was determined to be in it and to get all the fun she could out of it.

This mental attitude came out strikingly one day when we had a funeral —always a feast to the villagers; that is to say, an emotional feast; and on this occasion the circumstances made the ceremony a peculiarly impressive one.

A young man, well known and generally liked, son of a small farmer, died with tragic suddenness, and the little stone farm house being situated away on the borders of the parish, the funeral procession had a considerable distance to walk to the village. To the church I went to view its approach; built on a rock, the church stands high in the center of the village, and from the broad stone steps in front one got a fine view of the inland country and of the procession like an immense black serpent winding along over green fields and stiles, now disappearing in some hollow in the ground or behind gray masses of rock, then emerging on the sight and the voices of the singers bursting out loud and clear in that still atmosphere.

When I arrived on the steps Mab was already there; the whole village would be at that spot presently, but she was first. On that morning, no sooner had she heard that the funeral was going to take place than she gave herself a holiday from school and made her docile mother dress her in her daintiest clothes. She welcomed me with a glad face and put her wee hand in mine; then the villagers—all those not in the procession—began to arrive, and very soon we were in the middle of a throng; then, as the six coffin-bearers came slowly toiling up the many steps and the singing all at once grew loud and swept like a wave of sound over us, the people were shaken with emotion, and all the faces, even of the oldest men, were wet with tears—all except ours, Mab's and mine.

Our tearless condition—our ability to keep dry when it was raining, so to say—resulted from quite different causes. Mine just then were the eyes of a naturalist curiously observing the demeanor of the beings around me. To Mab the whole spectacle was an act, an interlude, or scene in that wonderful endless play which was a perpetual delight to witness and in which she, too, was taking a part. And to see all her friends, her grown-up playmates, enjoying themselves in this unusual way, marching in a procession to the church, in black, singing hymns with tears in their eyes—why, this was even better than school or Sunday service, or romps in the playground, or a children's tea. Every time I looked down at my little mate she lifted a rosy face to mine with her sweetest smile and bugloss eyes aglow with ineffable happiness.

And now that we are far apart my loveliest memory of her is as she appeared then. I would not spoil that lovely image by going to look at her again. Three years! It was said of Lewis Carroll that he ceased to care anything about his little Alices when they had come to the age of ten or twelve. Eleven is my limit: they are perfect then; but in Mab's case the peculiar, exquisite charm could hardly have lasted beyond the age of six.

III. Freckles.

My meeting with Freckles only served to confirm me in the belief, almost amounting to a conviction, that the female of our species reaches its full mental development at an extraordinarily early age compared to that of the male. In the male the receptive and elastic or progressive period varies greatly; but judging from the numbers of cases one meets with of men who have continued gaining in intellectual power to the end of their lives, in spite of physical decay, it is reasonable to conclude that the stationary individuals are only so because of the

condition of their lives having been inimical. In fact, stagnation strikes us as an unnatural condition of mind. The man who dies at fifty or sixty or seventy, after progressing all his life, doubtless would, if he had lived a year or a decade longer, have attained to a still greater height. "How disgusting it is," cried Ruskin when he had reached his three score years and ten, "to find that just when one is getting interested in life one has got to die!" Many can say as much: all could say it, had not the mental machinery been disorganized by some accident, or become rusted from neglect and carelessness. He who is no more in mind at sixty than at thirty is but a half-grown man: his is a case of arrested development.

It is hardly necessary to remark here that the mere accumulation of knowledge is not the same thing as power of mind and its increase: the man who astonishes you with the amount of knowledge stored in his brain may be no greater in mind at seventy than at twenty.

Comparing the sexes again, we might say that the female mind reaches perfection in childhood, long before the physical change from a generalized to a specialized form; whereas the male retains a generalized form to the end of life and never ceases to advance mentally. The reason is obvious. There is no need for continued progression in women, and Nature, like the grand old economist she is, or can be when she likes, matures the mind quickly in one case and slowly in the other; so slowly that he, the young male, goes crawling on all-fours as if it were a long distance after his little flying sister—slowly because he has very far to go, and must keep on for a very, very long time.

I met Freckles in one of those small ancient out of the world market towns of the West of England—Somerset, to be precise—which are just like large old villages, where the turnpike road is for half a mile or so a High Street, wide at one point, where the market is held. For a short distance there are shops on either side, succeeded by quiet, dignified houses set back among trees, and then again by thatched cottages. followed by fields and woods.

I had lunched at the large old inn at noon on a hot summer's day; when I sat down a black cloud was coming up, and by and by there was thunder, and when I went to the door it was raining heavily. I leaned against the frame of the door, sheltered from the wet by a small tiled portico over my head, to wait for the storm to pass before getting on my bicycle. Then the innkeeper's child, aged five, came out and placed herself against the door-frame on the other side. We regarded one another with a good deal of curiosity, for she was a queer looking little thing. Her head, big for her size and years, was as perfectly round as a Dutch cheese, and her face so thickly freckled that it was all freckles; she had confluent freckles, and as the spots and blotches were of different shades, one could see that they overlapped like the scales of a fish. Her head was bound tightly round with a piece of white calico and no hair appeared under it.

Just to open conversation I remarked that she was a little girl rich in freckles.

"Yes, I know," she returned, "there's no one in the town with such a freckled face."

"And that isn't all," I went on. "Why is your head in a nightcap or a white cloth as if you wanted to hide your hair? or haven't you got any?"

"I can tell you about that," she returned, not in the least resenting my personal remarks. "It is because I've had ringworm. My head was shaved, and I'm not allowed to go to school."

"Well," said I, "all these unpleasant experiences—ringworm, shaved head, freckles, and expulsion from school as an undesirable person—do not appear to have depressed you much. You appear quite happy."

She laughed good humoredly, then looked up out of her blue eyes as if asking what more I had to say.

Just then a small girl about thirteen

years old passed us—a child with a thin anxious face burned by the sun to a dark brown, and deep-set, dark-blue penetrating eyes. It was a face to startle one; and as she went by, she stared intently at the little freckled girl.

Then I, to keep the talk going, said I could guess the sort of life that child led.

"What sort of life does she lead?" asked Freckles.

She was, I said, a child from some small farm in the neighborhood and had a very hard life, and was obliged to do a great deal more work indoors and out than was quite good for her at her tender age. "But I wonder why she stared at you?" I concluded.

"Did she stare at me! Why did she stare?"

"I suppose it was because she saw you, a mite of a child, with a nightcap on her head, standing here at the door of the inn talking to a stranger, just like some old woman."

She laughed again, and said it was funny for a child of five to be called an old woman. Then, with a sudden change to gravity, she assured me that I had been quite right in what I had said about that little girl. She lived with her parents on a small farm, where no maid was kept, and the little girl did as much work or more than any maid. She had to take the cows to pasture and bring them back; she worked in the fields and helped in the cooking and washing, and came every day to the town with a basket of butter and eggs, which she had to deliver at a number of houses. Sometimes she came twice in a day, usually in a pony-cart, but when the pony was wanted by her father she had to come on foot with the basket, and the farm was three miles out. On Sundays she didn't come, but had a good deal to do at home.

"Ah, poor little slave! No wonder she gazed at you as she did;—she was thinking how sweet your life must be with people to love and care for you, and no hard work for you to do."

"And was that what made her stare at me, and not because I had a night-cap on and was like an old woman talking to a stranger?" This without a smile.

"No doubt. But you seem to know a great deal about her. Now I wonder if you can tell me something about this beautiful young lady with an umbrella coming toward us? I should much like to know who *she* is—and I should like to call on her."

"Yes, I can tell you all about her. She is Miss Eva Langton, and lives at the White House. You follow the street till you get out of the town where there is a pond at this end of the common, and just a little the other side of the pond there are big trees, and behind the trees a white gate. That's the gate of the White House, only you can't see it because the trees are in the way. Are you going to call on her?"

I explained that I did not know her, and though I wished I did because she was so pretty, it would not perhaps be quite right to go to her house to see her.

"I'm sorry you're not going to call, she's such a nice young lady. Everybody likes her." And then after a few moments she looked up with a smile and said: "Is there anything else I can tell you about the people of the town? There's a man going by in the rain with a lot of planks on his head—would you like to know who he is and all about him?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," I replied. "But of course I don't care so much about him as I do about that little brown girl from the farm, and the nice Miss Langton from the White House. But it's really very pleasant to listen to you whatever you talk about. I really think you one of the most charming little girls I have ever met, and I wonder what you will be like in another five years. I think I must come and see for myself."

"Oh, will you come back in five years? Just to see me! My hair will be grown then and I won't have a night cap on, and I'll try to wash off the freckles before you come."

"No, don't," I said. "I had forgot-

ten all about them—I think they are very nice."

She laughed, then looking up a little archly, said: "You are saying all that just for fun, are you not?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the sort. Just look at me and say if you do not believe what I tell you."

"Yes, I do," she answered frankly enough, looking full in my eyes with a great seriousness in her own.

That sudden seriousness and steady gaze; that simple, frank declaration! Would five years leave her in that stage? I fancy not, for at ten she would be self-conscious and the loss would be greater than the gain. No, I would not come back in five years to see what she was like.

That was the end of our talk. She looked towards the wet street and her face changed, and with a glad cry she darted out. The rain was over, and a big man in a big gray tweed coat was coming across the road to our side. She met him half-way, and bending down, he picked her up and set her on his shoulder and marched with her into the house.

There were others, it seemed, who were able to appreciate her bright mind and could forget all about her freckles and her nightcap.

IV. On Cromer Beach.

It is true that when little girls become self-conscious they lose their charm, or the best part of it; they are at their best as a rule from five to seven, after which begins a slow, almost imperceptible decline or evolution until the change is complete. The charm in decline was not good enough for Lewis Carroll; the successive little favorites, we learn, were always dropped at about twelve. That was the limit. He either perceived with a rare kind of spiritual sagacity resembling that of certain animals with regard to approaching weather-changes, that something had come into their heart, or would shortly come, which would make them no longer precious to him. But that which had made them precious was not far to seek: he would find it elsewhere and could afford to dismiss his Alice for the time being from his heart and life, and even from his memory, without a qualm.

To my seven-years' rule there are, however, many exceptions—little girls who keep the child's charm in spite of the changes which years and a newly developing sense can bring to them. I have met with some rare instances of the child being as much to us at ten as at five.

One instance which I have in my mind just now is of a little girl of nine, or perhaps nearly ten, and it seemed to me in this case that this new sense, the very quality which is the spoiler of the child charm, may sometimes have the effect of enhancing it or revealing it in a new and more beautiful aspect.

I met her at Cromer, where she was one of a small group of five visitors; three ladies, one old, the others middle aged, and a middle aged gentleman. He and one of the two younger ladies were perhaps her parents and the elderly lady her grandmother. What and who these people were I never heard, nor did I inquire; but the child attracted me, and in a funny way we became acquainted, and though we never exchanged more than a dozen words, I felt that we were intimate and very dear friends.

The little group of grown-ups and the child were always together on the front, where I was accustomed to see them sitting or slowly walking up and down, always deep in conversation and very serious, always regarding the more or less gaudily attired females on the parade with an expression of repulsion. They were old-fashioned in dress and appearance, invariably in black—black silk and black broadcloth. I concluded that they were serious people, that they had inherited and faithfully kept a religion, or religious temper, which has long been outlived by the world in general—a puritanism or Evangelicalism dating back to the far days of Wilberforce and Hannah More and the ancient order of Claphamites.

And the child was serious with them and kept pace with them with slow, staid steps. But she was beautiful, and under the mask and mantle which had been imposed on her had a shining child's soul. Her large eyes were blue, the rare blue of a perfect summer's day. There was no need to ask her where she had got that color; undoubtedly in heaven "as she came through." The features were perfect, and she was pale, or so it had seemed to me at first, but when viewing her more closely I saw that color was an important element in her loveliness—a color so delicate that I fell to comparing her flower-like face with this or that particular flower. I had thought her as like a snowdrop at first, then a windflower, the March anemone with its touch of crimson, then of various white, ivory and cream-colored blossoms with a faintly-seen pink blush to them.

Her dress, except the stockings, was not black; it was gray or dove color, and over it a cream or pale fawn colored cloak with hood, which with its lace border seemed just the right setting for the delicate puritan face. She walked in silence while they talked and talked ever in grave, subdued tones. Indeed, it would not have been seemly for her to open her lips in such company. I called her Priscilla, but she was also like Milton's pensive nun, devout and pure, only her looks were not commercing with the skies; they were generally cast down, although it is probable that they did occasionally venture to glance at the groups of merry, pink-legged children romping with the waves below.

I had seen her three or four or more times on the front before we became acquainted; and she, too, had noticed me, just raising her blue eyes to mine when we passed one another, with a shy, sweet look in them—a questioning look; so that we were not exactly strangers. Then one morning I sat on the front when the black-clothed group came by deep in serious talk as usual, the silent child with them, and after a turn or two they sat down close to me. The tide was at its full and children were coming down to their old joyous pastime of paddling. They were a merry company. After watching them I glanced at my little neighbor and caught her eyes, and she knew what the question in my mind was—Why are not you with them? And she was pleased and troubled at the same time, and her face was all at once in a glow of beautiful color; it was the color of the almond blossom—her sister flower on this occasion.

A day or two later we were more fortunate. I went before breakfast to the beach and was surprised to find her there watching the tide coming in: in a moment of extreme indulgence her mother or her people had allowed her to run down to look at the sea for a minute by herself. She was standing on the shingle, watching the green waves break frothily at her feet, her pale face transfigured with a gladness which seemed almost unearthly. Even then in that emotional moment the face kept its tender flower-like character: I could now only compare it to the sweet-pea blossom, ivory white or delicate pink; that Psyche-like flower with wings upraised to fly, and expression of infantile innocence and fairy-like joy in life.

I walked down to her and we then exchanged our few and only words. How beautiful the sea was and how delightful to watch the waves coming in! I remarked. She smiled and replied that it was very, very beautiful. Then a bigger wave came and compelled us to step hurriedly back to save our feet from a wetting, and we laughed together. Just at that spot there was a small rock on which I stepped, and asked her to give me her hand, so that we could stand together and let the next wave rush by without wetting us. "Oh, do you think I may?" she said, almost frightened at such an adventure. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she put her hand in mine and we stood on the little fragment of rock, and she watched the water rush up and surround us and break on the beach with a fearful joy. And after that won-

derful experience she had to leave me; she had only been allowed out by herself for five minutes, she said, and so after a grateful smile, she hurried back.

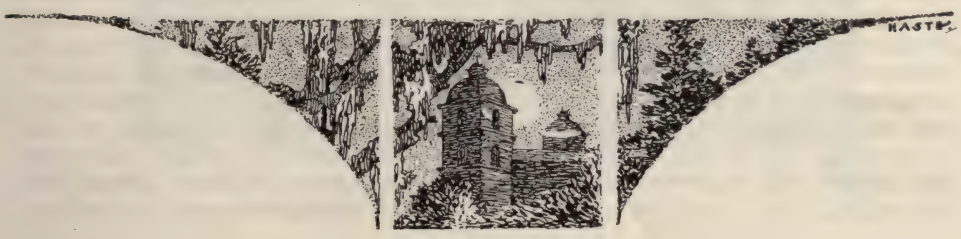
Our next encounter was on the parade, where she appeared as usual with her people, and nothing beyond one swift glance of recognition and greeting could pass between us. But it was a quite wonderful glance she gave me, it said so much—that we had a great secret between us and were friends and comrades forever. It would take half a page to tell all that was conveyed in that glance. "I'm so glad to see you," it said; "I was beginning to fear you had gone away. And now how unfortunate that you see me with my people and we cannot speak. They wouldn't understand. How could they, since they don't belong to our world, and know what we know? If I were to explain that we are different from them, that we want to play together on the beach, and watch the waves and paddle and build castles, they would say, 'Oh, yes, that's all very well, but'—I shouldn't know what they meant by that, should you! I do hope we'll meet again some day and stand once more hand in hand on the beach —don't you?"

And with that she passed on and was gone, and I saw her no more. Perhaps that glance which said so much had been observed, and she had been hurriedly removed to some place of safety at a great distance. But though I never saw her again, never again stood hand in hand with her on the beach, and never shall, her beautiful flower-like image still shines in my memory.

THE LINE-MAN

Lithe, with bared throat, and face browned by the sun,
And strangely shod with steel-wrought spurs whose song
Is faint, metallic music borne along
Amid the street's harsh dissonance and hum,
The line-man mounts where teeming wires run—
A magic net above the city's throng—
Fearless that jeering fate should work him wrong
Or dizzy mists upon his vision come.
Blessed with the joy of life and toil-born pow'r
A miracle of rugged strength is he,
A bronzed Apollo of the modern hour,
His labors fraught with jest and laughter, free—
He seems in sinewed poise to be what our
Great God, in dreams, intended Man should be!

R. R. GREENWOOD.



The Spirit of France

By Desiree Welby

NOTHING has more deeply impressed those who have visited France during the last year than the change everywhere apparent in the life of the people. The somewhat popular belief hitherto held by many in England, based no doubt on a few weeks' holiday in Paris, that the French were a highly strung emotional race, given to expending much energy on words and gesticulations, has proved but a shallow interpretation of an outward form that has no part in the real France. Those who have seen her in her hour of trial, the enemy within her gates, laying waste her lands, destroying her cities, and have watched her indomitable spirit in the face of disaster, her determined perseverance, and above all her calm resignation, have realized that these are no momentary displays of qualities called forth by the exigencies of the moment, but the moral force of character which comes from long apprenticeship and deep conviction in those ideals which are the essence of her faith and the foundation of her civilization.

The entire surrender of the whole population to the achievement of one purpose, the universal abandonment of pleasure and profitless occupation, the utilization of all energy to the prosecution of one end, show an adaptability and power of organization which fill us with a great wonder and admiration; an admiration the more profound because these results were accomplished without resort to any expedients for rousing a sense of responsibility, without any appeals to patriotism or promptings of leaders. There was the simple call to duty, the people obeyed it.

But if France has shown incomparable qualities of faith, devotion and perseverance, she has also displayed marvels in resource. Like other nations she had miscalculated. She immediately set herself to rectify mistakes and to adjust herself to new conditions. She did not hesitate to make changes wherever necessary, and to subordinate all individual claims to the one supreme issue. In spite of the fact that her great coal area and by far the largest proportion of her iron and steel productions are in the hands of the enemy, while some of her most important factories are either destroyed or being used against her, she has managed to equip and supply vast armies in the field, organizing her labor and material with a skill that we are just beginning to imitate.

Yet to the visitor in France, it is not her resource and technical skill nor her power of organization, but the spirit of her men and women that makes the direct appeal. The complete absence of that parade, advertisement and persuasion which go by the name of recruiting and are necessitated by a voluntary system cannot fail to impress the Englishman. Such have no place in the land of France. The country is in danger, the men go to her aid. There is no discussion, there is nothing to discuss. It is their duty, they do it. The women also have shown they can play their part, a part no less noble and comprehensive than that of the men. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the Frenchwoman without any demonstration quietly carries on the life of the town and village. Stepping into her husband's place, keeping his business going, managing his affairs,

she displays a capacity and grasp of detail that do her the utmost credit, bringing into play those very qualities of thrift, industry and economy which are part of her very self and the greatest asset to a nation at war. We see her in her home, rising early, going to bed late, yet never too busy for a few words of friendly intercourse, quietly cheerful, invariably a smile though the tears are not far behind, her whole being set to the single purpose of doing her share to the best of her ability.

Again, the fact that women habitually participate so largely in the cultivation of the soil is of the highest value where the whole available manhood is liable suddenly to be called away. There is something very splendid about these peasant women in their rough clothes toiling incessantly in the fields, but that which leaves ineffaceable memory are those bent figures, hardly distinguishable from the newly turned earth, working in districts where the enemy has lately been. Villages ruined and lying in blackened heaps surround them, the ground scarred with recently filled in trenches, trees cut down and lying where they fell, and scattered everywhere, sometimes by the roadside, sometimes in the middle of a ploughed field or huddled together in a corner, those little mounds which mark the graves of heroes. The women never murmur, but with set faces bend their backs to the task, for France will reap yet another harvest.

To those who had only known her superficially the Frenchwoman, as disclosed by war, is a new revelation, a new inspiration. Her simple faith, her silent endurance, her unshakable belief in her man and her country, and above all her conception of duty speak with a deep significance and fill us with a great humility by the very admiration they call forth. The simplicity of her virtues is at once the greatness and the strength of France. Her creed is a very simple one, but her people understand it. It is summed up in the words "La Patrie." And as we see our great Ally torn, mutilated, suffering, yet rising in that unconquerable spirit to the accomplishment of her task and the fulfillment of her destiny, we know that though delayed, her day of deliverance is assured. It is spirit not steel that makes for final victory, and in the end the fate of a nation is decided not only by the number of her army corps and Dreadnoughts but by the character of her people.

The very measure of her sacrifice is the measure of her gain, for there are greater things in life than living. The glories of France cannot fade nor the deeds of her sons and daughters perish, for the spirit of a nation is immortal and lives on as the priceless possession of posterity and its future inspiration.



Sketches of Indian Life

THE NAVAJO WEDDING

By Ruth Jocelyn Wattles

IT IS NOT yet dark, but a single star shines through the trees on a Western hill. When it's light shines through the branches of a lone pine an Indian rises slowly from beside one of many campfires. His blanket is close wrapped about him, for the night is chill. He winds slowly among the fires, stopping at one to ask, after the usual interval of silence, "Was the hunting good?" In another circle of light, widening and narrowing with the leap of the fire, he sees a group of young braves playing cards. They continue the game, unconscious that the greatest of the older hunters has scanned every face in the group before muttering: "Yez-gan is not here," and passing on. Around a third fire the feasting still continues, and there is a grunt of satisfaction as the old hunter fails to find there the face he seeks. A little beyond the fires some young men are noisily discussing two ponies. Here the old hunter lingers longer, half-hoping to see the face he seeks, but he is disappointed. He moves on, here stepping over a sleeping child, there grunting an answer to a question, but everywhere in the glare of the flames or the dusk of the shadows his keen eyes see gambling, gluttony and laziness.

At last he reaches a fire around which the amusement is wrestling. A young man is contending with two opponents. He has hardly worsted them when a third attacks him and then a fourth. But when these retire the victor is only breathing a little more deeply than usual. Here the old hunter lingers longest, his eyes always on the winner of the contest, but when he passes on his satisfaction appears in neither face nor gesture.

Apparently he has seen all he wishes for he ceases his wandering among the fires and walks directly out of their circle of light. The trail he follows is not a worn one, and now many stars are overhead, but he moves without hesitation. And as he moves his trained eyes reveal to him another moving figure. To many it would have been only a shadow in the starlight, but the eyes of the hunter, Cle-so-gi, are not so easily deceived. As he pauses by a clump of oak brush, the bright star of the West hangs directly above the lone pine. An instant he waits, gazing at the star. "It is time," he mutters. As he speaks, the other figure stands before him.

Without a word the two men turn from the trail which, little worn although it is, is better than the unbeaten way which they now follow across a stream and up a hill beyond. Beside a huge rock they seat themselves.

For many moments no word is spoken. The night wind sweeps down the ravine, and the men wrap their blankets closer. A fire blazes high at one end of the encampment. Cle-so-gi's eyes are instantly on the writhing forms of the wrestlers like black gnomes against the light. Even at this distance he can guess who wins.

With a grunted, "Yez-gan wins," Cle-so-gi directs his companion's eyes to the wrestlers. The other turns as though he had not before been watching this very group, but he makes no answer. After a moment's silence Cle-so-gi adds: "Yez-gan always wins."

Still there is no answer. Somewhere along the mountain side a mare neighs for a lost colt, down in the encampment a dog barks.

When Cle-so-gi speaks again the fires are no longer leaping, and their smoke has ceased to rise to the men sitting on the mountain side. "Btske," he said, "Yez-gan must marry." Btske's answer is: "All young men must marry." For another long moment Cle-so-gi sits silent, and then: "Yez-gan leads the young hunters. He can do more than I—but this he does not know."

There is no enthusiasm in the answer: "I have never known a better hunter."

There is another long silence. Cle-so-gi watches the bright star of the West. It is setting, and when it shines again through the branches of the lone pine he speaks: "He killed the mountain lion which stole sheep from the Hos-clish people; every one else feared. The lion was huge and fierce. Many seasons it had killed sheep and colts. The hunters of the Hos-clish clan bear its marks—one in seams across the face, another in a withered arm. He was a fierce old thief. Yez-gan laughed at the hunters of the Hos-clish people: told them they were children, and killed the creature with only a bow and arrow."

This time Btske answers: "It is known. He is a great hunter."

Cle-so-gi continues: "Yez-gan only of all the young braves has made the journey to the Turquoise Mountain for a piece of the sacred stone. He followed the rules we followed as young men. He went alone. He ate only such food as he killed on the way. He crossed, instead of skirting the snow-capped mountains. He came back with a piece of the sacred stone."

"It is known," again answers Btske.

"In the Ya-ba-chi, the Harvest Home dance he can dance longer than the others. He can run farther than his ponies, and can endure heat and cold."

Again a long silence, and then the voices are raised only in grunts and murmurs. When they become distinct again, Cle-so-gi is speaking. "I will give fifteen ponies that Yez-gan may take your Ne-ha to his tent to be his wife."

Before Btske can answer a stone, dislodged above them on the mountain side rolls past them. Both men rise and scan the open space around the rock against which they lean, but neither parts the bushes on top.

"A loose stone," Btske mutters, reseating himself before answering: "Fifteen ponies! It is the price of an ordinary maiden." He pauses again and then continues, his speech showing that he too made the circle among the camps: "Yez-gan was not feasting, gambling or discussing the ponies. Ne-ha was not sleeping or dancing with the other girls. She was weaving the headdress for the fire dancers." Cle-so-gi nods in the darkness. He knows this to be true.

Again the voices drop to a low muttering. To the fifteen ponies Cle-so-gi adds sheep, but the answer is: "Ne-ha never tires in her father's service. Her feet are ever willing feet. Her tongue knows no scolding words. The sun shines into the lodge when Ne-ha enters. No other can weave as she can. She is the most graceful and beautiful of the maidens."

To the fifteen ponies and sheep Cle-so-gi adds goats and wool, and in the hour when the darkness is heaviest on the rocks and thick brush, ten more ponies.

Again there is silence, and then Btske speaks: "Yez-gan may take Na-ha to his tent when this hunt is finished."

Scarcely are the words spoken when there is a rustle among the brush behind the men. The breeze of the dawn has not yet arisen, and the men listen intently for further sound to reveal the prowler, but there is no further sound. Cle-so-gi passes around one side of the rock as Btske rounds the other, but in the instant when they listened a girlish figure, without a blanket, for blankets catch on rocks and brush, had fled up the mountain-

side and crouched behind another boulder.

When the fathers return to their seats, Ne-ha rises from her hiding place, and, though stiff with the cold, for she has crouched all night behind the men, she steps lightly over the uneven ground between her and the faint glow of the coals where there had been a huge campfire. In her heart is a great pride and joy. Her father will receive for her more ponies, wool, sheep and goats than have ever before been given for a maiden. Even now she feels the honor and consideration which will be shown the most highly valued squaw in the tribe. In the years to come, she sees herself old and wrinkled, but there will be no young squaws so highly valued as she was as a maiden.

In the very early dawn when Btske returns to his tent. Ne-ha lies under her gay blanket. She is so still that he does not for an instant connect her with the sounds which have disturbed him on the mountain side.

When the hunting parties have dispersed for the day and the camp is quiet, Ne-ha sits in the door of her uncle's lodge. He is a Medicine Man and has taught Ne-ha all she knows of weaving and painting ceremonial objects. Now the head-dress which is her work lies untouched on the ground.

She is looking at a basket, about twenty inches in diameter and four inches deep, which hangs high on the wall, well out of harm's way. It is a plain, light weave, the only design being a band of red and black about two inches from the edge. She points to the basket. "Uncle, why is not the pattern joined in the marriage basket? Why is the open space left between the ends of the red and black band?" No one knows better than Ne-ha the answer to her question, but she never tires of hearing of the faith of her people, and the old man answers as he has answered many times before: "The opening in the pattern is left that the evil one may escape."

"And if the opening should be closed?" Ne-ha leaned back against a tumbled pile of blankets, the better to gaze up at the basket. Through a blue haze of tobacco smoke the old man answers: "The maker of the basket would die and to the owner would come evil luck forever and ever."

So the long days of the hunt pass and the last night comes. There are no leaping fires, but only redly glowing beds of coals; there are no coon-can games; the horse traders are silent and the wrestlers are without a champion. There is no moon and the hush of the night reaches from shrub and rock and hill to the silent, shining stars.

Beyond the litter of the camps, all the Indians sit in a compact circle. No squaw speaks, no papoose cries. In the center of the circle sits the old Medicine Man. He faces the West, and before him on the ground is the marriage basket, the opening in the pattern toward the East. It is filled with a raw corn meal mush with a half inch of yellow corn pollen spread evenly over it. On the south side of the basket sits Ne-ha and on the north side Yez-gan.

Long moments pass and there is no movement and no sound. At last with his finger the Medicine Man draws a deep furrow through the meal. From east to west his finger moves, and the furrow lies between Ne-ha and Yez-gan, dividing the basket into halves.

Again there is a long pause, and then the Medicine Man, pushing his thumb and finger through the half-inch of pollen, takes a pinch of the meal and pollen and slowly eats it. Still, there is no sound, but the Indians in the silent circle nod their heads.

Though no word is spoken, Yez-gan and Ne-ha know their part of the ceremony. Yez-gan takes a pinch of the meal and pollen from his bride's side of the basket and, leaning forward, puts it in her mouth. When it is eaten, she takes a pinch from his side and puts it in his mouth.

Now the Medicine Man rises, and holding the basket so that the space in the pattern is always toward the east,

he passes it to Yez-gan's father. Cleso-gi knows well what he must do, and taking his pinch of meal and pollen from the south, or Ne-ha's side of the basket, he eats it slowly as the others have done. Then he passes the basket to his neighbor who, being a relative of Ne-ha, eats a bit from Yez-gan's side. And so the basket passes slowly and silently around the circle —Yez-gan's relatives eating from Ne-ha's side and Ne-ha's from Yez-gan's.. When all the relatives are served, the basket passes among the friends of the two families.

Now the Medicine Man rises. He speaks to Ne-ha and Yez-gan, but all can hear. He speaks of love and good-will, of cleanliness and temperance and morality. And Ne-ha and Yez-gan listen quietly, silently. When he ceases speaking the Indians rise and move away to their camps. Now there is shouting and laughter, and Ne-ha and Yez-gan are the noisest of all as they go away to their new lodge.

Toqui? (How Much?)

Through all the preparations for the wedding of the trader's daughter, Alice, the Indians on the Reservation watched every detail with interest and curiosity. When the wedding day arrived, three Indians sat on the floor in one corner, silent spectators of the ceremony. They saw the courtesy shown the bride and nodded their approval—she was known and loved by the Indians.

At last, one of the three silently rose and approached the trader: "Toqui?" (How much?) he asked.

"Nothing," was the trader's answer.

With an uncomprehending stare the Indian varied the form of his question: "How many ponies?"

"None," was the answer.

Again the stare and the question changed to: "Dipee?" (Sheep?)

"None," was again the reply.

"Goats?" questioned the Indian, but now there was a troubled doubt in his voice.

"None. No sheep, no goats, no ponies," replied the trader.

Again and again question and answer were repeated in varied form. At last amazed comprehension dawned in the Indian's eyes.

"You have given her away," he questioned.

"Yes, given her away," was the answer.

"White squaw do-hie-yea (no good)?" The question came in grieved surprise, for Alice was the Navajo's friend.

"Oh, yes, much good. Beautiful, kind generous; we love her dearly," patiently explained the trader.

"But she not worth anything—no horses, no sheep, no goats—nothing?"

"She is worth all the world to us."

"Worth all the world, and you give her away? Worth nothing, nothing," the Indian muttered.

For an hour the trader explained the white man's wedding customs, but when he ceased the Indian merely shook his head, and turned away still muttering: "White squaw do hie yea—not worth anything."

He spoke a few words to his companions and they gathered their blankets about them to leave. In vain the trader offered them part of the wedding feast. When Alice entreated her red friends to stay they walked past her in disdainful silence. She was beneath notice—a squaw worth nothing.

The weeks passed, and Alice was happy in her new home in the Fort. She made new friends among the army men and their wives; her old friends came and went. But never a Navajo glanced at her or spoke. The old understanding and friendship was gone. To them she was "do-hie-yea," worth nothing, "the squaw given away."

Pseudo Apostles of the Present Day

By Pastor Russell

Pastor of The New York City Temple and Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

PART III

"And thou hast tried them which say they are Apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars."—Revelation 2:2.

The Present Outlook.

NOW, this is what we are expecting. We do not know just how soon it will be. It may be months, it may be a year or so. But we see that it is very near. We cannot think that the present conditions in Europe will last very much longer without revolution breaking out. I shall be much astonished if some of the countries do not enter into revolution within a year. These nations are impoverishing themselves. Great Britain has already contracted a debt of thirteen billions of dollars, and her minister of finance has told her that nine billions more will be required to keep the war running another year. That will make twenty-two billions. What does that mean? It means that at 5 per cent interest, one billion one hundred million of dollars would have to be raised every year just to pay the interest alone. Do you think the British people can afford to raise that amount every year? Not at all! Do you think they will do it? No. I believe these bonds will be repudiated, and not in Great Britain alone, but the same is true of France and of Russia. Their children for generations to come could not pay off those debts. They are madly attempting to embargo future generations. Yet all of these countries are saying: "We will not give in. We must conquer!" Well, we shall see! I stake my opinion on the Bible. All these nations will become more and more weakened, revolution everywhere will follow, and they will be crumbled into dust. Every one of them will pass away. Not a kingdom will be left in all Europe.

Then what will come? Anarchy, naturally enough. And all this because the rich and the poor will say: "Never mind the law!" just as the nations are now saying, in the same anarchistic spirit, "Never mind international law!" Every one of these nations has violated international law. Is this a Christian war? Of course, they all claim that they are fighting for the good of the human race, for the advancement of progress and civilization. But they are fighting to maintain their commerce on the sea, and they are willing to barter the lives of hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of men, if they can preserve their financial standing and increase it and have plenty of business for the future. That is their attitude.

Until this war began it was thought proper to sell even an enemy bread, just as the Bible says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." But the latest form of Christian (?) doctrine is, "Starve him! Let us take every advantage possible!" Not even by parcel post or in any way can any food get into Germany. All this is the spirit of anarchy. And it will spread from nations to individuals. The Bible describes what is coming: "Every man's hand shall be against his brother. There shall be no peace to him that goeth out, nor to him that cometh in."—

Zachariah 8:10; 14:13; Isaiah 9:19; 19:2; Ezekiel 38:21-23.

Man's Extremity God's Opportunity

Ominous as are present conditions, the true children of God can with peace and confidence look up and lift up their heads, since they know that however terrible may be the oncoming troubles, God has provided that through this doorway—Armageddon—Messiah's Kingdom is to be ushered in—the Kingdom of God's dear Son. It will mean deliverance, first to the Church of Christ, then to the world. The Bible intimates very clearly that just at the height of anarchy, when men get to the place where everything is going by the board, then will be the opportune moment for Messiah to intervene. Man's extremity will be God's opportunity.

In the 107th Psalm, verses 25-31, there is a picture given representing a great storm at sea when men are tossed about and in a terrible condition, and their souls melt within them. "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses; He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Then there is another similar picture. Our Lord Jesus stilled the waves upon the sea of Galilee when the storm was raging and threatening to engulf the ship and all therein. The disciples cried to the Master in their distress, and He arose and rebuked the wind and the waves, and said: "Peace! be still!" and immediately the billows were quiet and the winds ceased, and all was calm. We believe this is a picture of how the Kingdom of Christ will be inaugurated. The Lord will wait until the world is frenzied with fear and despair. They will come to see then that unless the Lord helps them all is lost, everything will go to destruction. Then they will cry unto Him as did the disciples of old, when they said, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?"

The nations will not then pray to the Lord as they are praying now, each taking it for granted that He is on their side—not as the Germans pray, saying: "God is with us. Lord, give us the victory over the Russians and French and British!" and not as the Russians, British and French are praying, "Lord bless our armies, and give us the victory over the Germans; help us to crush them!" No, no! It will then be a prayer of real distress. They will not be boasting then, they will have become humble. For "The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that Day (the Day now begun.)" (Isaiah 2:11, 12; 17-22.) But the Lord will permit present civilization to go into destruction, because He has something far better for the world. He will not put a patch upon the old garment. He will have an altogether new arrangement. There will be a "new heavens," a new ecclesiastical arrangement, the Church in glory, and a "new earth," a new social and political order, under control of the Heavenly Kingdom then to take the reins of government.

When we see that it is through the portals of this great Time of Trouble, a trouble such as never was since there was a nation, that the wonderful blessings of Messiah's Kingdom are to come, then we can have confidence in God and rest of heart even while we see the clouds gathering blacker and blacker. We can rejoice, not at the pain and sorrow and trouble, but because we know that as soon as the entire Church is glorified with her Lord the Kingdom will be fully set up in power, which is to bless and deliver all the families of the earth and bring to mankind the full, clear knowledge of the true character of God, and scatter all the ignorance and blindness, and raise men up from their fallen condition of sin, sorrow and death, up into the light and blessedness of sons of God—whosoever will, when clear light and opportunity are given.

So our hearts are calm and restful in the Lord, despite present conditions and what is soon to come. It will be

a brief, dark night, just before the glorious Morning. It will be the wound of the kind but skilful Surgeon who wounds to heal. The malady affecting mankind requires thorough and drastic treatment. Then, in view of these things, let us point men, not so much to the troubles now accumulating and just ahead, but rather to the great blessings beyond. Let us point them to the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom alone there will be safety and rest and strength in this Time of Trouble. The great plowshare of sorrow must do its necessary work to prepare mankind for the New Age, with its uplifting blessings under the Kingdom of Christ.

BROTHERHOOD

How the flageolet of Lolo
Times shy Mimi's twinkling feet,
While birds orchestrate the solo,
Carolling where green boughs meet!
Come the Winter and the wolf howl,
Come the driving sleet and snow,
Lolo bending to the sky's scowl,
Mimi trembling in her woe.

Here the mart of Moneytaker
Where the gold discs roll and ring;
Yonder toils the furrow maker—
Half a beggar, half a king.
Here's My Lord, a hero-bandit;
There's a gypsy is the same!
Brand o' lust?—Milady fanned it,
And yon farm lass knows its flame.

Squires and cottagers commingle;
Sunbeams play with umber shade.
Common coins hobnob and jingle
In the pouch of monk and blade.
High religion stoops to passion;
Rags extend their arms to Heaven.
Fools of wealth buy—'tis the fashion!—
Ruth and rue . . . These are life's leaven!

What its heart? When large disaster
Whelms alike both rich and poor,
One are prince and poetaster,
One both baronet and boor.
Hands across the narrowing chasm,
Helpful, indiscriminate,
Lay that ghost, the Ego-phasm—
Love how true, how transient hate!

Let disease but spread contagion,
Let black peril loom above,—
Man's no other than a brother
And low aims are lost in love!

ARTHUR POWELL.



CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

By Joe Whitnah

Unnumbered days I labored wearily
Where mad men fought ferociously for gain
The singing gladness and the weeping pain
Of towns had ceased to stir a song in me;
My heart was sick, my soul in livery,
My life enfettered by a golden chain,
My tall hopes prostrated and my grand dreams slain.
Then came I here to Carmel-by-the-Sea.

And dropped my cloak of sorrows on the shore;
For here, beside this bluest of the bays,
A man forgets the wild and futile roar
Of streets, the aching lights, the nameless days
He scattered by the roadside in his vain, vain quest—
And learns at last how sweet it is to rest.


BERNIA STRINGER LEE.
1910.



A country landscape across the bay from San Francisco.



In the redwood country.



On the border of Lake Tahoe in the Sierras



Along the old Camino Real— King's Highway—dotted by the missions of early California.



The western slope of the Santa Lucia mountains dipping down to the Pacific Ocean



A typical stream in the Coast Range



A glimpse of the picturesque Ojai Valley, Southern California





A typical mountain lake in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California.



Character of the great mountain ranges in British Columbia and Alaska.

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East view of the Davidson Glacier, showing the saplings and firs on the front of the moraine.

Ten Days On a Glacier

By George Frederick Coggan

Illustrated by photographs taken by the author

DAVIDSON Glacier, under its snow covering, which is luring me, is a branch of the great Muir glacier, and was named for Prof. George Davidson of the U. S. Geological Survey. It belongs to the type of "Mountain Glaciers" in contrast with the "Tidewater Glaciers" of Glacier Bay and Taku Inlet.

Sailing up Lynn Canal in "The Inside Passage," en route to Skagway, tourists see Davidson Glacier on the west side, not far from Haines. Like a great ice-wedge, about three miles at the base, it stretches back between its mountain gateway for nearly thirty



Looking north along main part of Davidson Glacier, the dotted lines showing the route taken by the party.

miles, to Muir Glacier. Between the base of the ice, and tidewater, there is a moraine, on which is a dense growth of trees. These have probably sprung up since the glacier's recession from the bay. Some believe, however, it has never descended that far, and always belonged to the group of Alaska's "Mountain Glaciers." Reflecting the unusual glow of an Alaskan sunset, Old Davidson is one of the attractions of the trip.

The Start—Fort Seward to Chilkat.

Leaving Fort William H. Seward on February 1, 1915, at 9 a. m., with our ten days' rations on a Yukon sled, Jeswinne, my companion, and I proceeded to Chilkat Village. Although it is only three miles southwest of the fort, it took us nearly three hours to reach there, because of our task of taking our sled—without dogs, up the hill and over the beach. We were fresh, however, at the start, and "mushing it" was not so very difficult. The term "mushing" comes from the French verb "marcher," to go on—a command used by the old French traders to their dog train.

Chilkat village, which might boast of the first cannery established in Alaska in 1889, is now quite deserted. It was once the home of probably the most aristocratic tribe of Alaska Indians—the Chilkats—who kept the races to the north from advancing on those of the Southeastern Peninsula. We had to stay in the town over night, to wait for a favorable wind to take us down to Glacier Point. Finding a hut, containing a fair cook stove, and two bunks, and having our blankets with us, we were not so badly off, as we at first thought.

Glacier Ranches.

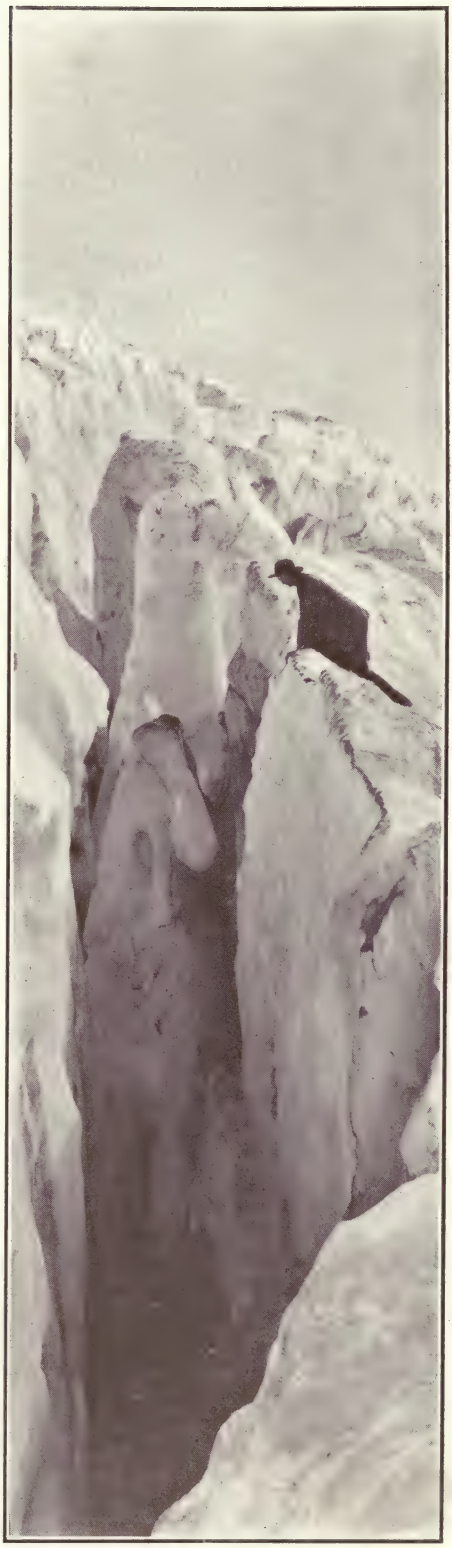
The idea of a ranch, almost at the foot of a glacier! It does not seem possible! But this big land, up here,

is full of surprises, and contrasts as well. In a stretch of six or seven miles there are four ranches—all log huts, as the pictures indicate. Each has a good barn, and root house, and enough hay is harvested in September to keep the stock all winter. These four ranches have five horses, eight head of cattle, and two dogs. There is but one married man on the Point—a Mr. Ward. His wife is also quite distinguished, for she is the only woman within a radius of twenty miles, except a few natives who are found camping out all winter, in the most ungodly spots on earth.

The Ten Mile Sail to the Point.

The little dory, in which we are to sail to the Point has been lying high and dry on the beach, at the mercy of the north wind, so it is necessary to put pitch into her seams. This we did, quite carefully, and at last sailed away from Chilkat. By noon we were on our ten mile journey to the Point, with our own supplies, as well as those of our host, Mr. Congar. There were about sixteen hundred pounds in the little boat, and of course it took all the wind there was to keep moving. As our caulking and pitch did not hold we had to bail water most of the way. Four hours elapsed before we made the ten miles, and each of us was as exhausted as if we had taken our dory with the oars.

The scenery on the entire trip was very interesting. On the east side is Haines' Peninsula, and on the west the mainland, and Chilkat Range, with its rugged, snow-capped peaks, and numerous glaciers—arms of the Davidson Glacier. "Rainbow Glacier," three thousand feet up in the Chilkat Range, has an appearance decidedly like a rainbow—hence the name. On the east side we sailed by "Smokehouse Bay," named for "Smokehouse Mike," who made his living there in 1896, smoking halibut, and selling it to prospectors and trappers who were going inside. Catchan Island, which



A giant crevasse.



Transportation on the snowfields of Alaska. "Mushing," Jesswinne in harness

we passed, to the westward, is only inhabited by natives in the summer. As we came nearer to Glacier Point and the glacier, Sullivan Island and Horton Point loomed up larger. The latter receives its name from Mr. and Mrs. Horton, who were murdered there in 1898 by the Indians. The story of this murder, due originally to the influence of a "witch-doctor" or "medicine man," is certainly thrilling, but we are concerned here with a glacier, not with Indian superstitions and justice, odd though they may be.

The Little Glacier Camp.

The log hut, where we are to dwell, during the period of our glacier exploration, seems cramped to one used to the space of a city home. A room about twelve by fifteen feet, containing a cook stove, table, four chairs and three bunks does service for sitting room, sleeping room, dining room, kitchen, as well as dark room for my plates. As I write at one end of the table, Mr. Congar, as chef, is preparing the famous "sourdough" biscuits at the other end.

Our menu has been limited as far as meat is concerned, because the game we expected to get has been disappointing. After several attempts, we succeeded in shooting a fine mallard, but while he was hanging outside, awaiting a partner for the frying pan, the tomcat, which came with us from Skagway, ate him. "Nellie," the little spaniel, which braves the iciest water, is also quite a thief, and goes by the name of the "Bacon Hound," because she has had her nose fast in a can of bacon-grease.

The Awful Silence.

Jeswinne has reverted to the past, for he is buried in a "Blue Book" magazine only three years old! But what is the space of three short years in this land, where time counts for nothing at all? Are we not in the near presence of an ice-mass, centuries upon centuries old? The little log hut is crude and small, but it is as warm and cosy as heart could wish. There are compensations for its isolation, and the fearful stillness outside, made worse by the contrasting notes of the



On the roof of the Alaskan mountains.



The Covelman's ranch headquarters and some of the livestock.

Eldred Rock fog-horn. Here is the only true "Hush," and "The Peace of the World Piled on Top" that Robert Service tells about in his "Spell of the Yukon." That tremendous icy thing, so near our door, that spectacle of bigness and grandeur and frozenness, makes one recall the following lines:

"Were you ever out in the Great Alone
When the moon was awful clear,
And the icy mountains hemmed you in
With a silence you most could hear?"

The Third Day—On the Glacier

On the third day we started for the glacier, Jeswinne, an Indian trapper and myself. We took cameras, tripod, creepers, and about one hundred feet of stout rope. We went south along the beach, about one and a half miles to the Davidson river, now frozen. Although there were about two feet of snow, on top of the ice, and we had no snow shoes, still going was fairly good for us, as we proceeded up the river. It took us due west for about a mile, then a sharp turn took us north, and we were right under the ice-mass. It was so overpowering in its majesty and immensity that we just stood still and looked. We had been told that what we intended doing, getting on that thing in winter, with the crevasses covered with snow, was next to impossible. When we informed the ranchers of our proposed undertaking they called it a "Death Flirt," and refused to accompany us. The trapper was the only one brave enough to come with us. In spite of all discouragements, we got on the ice and proceeded due north, decidedly uphill. We had only gone about five or six hundred feet when the snow let Jeswinne through into a crevasse about six feet deep. He went so suddenly that he was out of sight before we could tighten the rope. This was only a small hole, compared to some bottomless ones twenty feet wide, to the edge of which I climbed. Taking this disappearance of my companion as a warning, we went back and ap-



Mr. Ward's ranch. Mrs. Ward is the only white woman for miles around in that region.

proached the main outlet from the glacier to the river bed. I never expect to see a grander sight. Ice everywhere! Everywhere ice! The formation is a perfect theatre dome, about two hundred feet high, and four hundred wide. The bed runs under the ice about fifty feet, and the background of ice yawns out and up in fan shape. It is pure sky blue—like blue crystaline dolomite.

Surprises on the Glacier.

Not only did the temperature surprise me, it being considerably warmer here than on the beach, but the presence of mosquitoes. Imagine mosquitoes on a glacier! Verily, hundreds of them—nearly as large as wasps! They did not bother us as much as we at first feared. Mosquitoes and glacier ice! Another example of contrasts in this most unusual country. A large flock of pretty snowbirds flew around us, as if giving us welcome, and then disappeared towards the willows, and their moraine nests, about a quarter of a mile or so away.

Prospecting.

Our next task, and pleasure, was to prospect around in the rock and earth, that is steadily working up from under the ice, as the glacier recedes, forming hills and mounds. There we found float, quartz bearing mostly slate and porphyry. We also found copper, quartz and gold float.

View of the Main Body of Glacier.

Taking the southern bank of the glacier, we proceeded up about two thousand feet, partly on the ice, and partly on the mountain and from there we photographed the main body of the ice, and the river bed down to the beach. We did quite a little climbing on the ice at this point, but it is dangerous, as it is next to impossible to tell what is underfoot until the snow crust breaks. The same



Our leaking dory, in which we sailed ten miles from Chilkat to Glacier Point

trail took us back to camp, in about six and one-half hours. I was greatly tempted to cross the main body and go along the beach from the other side (which is a matter of about three and a half or four miles) but decided to wait until the snow is gone. Then it will be an easy proposition.

Through a Glacier Forest.

February 4th and 5th kept us inside, wind, snow and rain having a race with each other. Saturday, the 6th, was clear, with a fair breeze from the north, and there was six inches of snow on top of that we already had. Not being able on our first trip to the glacier to take a picture of the main body of the ice, where it comes out, and down, between the two mountains, we again set out—this time we went through the woods, due west from our cabin door, penetrating the timber line, which is nearly one-half a mile of fir trees, some as high as one hundred feet. Through the firs and the "Devil Stickers" the going was good, but we had one-half mile of saplings and willows ahead of us. The snow was three to five feet deep in places, and we had to beat it down with our hands, and then climb on top—only to fall down again in a different place. The nearest we reached the foot of the glacier was about a quarter of a mile. There was, however, a rise that took us above most of the trees, and after cutting down a few of the tallest, we were on a level with the glacier, and had, at last, a clean sweep of vision. Here was a mammoth chunk of ice, three miles wide at the base, stretching away about thirty miles to its union with the main or Muir Glacier. After looking as far as eye could reach, and obtaining some photographs, I felt my curiosity and desire were satisfied. There is pleasure in doing what others tell you you cannot do. I have seen, and been on Davidson Glacier in winter, in spite of warnings and hardships. I shall go back to the fort, with my records and pictures, hoping to return in the summer season, to behold the same wonderful object, under a warmer sun, without the winter's snow-covering.

Knights of the Open

By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders

O! you're off, my Knight of the Open,
Up, up on the swell of the trail,
You will ascend to those summits,
Where God and His forces prevail.
The white clouds above you will beckon,
The wind-bugle lure you ahead,
And you will grow great with that greatness
Of which the world's heroes are bred.
Your soul will expand with new vision,
Your heart throb in perfect accord
With the Spaces, the Stars, the vast Open
And the elements wrought by the Lord.

The game that you play is of danger—
Yet danger but tempers the soul—
And who would sink down in stagnation
With a challenge, a chance and a goal!
You'll struggle and grapple and conquer
Each obstacle barring your way;
The fanged peak that looms up before you,
The wild thing that crouches at bay.
And I shall be caged in the city,
Oppressed by the hurrying crowds,
While my thoughts are with you in the mountains,
And my spirit's with yours in the clouds.

You're part of the Bigness Unbounded,
A part of the Freedom that flows
In the sweep of the rolling prairies
And the heights that are shrined in the snows.
And you'll win that deep peace that we've yearned for—
The peace that the mountains alone
Grant those of the tried and trusted
That the Solitudes mark for their own.
The passionate sunset will woo you;
The pale moon will yield you her beams,
And the thrall of the Wild will possess you—
But leave me, beloved, your Dreams!

When the trail is dim with the twilight
And the Ev'ning Star shines in the West,
And the earth is all hushed with that silence
That quickens the throb of the breast;
When the shadows steal up from the canyons,
And the forests seem awesome, strange,
And looming up on the horizon
Is the great painted sweep of the Range;—
Then know that a presence is with you,
A Prayer-thought that thrills from afar,
Bridges the Silence, the Distance,
From a Watcher who hails the same Star!

Lois Weber Smalley

By Ernestine Black

ONE of the most interesting figures in the moving picture world to-day is Lois Weber, who in private life is Mrs. Smalley. Mrs. Smalley is the most distinguished and highest salaried woman director in the world to-day, and perhaps the only one who has made good, measured up to the severest standards applied to men.

Mrs. Smalley is at present with the Universal Film Company in Los Angeles, and she has not only directed, but has written some of the record-breaking photo plays that have the unique distinction of a propaganda slant. But because they never lean backwards with propaganda they have been a box office success. She has set forth in a dignified and dramatic manner some of the complex questions which are challenging intelligent thinkers the world over, who are identifying themselves with one group or another interested in social readjustment. .

Mrs. Smalley lives in a charming house in Hollywood, and there she gave a precious hour to an interviewer, an hour amputated somehow from a day so long that it stretches beyond the imagination of those who punch a time clock. For Mrs. Smalley not only writes and produces the big, serious things put out by the Universal people, but occasionally she acts in them—just to fit another bit of work into the mosaic of the days and weeks and months!

She is a pioneer in the moving picture business—which means that she has been in it about ten years. She and her husband were ambitious young people in the legitimate drama with a bride-and-groom determination not to take separate engagements. But the managers did not look kindly upon their marital resolve not to let the stage separate them, and after a year or two of unsatisfactory engagements they wandered by chance into the moving picture field, then a newly plowed field with few surface showing of the rich soil which has yielded some art and enormous profits.

That Mrs. Smalley has been a large shareholder in holding up the standards of the moving picture industry goes without dispute in the screen world. She has been a director for a number of the big companies, and is one of the big personalities in the photo-play world.

If one is looking for an adventure in generalities, one must not by any chance interview Mrs. Smalley.

She has a specific creed, an erect and full grown idea about the place and power of the moving picture, and the marvel of it is that she has been able to keep her creed and commercial success moving in the same set!

Mrs. Smalley agrees with educators and propagandists that the screen has more exalted ends than have yet been glimpsed by most producers. She is one of the forward looking directors who has helped make the fight to give intellectual athleticism a place on the screen instead of reserving it entirely for comedy gymnastics and sob slush.

The person most irrelevantly concerned with the moving picture world must realize how difficult it is to accomplish anything without the sustaining confidence of the herd. Every time Mrs. Smalley has put over a big idea she has had to first convince the management that the public would stand



Lois Weber Smalley

for something not cut to the commonplace pattern, the sort of perfect 38, guaranteed to fit the figure of any audience. For managers as a class are, of course, more interested in box receipts than in any departure from the ubiquitous.

Yet so marvelous have been her successes in putting over ideas of intellectual quality that the big producers have come to regard her as standing in something of the same relation to modern propaganda as yeast does to the deceptive dough.

Take, for example, the subject of birth control. It is safe to assert that no producer in the country would dare to tackle that subject from the intellectual standpoint and hope to make a commercial success of it with any other director than Mrs. Smalley. There are plenty of directors and scenario writers who would approach such a subject with the ugly complacency

generated by shabby feelings and salaciousness.

But Mrs. Smalley is a woman of exquisite feeling and high-minded discrimination, combined with a gift for keeping the preachment in a photoplay so delicately balanced that the dramatic integrity is never seriously threatened.

To be sure, her play on Birth Control, called "Where Are My Children?" has not entirely satisfied the Birth Control League. The members of this organization have no quarrel with the statement that the production is done with force and seriousness, but they would have liked to see the emphasis put in another place.

I expected Mrs. Smalley to rise in wrath when I told her that the propagandists were not at all satisfied with it. But she patiently heard me out, while I expatiated on their objections —that the play puts all the emphasis on abortion and the birth control movement, which is antagonistic to the general practice of abortion is, by inference, put in the position of defending it.

The Birth Control League simply asks the human race not to shirk the study of the human family. It has the civilized creed that instead of accident and natural selection, human selection and reason shall govern the size of families. It makes a stand for better babies, and in the long run that does not even mean fewer babies, for no one can dispute the statistics on child mortality.

Mortality increases as the number of children per family increases, until we have a death rate in families of 8 and more, which is 2½ times as great as that in families of 4 and under. A record case is that which came under the observation of Miss Jane Addams. An Italian woman in the neighborhood of Hull House bore 22 children, and raised two of them. The records of all nations show conclusively that there is a startlingly lower mortality rate in small families than in large ones.

Mrs. Smalley's picture starts in the slums, and shows the dreadful conditions under which child bearing and rearing constantly menace the human race. She introduces a doctor, a high-minded idealist, who has come to believe in birth control through a study of these conditions. He is sentenced to imprisonment. In contrast to this physician is the abortionist whose clientele is among wealthy women who refuse to accept motherhood.

"The Birth Control League," said Mrs. Smalley, "would have all the emphasis on the first part. Well, say to them that when the National Board of Censorship gets through with a photoplay the beautiful balance which may have been in the original production is apt to be destroyed, and the whole thing wobbles over to one side or the other. Then there are State and city boards of censorship, and by the time they have each taken a fling at a play it may have lost all resemblance to the original. For example, in my native State of Pennsylvania the entire first part of the play was excised by the censors. The scenes in the slums, and all the incidents going to prove that under certain conditions birth control was justifiable, were entirely cut out, and any believers in birth control who happened to see the play in that State would not give me credit for stating their cause at all.

"But I'll admit that the play just as I produced it would not entirely satisfy an ardent propagandist. The propagandist who recognizes the moving picture as a powerful means of putting out a creed, never seems to have any conception of the fact that an idea has to come to terms with the dramatic if it is to be a successful screen drama. Very few propagandists can think in pictures, and they would have us put out a picture that no one in the world but the people already interested in a subject would ever go to see!"

The fact that Mrs. Smalley has made such an enviable and honorable place for herself as a director in the photoplay world opens up vistas for other women who are willing to bring to it constant study and hard work in addition to creative talent.

Over Cold Creek Divide

By Ralph Cummins

THE light from a dozen fires flickered upon a line of men strung out across a gravel bar. The men faced a boulder strewn clearing at the farther side of which stood an old log cabin; beyond the cabin a wild mountain stream roared upon the frosty night air.

The line wavered and swayed as the men danced and swung their arms, fighting the bitter cold, for in spite of the ice and snow upon the ground the men were very lightly dressed, bare calves showing below some of the overcoats or mackinaws that hung about their shoulders. On the ground before each man, or held in his hands, were a hammer and a small piece of board with a paper tacked upon it; into each board a nail was started ready to be driven.

In the rear shadows a number of warmly clad men talked and laughed among themselves, and forced unwelcome advice upon the shivering ones in front.

Down at the very end of the line a small man with a little pointed cap pushed back upon his close-cropped gray head, rubbed a stinging ear with his knarled hand. Impatiently he reassured a pestering group.

"Sure, I'm all right," he growled. "Now, you boys, just quit worrying about me. It's going to be just as easy."

"Don't you forget big Mell Daskin," cautioned a friend. "He's a tough one if he is a college kid. And he's knocked around this country over a year now. Made his brags, he has, how he's going right away from you."

"Huh!" the little man snorted. "He ain't got a chance. Them kids is all right on a nice level track with a lot of girls to yell and throw flowers. But when it comes to the real thing like this is going to be—— No, sir, he'll find this ain't none of his Marathon picnics."

"He says you're too old, Jack—says you can't stand the grind."

"Old!" Iron Jack Ruddy straightened. "Well, I am old. Sixty-one, I am. But I'm still a better man than that big kid. Why, I've hiked these mountains all my life. That's what'll count. Oh, they's nothing to it. He won't last to the summit."

Up near the end of the line a tall man held a watch to the lantern that he carried.

"Five minutes!" he called sharply.

Half way down the rank a lean, boyish giant towered above the heads of an admiring court. He laughed and joked, and refused to give serious attention to warnings or advice.

"Too late," he bantered. "I can't do any more training. It's all right, though, boys. All my life I've run long cross-country races and I've never been beaten."

"You look out for Iron Jack," admonished a pessimist. "He's the real old-timer of this bunch, and he's harder than that name of his. He's been making fun of your chances all the time."

The young man laughed good-naturedly.

"Poor old chap. It would be a joke if it wasn't so pathetic. Why, boys, he's an old man. He may have been an iron man once, and he may have the nerve now, but age will tell. He hasn't a chance. Youth and years of scientific training—that's what he has against him."

"That's all right," admitted the self-

constituted coach; "but he's a mountaineer. He got that 'Iron' nickname packing hundred-pound loads on his back into the Devil's Slide country. He may be old, but you mind what I say: he's the one you've got to beat."

"The man with the watch hooked his left arm through the handle of the lantern and drew a revolver.

"Two minutes!" He walked briskly to the center of the line and addressed the men:

"Now, remember, boys! This is the north line of the Crazy Ann. You run straight ahead five hundred feet to the cabin and nail your notice anywhere on the outside walls. Then you're off, and for God's sake don't shove each other off that footlog."

He looked at his watch.

"Forty seconds!"

The men in the line threw off their surplus clothing and prepared for action. Each gripped his hammer and board, and felt to see that another piece of paper was secure in its pocket.

The starter trotted back and raised his gun.

"Ten seconds! Ready!"

The men stood tense and grim. Some leaned forward, others crouched hands touching the ground in the manner of sprinters, but mostly they stood erect, waiting.

At the crack of the gun the line broke into a scrambling mob. Men collided with each other and fell, those behind stumbling over their bodies. Jostling and struggling, they swept across the clearing.

Well ahead of the squirming mass darted the tall figure of the athlete. Anticipating the riot that would ensue when ninety-seven men attempted, at the same time, to nail a board upon that cabin wall, he had "'beaten the gun" in the manner of the experienced runner. Sprinting easily, he reached the cabin and tacked the first notice upon the logs. Falling into a slow trot he crossed the swaying footlog and shot up the farther bank.

Iron Jack Ruddy was not a sprinter. When he reached the cabin it was deep in a swarm of swearing men.

"Not any of that for me," muttered the old man, and waited until the crowd thinned. When he saw an opening he slipped in, nailed up his board and ran down to the river. He was nearly the last to cross the footlog.

Up the bank from the crossing the men turned into a rough trail. They trotted a few steps until the gaps were closed, then all settled into a long-stepped, shambling walk.

There was no need now for sprinting, or hurrying, or crowding. For their destination was Reeka, the countyseat, sixty-three miles over the snow-capped Cold Creek Divide.

* * * *

Old Sam Grout was queer in a number of ways, but the fact that he located the Crazy Ann back in the fifties and then never worked the rich gravel, was evidence enough to prove it.

The Crazy Ann really was rich. The bar was the best on Indian River, the claim above Grout's having yielded a quarter of a million, while the one below was said to have been even richer.

But Sam Grout just squatted there and never mined the claim. And he refused to sell or lease, although he had some frantic offers as the years passed and good placer ground became scarce. Each year he did his assessment work, wheeling into sluice-boxes set in a little side stream. Just one hundred dollars worth of work he did, never a day more. From that assessment work he took out enough gold for his living—how much more nobody knew.

After following this strange course for over fifty years Sam Grout disappeared. Just dropped out, no one knew how nor where. He had no relatives that any one in the Indian River District had ever heard of, and his friends, owing to his crabbed, solitude-loving nature, were very few. So his neighbors poked through the thicket above the cabin, and looked in the big pool below, then put the matter out of their minds.

A few days later, however, another phase of the situation popped into every one's head at the same time. "What about the Crazy Ann?"

Old Grout was first missed in August. His assessment work was not done, for it was his custom to wait for the water of the first fall rains. The assessment work had to be done before January 1st, or the claim would revert to the government and become open for location.

As the months passed and the old man did not re-appear, the whole country became deeply interested in the Crazy Ann. As early as October a number of the Indian River miners began planning to be on the ground at midnight of December 31st. Many others gave up the idea at the second thought, for to make the location good it was necessary for the locator to record his duplicate notice at the county-seat. And Reeka was sixty-three miles distant over an eight thousand foot mountain range.

During seven months of the year the whole Indian River country was shut off from the east by the barrier of the Cold Creek Mountains. To reach Reeka in winter meant a detour of several hundred miles by way of the coast, or a dangerous, heart-breaking snow-shoe climb across the range. So only the hardy ones thought seriously of trying for the Crazy Ann, for it was plain that it would mean a race —a winter race over Cold Creek Divide. It took nerve even to think of it.

When it became evident that there was small chance of old Grout returning, and that the location surely would be made, several of the district's old-timers got together and called a mass meeting. Rules were agreed upon, and arrangements were made for the run to be conducted by a committee. Though possible to use horses over twenty miles of the distance, it was finally decided to prohibit their use, and to let human endurance alone determine the outcome.

Ninety-seven men faced the starter on that cold winter night, but only a half-dozen were recognized as having a chance. Among this handful were Mell Daskin, a young college athlete, who was learning quartz mining in the Blue Lead, and Iron Jack Ruddy, old-time miner and prospector. Both Daskin and Ruddy were men of proven nerve and strength, the qualities that would be drawn upon in such a test of endurance. Each possessed unlimited confidence in his own physical powers, and looked upon the possibility of losing as a joke. The feeling caused by the rivalry between the two had been fanned by well meaning friends into a flame of bitter antagonism that threatened to blaze into downright enmity.

So in the raw chill of that January morning ninety-seven strong men raced for the Crazy Ann. Snake-like, the shadowy line wound up through the rocks and chaparral clumps of a steep ridge. Behind lay the dark gash of Indian River, above, gleaming white in the starlight, hung the saw-tooth summit of Cold Creek Divide.

The men kept together, for the race was not to the swift, but to the man who possessed the will to drive his body for thirty endless hours. They knew that long before the summit was reached the God of Defeat would begin taking his toll, and each man was well content to hold his place in the line.

At snow line, fifteen miles out, friends of the contestants had pitched a camp to furnish coffee and lunch. A short stop was made while the men stamped about a big fire eating sandwiches and gulping hot coffee. Then they were off again, each man carrying upon his back a pair of "webs," for within the next few miles they would be forced to begin the dreaded battle with twenty miles of snow.

The first beams of sunlight were glimmering on Norcross Peak when Jack Ruddy clumped in a wide sweep around Swede Alf, and slipped into the tracks of the leader, Mell Daskin.

The old man darted a sharp glance at his rival. The athlete was going strong, but he had maintained his

place in the lead, and breaking trail through five miles of soft snow was killing work. Evidently he imagined that to step aside and force the next man to take the lead would be a confession of weakness.

Another, in Ruddy's position, might have let the big fellow go on breaking trail and thus reap a great advantage. But to the mountaineer such a course was impossible even if he had thought of it.

"Spellin' time, Kid," he called.

Daskin twisted his head about. He had not lived long enough in this big country to be thoroughly familiar with mountain ethics.

"What say?" he asked suspiciously when Jack came up to him.

"Spellin' time," repeated the old man. "Time to change. You're gettin' so weak your knees are wobblin'. 'Bout all in, ain't you?"

The blood flamed into the others face.

"I'll be going hours after you have quit," he snarled, as he backed from the trail.

The mountaineer only snorted and struck into the soft snow.

The trail was entirely obliterated. All they could do was to follow the ridge. The going was fearfully hard; in some places twenty feet of snow covered the ground, while in others patches of jagged rocks confronted them.

When Jack had broken trail for half an hour, the athlete called to him. The old man stepped aside.

"Thought you'd quit," he remarked. "Better go back before you get plumb played out."

The younger man stopped.

"See here, Ruddy, you've been making remarks like that about me and to me ever since this run was first thought of. Why?"

Iron Jack whirled.

"Don't seem you've got any call to roar. You been doin' some spoutin' yourself."

The boy started to reply angrily, then shrugged his big shoulders and pushed forward.

At the end of the next half-hour Jack called, "Time," and they changed places without another word.

One hour, two hours, three, they toiled up toward the white crest of the divide. The ridge became steeper and rougher as they neared the top. Several times they were compelled to remove their snowshoes to clamber up a cliff, or over a pile of rocks. The sun shot blinding rays across the snow. The sweat rolled into their eyes and oozed from their bodies to weight heavily their flannel shirts. Each half-hour the man in the rear called out and the other stepped to one side to let him pass.

Coming out upon a point, they saw, far below, several ant-like figures crawling up their trail.

"Darn fools," grunted Ruddy. "They ought to have sense enough to quit. They'll never make it across."

The gray summit loomed nearer and nearer. Struggling up the last sharp rise, they came out upon a bare, wind-swept jumble of granite a short hundred yards from the top. But as Ruddy, treading gingerly, attempted to reach the snow-bank on the farther side, he stepped on a treacherous rock and stumbled. A great hole ripped across the web of one of his shoes. Swearing softly, the old man hitched himself to one side and began untying the damaged shoe.

"Go ahead, Kid," he grumbled. "This'll take me half an hour."

Mell stood for a moment regarding the little mountaineer as he removed his other shoe and pulled a handful of thongs from his pocket. Then the athlete produced a small repair kit and stepped forward.

With the broken shoe stuck in the snow between them, the two men deftly took up the severed rawhide strips and placed them into place. After a ten minute delay they were again on the move.

As they hurried on the old mountaineer let his keen eyes rest for an observing instant upon the back of the college man.

"He seems to be holding up well,"

he decided. "It's his nerve, though. He's mighty tired right now."

It was just noon when they crossed the summit. A short distance down the Reeks side they came upon a camp fire, a light pack of grub spread upon a blanket, and a lanky old-timer bending over a coffee pot.

"Got you a lunch, Jack," greeted the man, glancing sharply at Ruddy. "How you making it?"

"Good enough," drawled Iron Jack, unfastening his shoes. "That coffee sure smells right." He lowered himself upon a corner of the blanket and took the tin plate his friend passed him. "Come on, Mell, this'll brace you up so you can make another mile or two."

"No," refused Daskin, "I can't eat your grub. There's no friendship and not much courtesy in this game. I'd rather not accept favors from the man I'm going to beat."

"Beat hell!" exclaimed Ruddy, accepting a cup of steaming coffee. "Why, Kid, you're such a nervy cuss that I been figuring on giving you a job on the Crazy Ann next winter." Then as Mell opened his mouth to make a hot retort: "Come on, don't be a fool."

The boy checked a second refusal, studied the old man appraisingly for a moment, and advanced to the fire. Silently he squatted by the dishes an held out a cup for coffee.

"Well," Jack's friend remarked, "I got you a trail broke from here down. I'd 'a' cussed something awful if you hadn't been in the lead."

"Good work,' commended Ruddy. "Better stick around here, Van; they'll be some pretty played-out devils along here to-night. Half of that bunch'll make it up into the snow and get stuck for the night." He rose stiffly. "I'll try to send somebody up with grub and blankets."

The two men laced the shoes again upon their numb feet and turned down the trail. They limped for a time for the rest had stiffened the weary muscles. But minds were not allowed to dwell even for an instant, upon physical discomfort. Time enough for that in another twelve hours. They had covered twenty-eight miles—it was thirty-five to Reeka.

The snowshoe track which they were following dropped from the ridge and crossed the meadows at the head of Banner Creek. A high, gusty wind that whistled down from the divide had filled the trail with powdery snow. Two terrible hours they spent wallowing across that mile of open with its fringes of snow-covered willows.

Working around the canyon wall below to reach the rib-like ridge, Mell, who was in the rear, slipped on an icy stick and fell. Clawing wildly at the sliding snow, he rolled down the slope. With a jarring crash he brought up against a large hemlock.

Jack wheeled at the sound of the scramble, and with a half grin watched the grotesque jumble of white figure, and tossing arms and legs, and snowshoes. At the sharp impact, however, his amusement was swept into concern.

"Hurt you, Mell?" he called.

The athlete slowly untangled himself and rolled over. Twisting his encumbered feet around until he could rise, he drew himself up. He staggered against the tree and leaned there while he brushed the snow from his neck with his right hand. Then, kicking great steps in the snow, he began climbing back to the trail.

"Hurt you any," repeated the mountaineer as his companion fell in behind.

The boy shot a probing glance at the old man and shook his head.

"Just a little shaking up," he evaded.

Ruddy plunged on, and soon they were again slipping down a narrow ridge. When it became time for Mell to take the lead, they were turning into the more easy going of a succession of fir-clad flats.

As the young man passed him, Jack observed that his face was very white and that his cap was pulled down over his eyes. The mountaineer said nothing, but watched the boy closely. He seemed to swing along with the same

powerful, sweeping steps, but Ruddy sensed an unnatural tenseness in his movements.

"He'll make it out of the snow," the mountaineer mused; "not much farther. There ain't much danger of any of the others catching us, so I'll stick along until he drops, and build him a fire. He'll never quit."

With a quickening of his heart-beats and a strange feeling of depression, he pictured the end, when only an iron nerve remained to force that body on. He saw the boy with physical energy exhausted, and with conscious mind entirely gone, dragging himself through the snow. He felt the misery of that crisis when the strong, powerful man of the morning became a broken, sobbing Thing.

Oh, he'd seen such before, had Iron Jack Ruddy. Men whose will to press on rose mountains high above their bodily strength. Men who struggled on, and on, even after the last shred of power to reason why was gone. Yes, and he'd seen the very end too, many times. And the cruel awakening when staggering wrecks with tears rolling down their cheeks whispered curses on the body that had failed them.

But dear to old Ruddy's heart were those men of nerve, for even in their failures they fulfilled his ideal. "To fight to the very end—and far beyond," that was his creed.

"It'll be awful hard on the kid," sighed the old man. "He's one of that proud breed that goes all to pieces when they find they cant lick the world. If he didn't have such a nerve I wouldn't give a darn."

An hour later he could see no change in the athlete. Jack noticed, however, that he carried his left arm always before him with the hand resting in the top of his light woolen trousers.

"Wonder why he does that," fretted the mountaineer.

With a great surge of relief they dropped over a high-piled drift and left the snow behind. Beside a large rock at the edge of the last snow bank several men and a cheering fire greeted them.

"Here they come!" yelled one of the group. "Old Iron Jack and the big Kid."

This time there was no question as to ethics. Mell slashed the fastenings, kicked off his snow-shoes and was the first to approach the fire.

The refreshment party was full of questions, but the two men answered them shortly, for even the act of speaking had become an effort. They drank cup after cup of black coffee, refusing to eat the beans and rice and broiled steak.

Ruddy, his worried eyes upon the athlete, considered a serious appeal to the boy to drop out. The grim face of his rival decided him against the attempt. His mind on that problem, the old man scarcely noted that Daskin still held his left arm before him with the hand stuck in the trousers band.

It was nearly three in the afternoon when they left the snow line camp. A storm-battered sign board beside the trail informed them that it was twenty-seven miles to Reeka.

They now made good time, but at the expense of continual torment. The trail was steep and rough; each step meant an uncertain drop of a foot or more. The shock of that plunging drop threw burning pangs into their knees. It seemed as if the bone-ends were grinding between them all the sensitive nerves of their bodies. Their shoulders ached from the weight of their arms. The numbness in their hands and arms grew into stinging pains.

They continued to take turns in the lead, for even that change made a break in the monotony of the endless miles.

As he swung round a curve Ruddy glanced back at his companion. He surprised the athlete gripping his left arm with his right hand. The mountaineer spun about and trotted back the few steps necessary to meet Daskin.

"Let me see that arm," he demanded.

"Never mind," sputtered Mell. It's all right. Go on."

"You let me see that arm,' Jack insisted. His voice was gruff and harsh, but his touch as he handled the arm was as gentle as that of a woman. Drawing the hand up from inside the trousers-band, he lightly caressed the forearm.

"You darn fool!' he cried roughly. Then in a queerly changing tone: "You darn fool!"

He eased the protesting boy down upon a rock and began unbuttoning his own flannel shirt.

"Just one bone, ain't it?"

"I think that's all," nodded Mell. "Anyway, it dont drop down—just twists around that way."

The old man slashed off the sleeves of his own shirt and tore and cut them into a number of strings and pads. He then pawed over a clump of hazel bushes and returned with half a dozen sticks about a foot long. With his knife he shaved these to a flat surface on one side. Not until then did he turn his attention to the broken arm.

The boy had been following his preparations with interest, and as Ruddy slit the undershirt on the injured member, he blurted:

"Wish you wouldn't bother with it."

"Got to set it," declared Jack. "You couldn't hike far with the bone grinding in the muscle. I'll have it done in a jiffy."

With a rough skill gained throughout a lifetime of observing experience he grasped Mell's hand and pulled steadily; then, twisting it back and forth, he worked the bone into place with the probing fingers of his other hand.

The boy's jaws clamped, and his face became the color of the snow in the crevice beside him. Feebly he tried to grin.

"You're quite a surgeon, Ruddy," he said. "You must have done this before."

"Many a time I have," boasted the mountaineer; "and done mighty good jobs, too." He carefully padded the arm and surrounded it with the makeshift splints.

"There,' he announced when he had bandaged the arm tightly across Mell's chest. "That feel all right?"

"Fine," nodded the boy. "I'm sorry, though, Ruddy, that you did this. I'll have to appear very ungrateful when I leave you behind."

The old man laughed, then became sober.

"Don't you worry about that, son. When a man's in trouble and I help him, I don't put no strings on him. If you can beat me you just climb right in and do it. You don't owe me nothing."

For several seconds the athlete sat hunched forward, his eyes staring trance-like into the face of the mountaineer. Shaking his head as if to break the train of thought, he rose. "We're off," he said, and took the lead.

"Now wasn't that a nerve," chuckled Ruddy, falling in behind. "Hiked right along with that busted arm and never said a word. That's the kind of stuff I like to see in a boy."

The early darkness caught them as they stumbled down the last pitch and into the Cold Creek pack trail. At the junction a great fire blazed cheerfully, and beside it steamed the ever-welcome coffee pot.

There were no worrying questions here, for a physician was in charge. A big overcoat was slipped upon each weary man and he was tucked on a box by the fire. The doctor glanced at the bandaged arm, and then at Ruddy.

"It's all right," the mountaineer assured him.

The man of medicine produced a flask and served to each a large drink of brandy. The raw liquor burned a grateful warmth into their bodies, and helped them to throw off the leaden drowsiness that the fire induced. They ate lightly and drank many cups of coffee. They reveled in the luxury of utter relaxation, and forced their minds back from the least thought of future effort.

It was five-thirty when they tore

themselves away, and drove their pain racked bodies against that barrier of unending trail. Now a man walked just behind and threw the light from a big reflector lantern upon the trail.

"Eighteen miles, Kid," announced Jack.

"Six hours," returned the athlete.

Ruddy, in his worshiping admiration of the boy's nerve, had ceased to think of Mell's defeat. Rather, he used his wits to spur his companion on. Now and then he would throw a stinging shot across his shoulder: "I'll build you a fire, Kid, when you're ready to quit," he would jibe.

And the boy, his face twisted with pain, would toss back: "Aw, I'm going to spurt pretty soon. Then you look out."

Once as they changed places Jack stopped the boy with mock seriousness.

"Say, Mell," he joshed, "I don't think I can give you a job next winter. You won't be over this little walk by that time."

"Got any messages for the boys in Reeka?" Mell retorted.

But banter had ceased to have a sting for Iron Jack.

"Ain't he the nervy cuss," muttered the mountaineer. "And he's holding up, too. Lord, he must be taking an awful punishment." For a long time the old man watched the great shadowy figure before him. "He sure is a real, honest-to-God man. That's the kind of boy I'd have wanted if I'd ever had one: big and strong, and with a fighting nerve. God, I'd give anything for a boy like that. I'd give the Crazy Ann if I—— His thought shot off at a tangent and he stopped abruptly. The man with the light roused him and he limped on. But he kept dropping back, for the will to drive his lagging muscles was withdrawn to grapple with his problem.

Hour after age-long hour passed. They had hazy impressions of camp fires, and hot coffee, and groups of waiting men. Now and then a member of the committee stepped to the side of the trail and flashed a light in their faces. At the side creek fords huge fires lighted their way across the slippery foot-stones.

Eleven o'clock found them staggering into the wagon road and up to the big fire that flared at the gate of Durfy's Ranch. From around the fire the inevitable circle of faces peered out at them. A slim young man with tight-fitting trousers pressed through and tried to question the haggard men. A brawny arm jerked him back, and a deep voice growled:

"Not any of that, pardner. You can just telephone your paper that Iron Jack Ruddy and big Mell Daskin are neck-and-neck at Durfy's Ranch."

Five minutes' rest and much black coffee and they were off on the last eight miles. Their progress now was snail-like. Their feet were raw. Their joints seemed to scrape and grind like rusty hinges. Their leg muscles fought each step with untold anguish. Their arms and shoulders burned, and mighty weights seemed fastened to their hips.

The first hour from Durfy's they made a mile and a half—the next only a mile.

"What was that you said about six hours from Cold Creek?" accused the old man.

"I could have made it in that," Mell retorted. "Look out. Another mile and I'm going to spurt."

At three o'clock the moon rose and the lantern bearer dropped out. They were three miles from Reeka.

The mountaineer studied the big, slouching figure.

"He'll make it now," Jack decided, and deliberately sat down on the bank by the roadside.

Mell kept on for a hundred yards, discovered the desertion, and turned back.

"What's the matter?" he questioned, when he had limped to where Ruddy was seated.

" 'Fraid I'm in," the old man mumbled.

The boy scratched his head with a worried frown.

"No," he insisted at last; "you'll

make it. Come on. Get hold of my belt." Then catching the other's quick upward glance—"where's all that iron I've been hearing about? Thought you wasn't a quitter."

But the mountaineer only dropped his head. "I can't make it," he groaned.

Mell's hand shot out and gripped the old man's shoulder.

"Here!" he cried. "This won't do. Brace up, Jack. You've got to make it. Can't you see that I've been going on my nerve all night? I can't make a half mile, and some of the others may be right behind."

Something like a tingling electric shock stung into the brain of Iron Jack. Slowly he lifted his eyes and let them travel up the lean, wide-spread legs, the narrow hips and waist, the broad, muscular shoulders. His gaze came to rest on the boy's face clear-cut in the white moonlight.

The old man quietly rose, still staring with awe into Mell's blazing eyes.

"Yes," he snorted, "you sure look like you was played out. You big faker! Why, you're good for twenty miles."

It was now the boy's turn to stare.

"Faker, yourself!" he cried.

"Never you mind that," begged Jack. "You hit her on in. I don't need the old mine. I got a little ranch up on Walker Creek. You——"

"No, Dad," Mell pleaded. "The mine should be yours. You do need it. You're old. I'm young and strong and I have a good job. Besides, Jack, you're the kind of man I wish my father had been. I want you to win."

The old man held out his hand. "You're some man, yourself, Kid," he grinned.

And the moon smiled as the two strong men silently gripped each other's hand.

Down Reeka's main street, human-lined with half the county's population, in the gray fog of early morning, two men marched with limping, reeling steps. They seemed to advance together, yet always one or the other was stumbling ahead or staggering back.

At the entrance to the Court House the men turned. Half-way up the steps the smaller man tripped and fell to his knees. His big companion helped him up, and the nearer bystanders heard the two laugh in a dry cackle at the mishap.

Through the wide door—now arm in arm—and up to a long counter they marched. Behind the counter a man waited with a watch in his hand and a pen poised above a big book. Supported by the counter the two men fumbled for an age, then as one man, they each pushed forward a piece of paper.

The man of the watch and pen looked with a puzzled frown from one to the other.

"Which first?" he asked.

"Suit yourself," mumbled the little man. "It don't make no difference. We're going to work the Crazy Ann together."

THE UNSOUGHT GOAL

Kiss out the scars upon my breast,
The fear from out my eyes;
I have found rest
Who only sought a prize.

Kiss out the burning from my brow,
And from my lips the flame;
I have love now
Who only asked for fame.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Imported Literature

By Anna Seaforth

UNDOUBTEDLY no other country can boast such a vast production of modern literature as the United States—literature ranging from the shoddiest paper-backed novel to the highest standard magazine—yet it is a curious fact that it is the English writer rather than the American who figures most prominently in the higher class journals of this country. Indeed, one cannot help wondering why the American editor and publisher should have conceived such a mania for rounding up the big game of the Old World, regardless of whether or not it is wholly suitable to the American palate. If we want to know what our duty is in the present crisis of history we appeal to such men as Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, John Galsworthy and others across the water. It is true these men all rank as prophets of greater or less degree, but they are not our prophets—that is a point worthy of consideration.

Likewise, if we want a psychological analysis of the feminine we appeal to Mr. George, who poses as having solved that which has taxed an Englishman's comprehension more than any other man's; for surely none but an Englishman would have so little sense of humor as to attempt to explain the inexplicable.

G. K. Chesterton, intending to pay a high tribute to Bret Harte, says of the latter that he has "humor, "but it is not American humor." Happily, we may return the compliment by saying of Mr. Chesterton himself that he has humor, "but it is not *English* humor." He has indeed a vein of humor which is not possessed by many contemporary writers of his nationality—a humor which gives him a sympathetic insight into human nature and a whimsical but incisive criticism of those who blunder in their interpretation of it. Thus it has fallen to Mr. Chesterton to give us a singularly apt eulogy of one of our own countrymen of whom he says: "To him we owe the realization of the fact that while modern barbarians of genius like Mr. Henley, and in his weaker moments Mr. Rudyard Kipling, delight in describing the coarseness and crude cynicism and fierce humor of the unlettered classes, the unlettered classes are in reality highly sentimental and religious, and not in the least like the creations of Mr. Henley and Mr. Kipling. Bret Harte tells the truth about the wildest, the most rapacious of all the districts of the earth—the truth that, while it is very rare indeed in the world to find a thoroughly good man, it is rarer still, rare to the point of monstrosity, to find a man who does not either desire to be one, or imagine that he is one already."

Could any one else have hit the nail on the head more exactly? Here is an Englishman who admits that the failing of some of the most notable English writers of the day is their inability to interpret human nature sympathetically—a faculty possessed to a remarkable degree by all those great English men and women of the Victorian era. True, there are still some sweet singers of domesticity—J. M. Barrie, for instance—who have achieved the art of putting real men, and most of all real women, into their books. In other words, they have made the normal man heroic and transformed the prosaic into the poetic.

The glory of Kipling, we suspect,

will one day wane and the poetic ideas of H. G. Wells fall flat through a recognition of the fact that their humanity does not ring true; for whatever the philosophy, the religion or the ethics we would convey to men, there is but one instrument we can use in the promulgation of our beliefs or our theories—man himself. Kipling fails in this respect because he denies the feminine—not merely woman, whom he treats with genuine Mohammedan contempt—but the feminine attributes in human nature without which, paradoxically speaking, no man can be a real man. True, he observes mankind with wonderful accuracy, but to portray men exactly as they appear to be instead of revealing what they are in substance, is equivalent to giving us a photograph in place of an oil painting—there is a depth, warmth and inner light wanting, and a certain vital truth and intrinsic beauty is obscured through exactness of every detail.

Do we really like Kipling's Tommy? He is vigorous, of course—almost inspiring at times—but have we any real blood connection with him? There is a strong suspicion in our minds that he is not a genuine Anglo-Saxon. There is a void somewhere in him where there ought to be imbedded things which no mere sordidness of life or coarseness of environment could take from him—things which are bred in the bone and sucked into the blood—they will revive and re-assert themselves somewhere, sometime, in spite of a multitude of incrustations. The English Tommy may wallow in the sunshine and sensuality of India and Egypt and Africa, but it will not make him a Mohammedan, nor will it make the Calvanistic McAndrew a hypocrite, for there is a rigid pillar in the center of his being.

What Chesterton says is true. The ignorant and uncouth man is not necessarily the possessor of a plebeian soul; indeed, the man of the "unlettered classes" is the man who has the most optimistic belief in his own individuality. The feeling that he is a mere cog in the wheels of some vast machine—a mechanical God in a mechanical universe—is a feeling possessed only by the overly sophisticated man of learning. Kipling attempted to instill this doctrine of force into the Anglo-Saxon people—this doctrine of the mechanical God and the nullity of human love and individual strength. Kipling who to-day is saying of Germany that "Allah has decreed that she shall perish by her own act and the consequences of the law that she professes," was the same Kipling who but a few years ago serenaded England with tom-tom and battle slogan—piped to her till she arose and stepped forth to battle, secure in the faith of her poet-priest that the God of the Hebrew would jusify the sword of the Hebrew. Never before in the long, noble history of the Anglo-Saxon race had conquest been lauded for conquest's sake. Throughout all the internal and world-wide strife in which England had taken part these many centuries past her singers had remained true to an ideal; the doctrine of liberty, justice and equality was the greatest bequest of the Anglo-Saxon race to the world; then came this Anglo-Indian and seduced the nation with the religion of Allah.

Compare Robert Service's men in the mining camps of the Yukon with Kipling's Tommies on the South African veldt. Many of them were the same men—adventurers from over the sea—wild and lawless at times, but with kingly souls under their rough exterior; for bravery is always born of an innate gentleness and a reverence for something whispered only to oneself. The Canadian poet felt this—the Anglo-Indian has missed it. One might almost say of Kipling that when he wrote "The Vampire" it was a skit of his own genius, which had proved itself unequal to the task of digging up the roots of human nature; for the woman depicted in this poem is the last human being who could be described as "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." She is the everlasting Mona Lisa—tragic, mysterious, allur-

ing—her soul the well of the world's remorse.

We cannot but regret Kipling's pronounced one-sidedness. We have an inkling here and there—in Mary Gloster and elsewhere—that he could have done even greater things than tohse for which the world has applauded him—that he could have touched certain bedrock principles of human nature which are more permanent than the mountains of Allah; but that vein of Oriental cynicism weakens the whole structure.

Perhaps it is only good taste to pay the highest possible tribute to foreign genius, but surely Mr. Lawrence Gilman oversteps the mark when he says of Mr. H. G. Wells: "It is a curious fact—the significance of which we are not prepared to divulge—that in England, where there is little interest in ideas, the novel of ideas has yet at times come to so superb a flowering. Only Mr. Wells, only an Englishman, could have given us such a thing as The Research Magnificent—not even the amazing M. Romain Rolland could have accomplished just this blend of largeness and pungency, shrewdness and imagination, breadth and swiftness, actuality and vision. Here is a book at once epical and intense—the book of a dreamer who is also a seer; a dramatist who is also a lyric poet; a philosopher who has walked among men. Here, in short, is a masterpiece —a book that enlarges and exalts the sense of life, that brings back to us the noble saying of Richter: that there will come a time when man shall awaken from his lofty dreams, and find his dreams still there, and that nothing has gone save his sleep."

It must be evident to any one who has read The Research Magnificent that Mr. Gilman has not said as much about this original and somewhat daring book as he has left unsaid. Indeed, we might conclude from the varied criticisms we read of The Research Magnificent that it resembles the Bible somewhat in that we may find much in it that isn't there and overlook a great deal that is there. One of the remarkable things about this book of Mr. Wells' is that it defeats the very purpose for which the writer apparently produced it. It is true that the author has in choice language, of which he is a master, and with a lively sense of the picturesque and poetic, of which he is also a master, projected a beautiful dream—a dream peculiarly soothing and satisfying to men—having in it a vision of the time when all things will have been accomplished—the things for which men have striven and bled throughout all the past ages.

But Mr. Well's philosophy fails because the man he chose as his messenger fails. We expect great things of Benham when he starts out in the spirit of Sir Galihad, striving, as he says, after the "aristocratic life" and his own "kingship." But does Benham really attain to these things or does he remain a dreamer to the end?—a dreamer whose eyes have been blind to what happily is revealed sooner or later to the average man, namely: that the highest ideals is no far-off vision to be achieved now or "ten thousand years" hence, but is the actual accomplishment of common things with a divine grace. Is it not true of quite the most ordinary youth that he started on his sojourn with "an incurable, an almost innate, persuasion that he had to live life nobly and thoroughly," that his strongest desire was to "get something out of his individual existence, a flame, a jewel, a splendor?" But how puerile was this resolve when we consider all that Benham's life amounted to. Mr. Gilman says he succeeded in conquering "Fear, Indulgence and Jealousy" which "restrict the soul of man." But does a man ever establish his "kingship" by denying the substance of himself which after all is earthly and must ever remain so? Does he attain this by running away from himself and following after far visions? The conquest of a man's lower nature must come before and not after it has defeated his higher nature. "Fear, Indulgence and Jealousy" do not offer a serious problem to be solved, for to

the normal human being they are but a negligible portion of life if they have any part in it at all. Love on the other hand is such an indissoluble part of life that it too raises no query in the mind of the normal man. Love has no relationship to passion, nor can it be identified merely as Sex—it is the driving force behind all the activities of life—it is the stimulus of the man's mind and the woman's soul in mature years; and most of all it is the thing which awakens men and women to a moral consciousness of the meaning of life.

Despite the fact that this book is written by an Englishman "who ought to know," Benham to our unsophisticated Western minds is not an exemplary "aristocrat." Rather does he raise in our minds the question as to whether it is not difficult for those at the extreme ends of society to preserve that innate refinement—"aristocratic mind"—with which the normal man is endowed from birth. Benham hates horses, but he makes up his mind to master a horse because the men of his class are expected "to drive." Does not exhibit the fact that a man with a pedigree is not free to follow the dictates of his conscience or finer nature to the same extent as the man who is under no hereditary obligations to be either a soldier or a sportsman? Can one not imagine a young man whose finer feelings revolt at the cowardice of a fox hunt, and whose sense of the beauty of life is jarred by the broken wing of a phaesant, yet succeeding in stifling that "still small voice" within him because he is expected to do such things.

In spite of all the social laxity of the New World, her writers, like Bret Harte, have always produced for us the pure gold of human nature; they have never gone off into fallacious theories about any of the fundamental things of life; they have never presumed to preach the doctrine of libertinism in the guise of a new philosophy, nor to tack their own inscriptions on the guideposts of future generations. Such things have always come to us from abroad.

ON RE-READING MERRIMEE'S CARMEN

The mist-white bloom of jessamine that crowned
That dusky gypsy head—years since at rest—
Lives in my memory yet, for on the breast
Of time eternal is its fragrance found.
So, as with wine, I feel my pulses bound
When evening airs are by that scent caressed;
By passions flown, of other years, I'm pressed.
I live 'midst other sights, and pace the ground
Loved by the sons of a more glorious Spain,
Who knew her towered cities and her marts
Resounding to a myriad-footed tread;
Where rang the song of arms, and from the plain,
Gitanna met Hidalgo, throbbing hearts
That lived, and loved, and hated, long since dead!

R. R. GREENWOOD.

Coyote O' The Rio Grande

A Thrilling Novel of the Texas-Mexican Border

By William De Ryee

Author of "Lois of Lost Lagoon," "Stabbed," "Whirlwind Wally Takes a Wife," "His Dream Girl," "The Genuine Article," "Pansy," etc., etc.

Continued From Last Month

CHAPTER III

THE Crescent O Ranch sprawled over an immense territory in the heart of the Rio Grande Valley. Captain Richard Carlton, ex-Texas ranger, could have boasted owning the largest ranch in Southwest Texas, but Carlton was not of a boastful nature. His popularity was State-wide. But to-night neither friends nor range afforded him the least comfort. He sat on his porch, endeavoring to entertain Ben Sidney, owner of the Galvan Ranch, an outfit bordering the Crescent O on the east.

There were times when the Captain felt a strong desire to reorganize his company of rangers for no other reason than to wipe the Sidney outfit off the face of the earth. For some time he had noticed a slow but steady decrease in the multiplication of his stock in the east pasture. But Carlton was growing old. Rheumatism had claimed him for its own, and his fighting spirit had long since faded into a dreamy memory of bygone days. Moreover, there was no proof. Ben Sidney was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Through friends in Laredo, the county seat, he had gotten himself appointed deputy sheriff. Carlton even suspicioned that the man was on intimate terms and working in conjunction with Valtran, the Mexican bandit. On an average of every month the deputy paid Carlton a "friendly call," after which he would always lope down to see his "dear ole friend, Dennis." Sidney's smile was irresistible, his hand-clasp hearty. He made friends easily, as a rule, and, in short, he was a two-sided man and a dangerous one.

Richard Carlton felt this more than ever to-night. He cleared his throat uneasily and stroked his long, gray beard.

"Now, I ain't a-sayin' as how I'm a-sproutin' wings," Sidney was drawling, "but I allers figgered hit out this a-way: If yuh be a-treatin' everybody far and squar, then yuh can expect to be treated thet a-way yerself. Thet's why I lent him the wagin and team. But guess what I got out o' hit, Carlton?"

"Nothing?" ventured the old man.

"Nothin'!" echoed Sidney. "Swiped the hull blasted outfit and I didn't even git 'Thank yuh.' Har! Har! Har!" And the deputy laughed at his story as he laughed at everything. Still chuckling, he rose and held out his hand.

"Guess I'll be hitin' the trail, Carlton."

"Well—er—don't hurry——"

"Nope. Gotta make Cactus a-fore sun-up. Oughter be on the trail now, but I'll drop by and see my dear ole friend Dennis, fust. Come 'round some time, Carlton. *Adios.*"

"*Adios.*"

Richard Carlton, standing on the steps of his porch, heard Sidney's horse clatter off in the direction of his foreman's house.

Carlton loved Dennis McAll as a brother. Ever since the death of the foreman's young wife, fifteen years before, he had wanted Dennis and Coyote to live with him in the big house. But each time he had broached the subject to McAll, the range boss had only shook his head and said, sadly: "No; I've spent my happiest days in thet lil' three-room house. Thanks, Carlton, but I can't desert hit."

As the old cattleman turned to enter the Capitol, he was startled by the sound of three shots fired in quick succession. He halted, momentarily bewildered; then, running out to the gate, he listened intently. A terrible premonition seized him. "Ben Sidney!" he muttered, and hurried off down the trail.

There was a crowd of cow-punchers in front of his foreman't house when Carlton arrived.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, excitedly.

Spike Gallagher turned at sound of the Captain's voice.

"Gotch Lumsey shot Dennis McAll," he said.

"My God!" groaned the old man. "My God!"

"Hey!" he called, "somebody go fer Sadie. Coyote's fainted. Fellers, Dennis McAll is dead."

CHAPTER IV.

Out of the lurid darkness of her own tiny bedroom, Coyote, weakened and wearied by long hours of the keenest anguish she had ever before known in her happy, care-free life, and still attired in the dirty little calico dress in which she had gathered *patallos* for "daddy," tiptoed softly into the semi-lighted room where lay the cold and rigid form of her beloved father.

The dim light revealed Richard Carlton's white face and silvery hair, outlining less distinctly his sparse figure sitting motionless by the bed.

Sadie, Carlton's spinster-cook and housekeeper, rose and with a motherly sympathy surprising in one of her blunt, matter-of-fact nature, folded Coyote in two long brawny arms. For all her eccentricities, Sadie was a good old soul. And now, more than ever since the first shock, Coyote felt the need of a loving confidant; some one to whom she could pour forth the burden of her sorrow. She loved Sadie. And she knew that Sadie loved her. She tried to ask the spinster if she loved her, but her quivering lips could not form the words; she could only cling tenaciously to Sadie's dress while her great tearless eyes sought familiar objects about the room—only trifles, but they meant more to her now than ever before. Why? Because this was "daddy's" room. But everything would be associated with her father now. The house, the furniture, Imp and Bob—they would all miss him. There would be no more *patallo* hunts, no more happy little suppers together, no more long walks. Dear old "daddy" was gone . . . gone forever! . . . Where? . . . *Where?*"

At last that heavy, aching lump in her breast seemed to burst, and Coyote's small form trembled from the strain of violent sobbing. Sadie's strong arms gathered her up, and like a stricken creature she was carried back into the tiny room and laid upon her bed. Sadie lit the lamp on the quaint little sewing-machine which had been Dennis McAll's wedding present to his bride, but which for years Coyote had used to make her own dresses. The spinster rubbed her blurred eyes, and picking up a small, leather-bound, gilt-edged Bible that lay upon a blue ribbon near the lamp, examined it critically.

"Gift from her daddy," she muttered, dashing a tear from her wrinkled cheek. "Poor lil' orphan." And carefully placing the book back on the ribbon, she left the room. Presently she returned and seating herself near the bed, began mopping Coyote's forehead with a damp towel.

"Thar, thar, now, darlin'. Don't yuh know yer daddy's up yonder a-lookin' down at yuh, and yer cryin's a-makin' him mighty uncomf'table?"

The words had a magic effect. The torrent of tears ceased, and Coyote sat up, emitting little convulsive gasps.

"I'm a-gonna be brave," she said, holding the towel against her throbbing temples. "My head's . . about . . . to bust. Gotch didn't do hit . . . did he, Sadie?"

Fumbling in her apron pocket, the spinster produced a small bottle of smelling salts.

"Here yuh be, honey. Don't whiff hit too pert, 'cause hit's ramp strong stuff."

Coyote took the battle and held it to her nose.

"Jimminy! I feels hit clar to my gizzard!"

After inhaling the salts for a little while, Coyote corked the bottle and looked up at the spinster disapprovingly.

"Sadie, yuh didn't answer my question," she said sternly. "I wants to know if yuh believes Gotch killed daddy, and then I wants to know if thet cuss, Ben Sidney, has gone and took Gotch off to Laredo."

Sadie coughed nervously under Coyote's level gaze. Surely it was Dennis McAll's compelling eyes looking at her now from this baby face before her.

"I'm a-feared——" she faltered. "Yuh know, honey, Spike Gallagher heerd 'em a-quarrelin'. Beany says he don't believe Gotch did hit. But Spike and Ben Sidney swars they saw him kill yer daddy, and Ben Sidney's took him to Laredo."

"Gotch didn't do hit!" And again Coyote's tousled head met the pillow, whilst such a despairing wail rent the air that Sadie threw up her hands, and crying, "Lordie! Lordie!' commenced weeping hysterically.

"Gotch didn't do hit! Gotch didn't do it!" moaned Coyote, and repeating this over and over, her voice trailed on off into a sort of sleepy crooning that finally faltered and stopped.

The spinster ceased her convulsions of grief long enough to catch the sound of Coyote's steady breathing, and thinking the girl asleep, she slipped quietly from the room.

After cleaning up the dishes in the kitchen, the better to keep awake, Sadie returned to the front room. Richard Carlton still sat motionless and pale beside the earthly remains of his foreman.

"Hadn't yuh better go up to the house and git some rest, Mister Carlton?" suggested the spinster kindly. "It be a-goin' nigh onto two o'clock, and yuh'll be arful done up to-morrie. Coyote's a-sleepin' good now, and I can sit up the rest o' the night."

Receiving no answer, she surmised that the old man had dozed off to sleep. She shook him gently by the shoulder.

"Mister Carlton——' Sadie stopped aghast, as Richard Carlton's form swayed, fell and lay motionless upon the floor.

With a shriek, Sadie flew into Coyote's room, only to find the bed empty. Terrified, she rushed wildly out of the house and ran screaming up the hill to the Capitol.

* * * *

A full moon rising in the east threw its amber light on Coyote and Imp loping along Huisache Trail. The trail was a dim path—untraceable to the stranger—that wound through mesquite and huisach from the Crescent O Ranch to Laredo, a distance of thirty miles.

The little mustang was breathing hard, and Coyote pulled him up with a jerk.

"Ten mile's 'nough fer any hoss to lope without stoppin'," she muttered, patting Imp's neck fondly. "Now yuh can just take hit easy, baby. This is Sandy Hill. Meg Ross's ain't more'n five miles from here, and I know thet lazy pelone, Ben Sidney, won't go through to-night. He's on this a-here trail somewhar. We've gotta be arful quiet, Impie-boy. Jimminy! Thar'd be blood to pay if we ran into 'em. Thar'd be——"

A sudden thought made her pull up short. She turned in her saddle. The great round moon still hung low on

the horizon, leaving the trail shadowy and indistinct.

"Jimminy!" she ejaculated, "we plum forgot the Bar L trail. They might've taken hit." She jumped from her horse and tossing the reins over his head, crouched down before him. Presently she was up again and into her saddle.

"Nope. We be right on to Ben Sidney's dirty heels," she said softly, urging the tired Imp into his accustomed fox-trot. "Never mind, Impie-boy, Coyote's got some chops in her saddle-bags fer yuh. And when we gits home—aw, hell! We ain't got no home, Impie-boy. Daddy's gone, and we'll never see him ag'in. Me and yuh and Bob's all thet's left o' the McAll family now. I don't guess we'll all get turned out, though, as long as Mister Carlton's alive."

Coyote ran one hand into the front of her blouse, and drawing out a small book, held it up in the moonlight.

"Yuh gave me this lil' Bible, daddy," she said under her breath, "and I'm a-gonna keep hit allers."

She replaced the book and lifted her sad little face up to the vast dome above. How many myriads of twinkling stars there were! And the big amber moon! She turned in her saddle again the better to look at it. She had always loved the night. The stars were her silent companions.

"Be yuh up thar, too, daddy, a-looking down at me and Imp?" she whispered.

And, as she listened, the wind in the mesquites seemed to whisper back:

"I be here, lil' gal."

Coming suddenly out on the bald brow of a hill, Imp deliberately stopped and threw his ears forward. Coyote drew her reins sharply, and whirling the horse, loped back down the trail. About two hundred yards from the place she had turned she swerved off to the left, and covering approximately the same distance in this direction, she then brought Imp to a sudden standstill. She listened intently for a few moments.

"Yuh lil' chump!" she exclaimed at last. "Yuh came thet nigh nickerin', didn't yuh?'



Photo by Hartsook

Mabel Carlson as Coyote, in "Coyote o' the Rio Grande."

CHAPTER V.

Coyote dismounted, and, removing Imps bridle, staked him to a mesquite. Untying a mirral, she poured into it some chops from her saddle-bags, and then slipped it over the animal's ears. Imp sighed contentedly, and began munching his meal. Taking her carbine from its holster, the girl set off for Huisache Trail.

A three minutes' walk brought her to the top of the hill. Here she left the open trail, and paralleling it at a

distance of some twenty feet, wound her way in and out mesquite and huisache, "wait-a-minute," tassajia and prickly pear. Once she all but cried out with pain when she stepped on a cactus "pin-cushion." Gradually, she descended into the valley, crossed a creek and climbed to the opposite hill. At last she came out into a small opening, where she paused, discouraged. A gust of wind blew sparks in her face. She gasped and sank out of the moonlight, her heart beating wildly.

When her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness near the ground, she was enabled to make out the forms of two men stretched on their blankets, scarcely six feet from her, their heads pillowed in their saddles. Fearful lest her presence had already been detected, she crept on her hands and knees back to the undergrowth, where, under cover of the darkness, she sat down to await the moonlight. Coyote had intended—Coyote wasn't sure just what her intentions were. Sadie believed Gotch had killed her daddy. Sadie was an old fool. And so was anybody who would believe Ben Sidney. Why, hadn't Gotch been her playmate years ago, along with John and Kit Carlton? Hadn't her daddy been almost like a father to him? No; he couldn't have done it. But she must know the truth from his own lips. If he denied it, then Ben Sidney—the pigheaded pup!—would never get him to Laredo—no, sir-ree!

Ten minutes later she was creeping cautiously toward one of the sleeping forms. The moonlight now showed up both of the men plainly, their ducking jackets, their leather chaps, their wide-brimmed sombreros. It played brightly on the silvered Colt's revolver in Ben Sidney's holster, gleamed from the dented surface of a tin coffee-pot near a bed of ashes, and revealed Gotch's coarse red hair above his black bandanna.

Slipping the Colt from Ben Sidney's holster, Coyote emptied the cylinder of its six cartridges, and then carefully replaced the gun. Keeping her carbine leveled at Sidney, she backed over to where Gotch lay on his face, his hands tied fast behind him with a strand of cowhide from a lariat. Moving in a semi-circle, she stopped only when the prisoner was between her and the deputy, which enabled her to keep an eye on the latter, while going through the dangerous business of waking the cowboy. With her eyes still fixed on Sidney, she knelt down beside her friend.

"Gotch," she breathed, her lips close to his ear. "Gotch. Don't make a noise. Hit's Coyote."

The cowboy's head moved slightly.

"Hit's Coyote, Gotch."

Suddenly he half raised on one elbow and blinked up at her.

"Coyote!" he exclaimed. "What—"

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud. Turn over and I'll free yer hands."

From a long pocket in the side of her skirt Coyote produced a small jackknife. The blade was dull, but she sawed on the rawhide around Gotch's wrists until it came in two.

The cow-puncher sat up and stretched his arms with infinite gusto.

"Gotch, yuh didn't shoot daddy, did yuh?"

As the man looked down at the girl, at her sweet, babyish face, her straight black hair blowing in the wind, her great blue eyes, wistful, and shining like twin sapphires in the moonlight, he thought he had never in all his life seen a more beautiful creature. His big heart went out to her now, not because he sympathized with her in her great loss, but because she was, and had always been, dearer to him than anything else in the world. His tone held a gentle reproof when he spoke.

"Lil' gal," he said, "be yuh a-thinking *thet?* Be yuh a-thinkin' *Gotch Lumsey* would ever shoot *Dennis McAll?*"

"Naw, Gotch."

"Yer'r right. He didn't."

"I knowed hit, Gotch. I knowed yuh didn't do hit. Come on, let's git now a-fore thet cuss wakes up. I took his cartridges, but he might be a-packing another gun somewhars. We can go—"

"Naw, lil' gal. Hit's best fer me to

go on to Laredo. I've got some friends thar, and Mister Carlton'll help me. I'll come out all right."

Disappointment clouded the small face under the huge Stetson.

"Aw, Gotch!"

"Hit's best," reiterated the cowboy. "I don't want to be a-runnin' from the sheriff."

"Did yuh quarrel with daddy, Gotch?"

"Naw. I was a-tellin' him as how I chased thet greaser Pinto off the range. Pinto killed yer daddy, lil' gal. He sneaked up behind me and grabbed my gun an shot him a-fore I knowed what had happened. He meant the last two shots fer me, but they went wild. One o' them just grazed my scalp heah. Wish he'd a-got me 'stead o' yer daddy. But thet's how things allers happen. The Lord A'Mighty seems to want the good 'uns and lets the wuthless critters stay heah."

"What's Ben Sidney got ag'in yuh?" queried the girl.

"Thet's what I don't know. We never did hit hit off, somehow. I don't know why, but Sidney and me wasn't cut out to be friends. I wasn't surprised when he swore he saw me shoot yer daddy. 'Course Spike knowed he'd be foreman with me out o' the way, so he ups and swars along with Ben. But I never done hit, lil' gal. Dennis, up yonder, knows I never done hit. Poor Dennis—"

Coyote saw a big tear roll down the cow-puncher's cheek.

"Gotch," she whispered, her lips trembling.

"Honey, I——"

Somehow their hands met—the big rough ones closed over the little soft ones.

The next instant there came a metallic click and a drawling voice:

"Well, I'm d——d!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOG FLURRY

Veering wind and filming sky—
O'er the dune the piper's cry;
Foaming wave and flying sand—
Whir of wings above the strand.

Up the canyons narrow, deep,
Demon gales exulting sweep,
Shaking from their lawless wings
Diamond mists in gusty flings.

Strayed beyond his rocky home
Beetling o'er the ocean's foam,
Buffeted above, below,
Climbs a gull on pinions slow.

On the blurring line of sky,
Swaying low and reaching high,
Many a eucalyptus plume
Tosses in the whirling spume.

ADA PEARL CROUCH.

The Capture of El Capitan

By Eleanor F. Stevenson

JUAN VALERA was loafing again. For several days he worked steadily, and now, propped against the white-washed wall of the old adobe church which fronts the messy little plaza in the heart of Juarez, he was pondering lazily as to the most agreeable way of disposing of the accumulated pesos that were burning a hole in his trousers pocket.

So many and varied were the means which his native town offered for getting rid of one's money that Juan was rather at a loss now to decide among them.

A heterogenous swarm of gambling contrivances, born of the present fiesta season, lined the Calle Toro not far from the plaza, and opposite Juan a corner saloon flaunted a glaring poster announcing a series of cock fights for that afternoon in the cock pit near the bull ring; besides, there was always Keno.

Juan was very partial to Keno. The thrill of hearing the caller proclaim the number needed to complete his card and the cheery sound of the little electric bell, as it announced to the other players that he had "kenoed" and thereby won the proceeds of all the cards less the percentage which went to the house, were pleasures such as, in Juan's opinion, none of the other gambling devices could offer. Without more ado, therefore, he set out down the Calle Commercia in the direction of his favorite Keno palace.

He had not gone far when he was hailed by Manuel Gomez. Manuel, too, was for the moment a bloated capitalist, and, like Juan, was seeking some way of putting his wealth into circulation.

"Come along with me," said Juan. "We'll go halves if either of us kenoes."

But Manuel had another plan. "Let us take in the races," he suggested. "A twenty-to-one shot won the fourth race yesterday, and we might strike something like that. Besides, the Monk is to run to-day for the first time this season."

The trolley to the race track came banging around the corner as he spoke, and Juan, Keno forgotten in the prospect of seeing the much advertised Monk and the hope of multiplying his pesos on a possible long shot, climbed on the car, where he found a seat between a florid-faced, raven-moustached man in a checked suit and a highly perfumed and much bedecked member of the opposite sex who murmured something derogatory about "these fresh Mexicans" as Juan squeezed in.

The jockeys were weighing in after the first race when Juan and Manuel reached the track, and the two lost no time in seeking the book-maker's stall. Here Juan, whose early education, like that of most Mexican youths of his class, had failed to "take," stood attentively by while his more accomplished companion laboriously spelled out the list of horses entered for the next race, together with their estimated chances to win, place or show. Among the entries was "Flying Footsteps," a thirty-to-one shot. On this horse, not from any confidence instilled by the name, the significance of which neither understood, but merely because of the tremendous odds, the two risked half of their pesos. The wisdom of withholding a part of their funds was soon apparent, for Flying Footsteps, utterly belying her name, was hopelessly outclassed from the start, and ambled in

with an undisputed hold on last place.

The third race carried no long shots, but El Capitan in the fourth was booked at twenty-five-to-one. Manuel reasoning that, as the fourth race had been lucky for a long shot Tuesday, it could hardly be so the following day, determined to wait for the next, and walked off to join an acquaintance whom he had spied near the Judges' stand. Juan, however, arriving by the same process of reasoning at exactly the opposite conclusion, placed his remaining pesos in the hand of one of the bookmakers.

"El Capitan to win," he said.

The man glanced at him sharply as he took the money, but handed him his card without comment, and Juan, stationing himself in a convenient place near the corner of the barrier, bent his whole attention on the race that was then taking place.

El Capitan was a long limbed, rangy looking horse, whose work on the track up to the present was uniformly poor. He was ridden by a singularly ill-favored jockey in a bright red satin blouse and cap. A mile race was scheduled, and as the course was a mile and an eighth in length, the start took place at a distance from the judges' stand. To Juan, watching intently from his place at the barrier, the six horses seemed to get away in a bunch, which gradually opened out as they sped down the opposite side of the track. The brilliant red blouse of El Capitan's rider enabled him to distinguish that horse, which appeared to be holding a position discomfortingly near the rear. As they swept on around the course, however, Juan observed to his delight that El Capitan was gradually creeping forward. Now he was nosing the fourth horse; now he had shouldered the third out of position; and as they neared Juan, he was running neck and neck with the second, while the favorite, a sorrel mare with a two-twelve record, was laboring a scant length to the front.

The finish was in sight when El Capitan's rider, raising his whip for the first time, brought it down with cruel vigor on the shoulders of his steed.

The great beast answered with a lunge that outdistanced the second horse and brought him to the shoulder of the leader. Another magnificent effort and they were neck and neck. A frenzy of shouts burst from the stand. Others besides Juan had backed the long shot and shrill cheers mingled with hoarse cries of disappointment as El Capitan lunged under the wire a nose in advance of the favorite.

Without waiting for a sight of the Monk, who was to run in the next race, Juan cashed in and hurriedly quitted the track. He was uneasy lest Manuel, who was ignorant of his companion's good fortune, should learn of it and claim the half which Juan had proposed in connection with Keno, and which he feared Manuel might assume to have been tacitly extended to their venture at the track.

"To any person apprehending the said Cuco, popularly known as El Capitan, the Alcalde of Juarez will pay the sum of five hundred pesos." El Capitan! Juan, stopping for a moment to ascertain the meaning of the crowd gathered before the municipal building in the Calle Commercia, started as the name fell on his ears. Like the rest of his fellow townsmen, he had a wholesome fear of the notorious bandit who, according to popular opinion, was only less formidable than the dreaded Zapata himself, and in ordinary circumstances he would not have given the capture of the desperado a second thought. But his success at the track threw matters in a new light. Like all Mexicans, Juan believed religiously in signs and omens, and the pesos in his pocket bore substantial evidence to his success with the name El Capitan. Accordingly, even before the voice of the reader of the proclamation had died away, his resolution was taken. He, Juan Valera, would, single handed, pursue and capture El Capitan.

The redoubtable bandit, who had won for himself this sobriquet, although of Mexican parentage, was a native of Texas and had received some

little education in the public schools of that State. Sentenced to a prison term at eighteen for some petty robbery, he had escaped from custody and had fled to the mountains of Northern Mexico. There he had joined a band of desperadoes, among whom his cunning and audacity had finally won for him the position of chief with the title "The Captain." Still a young man and endowed with a bold sort of beauty, he was inordinately vain and fond of bedecking himself in the most extravagant manner. His rich sombreros were rumored to have cost fabulous sums, his embroidered jackets were marvels of workmanship, and his gay sashes were the finest and glossiest of silk. Proud of his fluent English, he employed that language on every possible occasion, even in intercourse with his band, falling back on his mother tongue, for which he seemed to have a strange aversion, only when absolutely necessary.

The bandits who had formerly confined their activities to the capture of a few sheep or cattle and the waylaying of an occasional traveler had, since the accession of El Capitan, increased their depredations to an alarming extent. All attempts at rounding up the band as a whole having come to nothing, the authorities of Juarez had decided to direct their efforts towards the apprehension of El Capitan himself. It was known that in his various daring operations he was often separated from his followers, and his capture might be reasonably supposed if not to disrupt the band completely, at least to limit its depredations to their old proportions. Such, then, was the task which Juan Valera, solely on the strength of a winning horse, proposed to accomplish.

It was not long after dawn the next morning when Juan Valera, armed with his battered rifle, stole out of the sleeping town and took the trail which winds up the mountain side. At the last moment he had felt some misgivings about setting out alone, and had half decided to solicit the services of one or more of his friends, but the thought of having to divide the five hundred pesos whetted his courage and fortified him in his determination to capture his prey single handed. He had formed no plan of campaign and had no clue to El Capitan's whereabouts except that he was rumored to have been recently lurking among the mountains near Juarez; but with a sublime reliance on the resources of his own luck, he climbed resolutely up the steep trail, holding his gun at an angle which, in event of its being discharged by a chance stumble, would inevitably have blown his brains out.

For several hours Juan wandered about, clambering over obstacles and occasionally dodging behind a convenient rock at the sound of imaginary footsteps. The sun was high now, and it had grown uncomfortably warm. Juan, who had neglected to bring a flask, was consumed with thirst, while his courage and his belief in his luck alike were slowly evaporating. Suddenly the confused sound of voices made him start, and peering cautiously over a huge rock, a sight met his eyes which sent the blood in a sudden rush to his heart.

On the slope of the mountain some distance away was a band of Mexicans. They were picturesquely dressed and fully armed. There seemed to be a great many of them, but Juan's eyes, sweeping the party in a hasty glance, fastened themselves instinctively on a bold looking, wildly handsome man in a particularly elegant sombrero, velvet jacket and crimson sash. Even at that distance Juan could not fail to verify the description of El Capitan. The flowing mustache, the rich costume—there could be no doubt of his identity, but how could one man armed only with a rusty rifle hope to intimidate an entire band of desperadoes and capture their leader?

The blur of voices grew fainter and another hasty peep apprized Juan that the band was moving away in the opposite direction. Only one thought remained with him—to get back to Juarez in safety and with all possible

speed. However, he dared not risk discovery by setting out immediately, and for some time longer he crouched in his hiding place.

At length, judging that the bandits must be quite out of sight and hearing over the top of the ridge, he was rising cautiously to his feet when the crunch of approaching footsteps sent him cowering back again. A moment late, an imposing figure advanced along the trail, and with a thrill Juan recognized the object of his quest. Except for a pearl-handled revolver stuck jauntily in his red sash, he was unarmed, and, walking slowly with eyes fastened on the ground as if searching for something he did not for the instant observe the crouching form in the shadow of the big rock.

It was a critical moment, but Juan's star was again in the ascendant. At sight of the desperado alone before him, all his confidence returned in a flash, and the next instant the newcomer found himself gazing into the muzzle of a battered but deadly looking rifle held in the hands of a determined little Mexican.

"No talk," commanded Juan, who out of deference for El Capitan's known preference for that language, drew on his scanty stock of English for this admonition.

His injunction was answered by a fierce torrent of eloquence, the context of which was quite beyond Juan's comprehension.

"No talk," he repeated, this time with so significant a movement of his rifle that the warning was heeded.

Without further protest, the captive set off down the trail indicated by Juan, while that favorite of fortune brought up the rear, picturing to himself his triumphal entry into Juarez and pondering various agreeable ways of disposing of five hundred pesos.

* * * *

The manager of the "Star Moving Picture Company" was lounging comfortably in the lobby of the Del Norte Hotel in El Paso late that same afternoon when he was accosted by Stacy, his "heavy."

"Seen anything of Mack lately, Murray?"

"No," returned the manager, carelessly, "I haven't seen him since I left you fellows on the other side this morning. I suppose he's up in his room pawing over those weeds he's so dippy about."

"No, he isn't," said the other. "I've just come from there. Fact is, Murray, I'm a little uneasy about Mack. You see, he left the crowd over on the Mexican side soon after you did this morning. Said he wanted to go back to hunt for some flowers he'd seen and wanted for his collection. Nobody seems to have seen him since."

"Oh, he'll turn up all right," asserted the manager, easily. "Mack's quite able to take care of himself, although why a first class movie actor wants to drag a lot of dried flowers and weeds around the country with him is more than I can make out."

"Well, I'm not so sure about his turning up," responded Stacy, ignoring the manager's deprecating allusion to the hobby of his leading man. "You remember Emory told us this morning that a gang of desperadoes was loose in the mountains across the river and warned us not to go too far. Of course, Mack wouldn't consider a little thing like a desperado when there was a specimen in question, but it's my belief they've got him."

A shrill cry of " 'Phone call, Mr, Murray," cut short the manager's reply, and a trifle alarmed at Stacy's gloomy forebodings, he hurried off to answer the call.

When he emerged from the booth a few minutes later all sign of alarm had completely vanished, and he was grinning broadly.

"That's going to be some film, that Mexican one, Stacy," he asserted complacently. "That costumer I got hold of certainly knows his business."

"Yes, yes," returned Stacy impatiently, "but about Mack?"

"It's him I was talking to," said the manager. "The bandits didn't find him, but that get-up of his was so dashed realistic that he's been roped

in for a bandit himself—El Capitan, the chief of the gang Emory told us of this morning, he says."

"Where is he now?" gasped Stacy when his mirth had subsided enough to permit of his speaking.

"In the cooler over in Juarez," returned the manager, cheerfully. "He says he's been hours getting them to let him 'phone me. I guess I better run along over and see about getting him out, for according to his story they ain't the most comfortable quarters in the world. Want to come along, Stacy? Believe me, that's going to be some film!"

MANZANITAS

On lonely forest ranges,
 Deep shadowed haunts of gloom,
Are radiant isles of beauty
 Where manzanitas bloom.
The stately pines are sighing
 Within their solemn shade,
While spring, with song and sunshine,
 Comes laughing down the glade.

The dark leaved manzanitas,
 First favorites of the year,
With budding boughs a-tremble,
 Have felt her coming near.
She crowns them with bright beauty—
 Her darlings of the hills—
Their dainty, clustered chalices
 With rosy nectar fills.

Along the sheltering hillsides
 Where streams run merrily,
They hold a royal banquet—
 To all the wood-folk free;
The birds are swiftly coming
 Their new love-songs to sing,
With blithe, melodious humming,
 The bees are on the wing.

Their tender fronds unfurling,
 While swells the springtime song,
The young ferns wave a greeting
 Their shady banks along.
How softly falls the sunshine,
 A blue sky bends above,
The live-oaks spread their branches
 Along the hills I love!

O blustering, ruthless winter,
 Grim tirant of the North,
Naught care I where your forces
 Are sternly marshalled forth;
You can no more affright me,
 Nor chill me with your gloom,
On God's great sun-lit mountains
 Where manzanitas bloom.

JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

A Fragment

By Boyd Cable

THIS is not a story, it is rather a fragment, beginning where usually a battle story ends, with a man being "casualtied," showing the principal character in a passive part—and ending, I am afraid, with a lot of unsatisfactory loose ends ungathered up. I only tell it because I fancy that at the back of it you may find some hint of the spirit that has helped the British Army in many a tight corner.

Private Wally Ruthven was knocked out by the bursting of a couple of bombs in his battalion's charge on the front line German trenches. Any account of the charge need not be given here, except that it failed, and the battalion making it, or what was left of them, were beaten back. Private Wally knew nothing of this, knew nothing of the renewed British bombardment, the renewed British attack half a dozen hours later, and again its renewed failure. All this time he was lying where the force of the bomb's explosion had thrown him, in a hole blasted out of the ground by a bursting shell. During all that time he was unconscious of anything except pain, although certainly he had enough of that to keep his mind very fully occupied. He was brought back to an agonizing consciousness by the hurried grip of strong hands and a wrenching lift that poured liquid flames of pain through every nerve in his mangled body. To say that he was badly wounded hardly describes the case; an R. A. M. C. orderly afterwards described his appearance with painful picturesqueness as "raw meat on a butcher's block," and indeed it is doubtful if the stretcher-bearers who lifted him from the shell hole would not rather have left him lying there and given their brief time and badly needed services to a casualty more promising of recovery, if they had seen at first Private Ruthven's serious condition. As it was, one stretcher bearer thought and said the man was dead, and was for tipping him off the stretcher again. Ruthven heard that and opened his eyes to look at the speaker, although at the moment it would not have troubled him much if he had been tipped off again. But the other stretcher-bearer said there was still life in him, and partly because the ground about them was pattering with bullets, and the air about them clamant and reverberating with the rush and roar of passing and exploding shells and bombs, and that particular spot, therefore, no place or time for argument, partly because stretcher bearers have a stubborn conviction and fundamental belief—which, by the way, has saved many a life even against their own momentary judgment—that while there is life there is hope, that a man "isn't dead till he's buried," and finally that a stretcher must always be brought in with a load, a live one if possible, and the nearest thing to alive if not, they brought him in.

The stretcher bearers carried their burden into the front trench and there attempted to set about the first bandaging of their casualty. The job, however, was quite beyond them, but one of them succeeded in finding a doctor, who in all the uproar of a desperate battle was playing Mahomet to the mountain of such cases as could not come to him in the field dressing station. The orderly requested the doctor to come to the casualty, who was so badly wounded that "he near came

to bits when we lifted him." The doctor, who had several urgent cases within arm's length of him as he worked at the moment, said that he would come as soon as he could, and told the orderly in the meantime to go and bandage any minor wounds his casualty might have. The bearer replied that there were no minor wounds, that the man was "just nothing but one big wound all over," and as for bandaging, that he "might as well try to do first aid on a pound of meat that had run through a mincing machine." The doctor at last, hobbling painfully and leaning on the stretcher bearer—for he himself had been twice wounded, once in the foot by a piece of shrapnel, and once through the tip of the shoulder by a rifle bullet—came to Private Ruthven. He spent a good deal of time and innumerable yards of bandage on him, so that when the stretcher bearers brought him into the dressing station there was little but bandages to be seen of him. The stretcher bearer delivered a message from the doctor that there was very little hope, so that Ruthven for the time being was merely given an injection of morphia and put aside.

The approaches to the dressing station and the station itself were under so severe a fire for some hours afterwards that it was impossible for any ambulance to be brought near it. Such casualties as could walk back walked, others were carried slowly and painfully to a point which the ambulances had a fair sporting chance of reaching intact. One way and another a good many hours passed before Ruthven's turn came to be removed. The doctor who had bandaged him in the firing line had by then returned to the dressing station, mainly because his foot had become too painful to allow him to use it at all. Merely as an aside, and although it has nothing to do with Private Ruthven's case, it may be worth mentioning that the same doctor, having cleaned, sterilized and bandaged his wounds, remained in the dressing station for another twelve hours, doing such work as could be accomplished sitting in a chair and with a sound and an unsound arm. He saw Private Ruthven for a moment as he was being started on his journey to the ambulance; he remembered the case, as indeed everyone who handled or saw that case remembered it for many days, and, moved by professional interest and some amazement that the man was still alive, he hobbled from his chair to look at him. He found Private Ruthven returning his look, for the passing of time and the excess of pain had by now overcome the effects of the morphia injection. There was a hauntingly appealing look in the eyes that looked up at him, and the doctor tried to answer the question he imagined those appealing eyes would have conveyed.

"I don't know, my boy," he said, "whether you'll pull through, but we'll do the best we can for you. And now we have you here we'll have you back in the hospital in no time, and there you'll get every chance there is."

He imagined the question remained in those eyes still unsatisfied, and that Ruthven gave just the suggestion of a slow head-shake.

"Don't give up, my boy," he said, briskly. "We might save you yet. I'm going to take away the pain for you," and he called an orderly to bring a hypodermic injection. While he was finding a place among the bandages to make the injection, the orderly who was waiting spoke: "I believe, sir, he's trying to ask something or say something."

It has to be told here that Private Ruthven could say nothing in the terms of ordinary speech, and would never be able to do so again. Without going into details it will be enough to say that the whole lower part of—well, his face was tightly bound about with bandages, leaving little more than his eyes clear. He was frowning now, and again just shaking his head to denote a negative, and his left hand, bound to the bigness of a football in bandages, moved slowly in an endeavor to push aside the doctor's hands.

"It's all right, my lad," the doctor

said soothingly. "I'm not going to hurt you."

The frown cleared for an instant and the eloquent eyes appeared to smile, as indeed the lad might well have smiled at the thought that any one could "hurt" such a bundle of pain. But although it appeared quite evident that Ruthven did not want morphia, the doctor in his wisdom decreed otherwise, and the jolting journey down the rough shell torn road, and the longer but smoother journey in the sweetly sprung motor ambulance, were accomplished in sleep.

When he wakened again to consciousness he lay for some time looking about him, moving only his eyes and very slowly his head. He took in the canvas walls and roof of the big hospital marquee, the scarlet-blanket beds, the flitting figures of a couple of silent footed Sisters, the screens about two of the beds; the little clump of figures, doctors, orderlies and Sister, stooped over another bed. Presently he caught the eye of a Sister as she passed swiftly the foot of his bed, and she, seeing the appealing look, the barely perceptible upward twitch of his head that was all he could do to beckon, stopped and turned, and moved quickly to his side. She smoothed the pillow about his head and the sheets across his shoulders, and spoke softly.

"I wonder if there is anything you want," she said. "You can't tell me, can you—just close your eyes a minute—if there is anything I can do."

The eyes closed instantly, opened, and stared upward at her.

"Is it the pain?" she said. "Is it very dreadful?"

The eyes held steady and unflickering upon hers. She knew well that they did not speak the truth, and that the pain must indeed be very dreadful.

"We can stop the pain, you know," she said. "Is that what you want?"

The steady, unwinking eyes answered "No" again, and to add emphasis to it the bandaged head shook slowly from side to side on the pillow.

The Sister was puzzled; she could find out what he wanted, of course, she was confident of that, but it might take some time and many questions, and time just then was something that she or no one else in the big clearing hospital could find enough of for the work in their hands. Even then urgent work was calling her, so she left him, promising to come again as soon as she could.

She spoke to the doctor, and presently he came back with her to the bedside. "It's marvelous," he said in a low tone to the Sister, "that he has held on to life so long."

Private Ruthven's wounds had been dressed there on arrival, before he woke out of the morphia sleep, and the doctor had seen and knew.

"There is nothing we can do for him," he said, "except morphia again, to ease him out of his pain."

But again the boy, his brow wrinkling with the effort, attempted with his bandaged hand to stay the needle in the doctor's fingers.

"I'm sure," said the Sister, "he does not want the morphia; he told me so, didn't you?" appealing to the boy.

The eyes shut and gripped tight in an emphatic answer, and the Sister explained their code.

"Listen!" she said gently. "The doctor will only give you enough to make you sleep for two or three hours, and then I shall have time to come and talk to you. Will that do?"

The unmoving eyes answered "No" again, and the doctor stood up.

"If he can bear it, Sister," he said, "we may as well leave him. I can't understand it, though. I know how these wounds must hurt."

They left him then, and he lay for another couple of hours, his eyes set on the canvas roof above his head, dropped for an instant to any passing figure lifting again to their fixed position. The eyes and the mute appeal in them haunted the Sister, and half a dozen times, as she moved about the beds, she flitted over to him, just to drop a word that she had not forgotten and she was coming presently.

"You want me to talk to you, don't you?" she said. "There is something you want me to find out?"

"Yes—yes—yes," said the quickly flickering eyelids.

The Sister read the label that was tied to him when he was brought in. She asked questions round the ward of those who were able to answer them, and sent an orderly to make inquiries in the other tents. He came back presently and reported the finding of another man who belonged to Ruthven's regiment and who knew him. So presently, when she was relieved from duty—the first relief for thirty-six solid hours of physical stress and heart tearing strain, she went straight to the other tent and questioned the man who knew Private Ruthven. He had a hopelessly shattered arm but appeared mightily content and amazingly cheerful. He knew Wally, he said, was in the same platoon with him; didn't know much about him except that he was a very decent sort; no, knew nothing about his people or his home, although he remembered—yes, there was a girl. Wally had shown him her photograph once, "and a real ripper she is too." Didn't know if Wally was engaged to her, or anything more about her, and certainly not her name.

The Sister went back to Wally. His wrinkled brow cleared at the sight of her, but she could see that the eyes were sunk more deeply in his head, that they were dulled, no doubt with his suffering.

"I'm going to ask you a lot of questions," she said, "and you'll just close your eyes again if I speak of what you want to tell me. You do want to tell me something, don't you?"

To her surprise, the "Yes" was not signaled back to her. She was puzzled a moment. "You want to ask me something?"

"Yes," the eyelids flickered back.

"Is it about a girl?" she asked. ("No.") "Is it about money of any sort?" ("No.") "Is it about your mother, or your people, or your home? Is it about yourself?"

She had paused after each question and went on to the next, but seeing no sign on answering "Yes" she was baffled for a moment. But she felt that she could not go to her own bed to which she had been dismissed, could not go to the sleep she so badly needed, until she had found and answered the question in those pitiful eyes. She tried again.

"Is it about your regiment?" she asked, and the eyes snapped. "Yes," and "Yes," and "Yes," again. She puzzled over that, and then went back to the doctor in charge of the other ward and brought back with her the man who "knew Wally." Mentally she clapped her hands at the light that leaped to the boy's eyes. She had told the man that it was something about the regiment he wanted to know; told him, too, his method of answering "Yes," and "No," and to put his questions in such a form that they could be so answered.

The friend advanced to the bedside with clumsy caution.

"Hello, Wally!" he said cheerfully. "They've pretty well chewed you up and spit you out again, 'aven't they? But you're all right, old son; you're going to pull through, 'cause the O. C. o' the Linseed Lancers here told me so. But Sister here tells me you want to ask something about some one in the old crush." He hesitated a moment. "I can't think who it would be," he confessed. "It can't be his own chum, 'cause he 'stopped one,' and Wally saw it and knew he was dead hours before. But look 'ere," he said, determinedly, "I'll go through the whole bloomin' regiment, from the O. C. down to the cook, by name, and one at a time, and you'll tip me a wink and stop me at the right one. I'll start off with your own platoon first; that ought to do it," he said to the Sister.

"Perhaps," she said quickly, "he wants to ask you about one of his officers. Is that it?" And she turned to him.

The eyes looked at her long and steadily. and then closed flutteringly and hesitatingly.

"We're coming near it," she said,

"although he didn't seem sure about that 'Yes.'"

"Look 'ere," said the other, with a sudden inspiration, "there's no good o' this 'Yes' and 'No' guessing game; Wally and me was both in the flag-wagging class, and we knows enough to—there you are." He broke off in triumph and nodded to Wally's flickering eyelids, that danced rapidly in the long and short of the Morse code.

"Y-e-s. Ac-ac-ac."

"Yes," he said. "If you'll get a bit of paper, Sister, you can write down the message while I spells it off. That is what you want, ain't it, chum?"

The Sister took paper and pencil and wrote the letters one by one as the code ticked them off and the reader called them to her.

"Ready. Begins!" "Go on, Miss, write it down," as she hesitated. "Don-I-Don—Did; W-E—we; Toc-ac-K-E—take; Toc-H-E—the; Toc-R-E-N-C-H; ac-ac-ac. Did we take the trench?"

The signaler being a very unimaginative man, possibly it might never have occurred to him to lie, to have told anything but the blunt truth that they did not take the trench; that the regiment had been cut to pieces in the attemp to take it; that the further attempt of another regiment on the same trench had been beaten back with horrible loss; that the lines on both sides, when he was sent to the rear late at night, were held exactly as they had been held before the attack; that the whole result of the action was nil—except for the casualty list. But he caught just in time the softly sighing whispered "Yes" from the unmoving lips of the Sister, and he lied promptly and swiftly, efficiently and at full length.

"Yes," he said, "we took it. I thought you knew that, and that you was wounded on the other side of it; we took it all right. Got a hammering of course; but what was left of us cleared it with the bayonet. You should 'ave 'eard 'em squeal when the bayonet took 'em. There was one big brute—"

He was proceeding with a cheerful imagination, colored by past experiences, when the Sister stopped him. Wally's eyes were closed.

"I think," she said quietly, "that's all that Wally wants to know. Isn't it, Wally?"

The lids lifted slowly, and the Sister could have cried at the glory and satisfaction that shone in them. They closed once softly, lifted slowly, and closed again, tiredly and gently. That is all. Wally died an hour afterwards.

"MORE TENDER THAN THE LIPS OF DUSK"

More tender than the lips of dusk
 Upon the cheek of day;
More softly than the twilight comes
 Upon a far hillway,

Comes to the heart the deepening truth,
 Though fame may be worth while,
Though wealth can buy the sweets of
 earth,
 Joy make the saddened smile,

The one possession men may own
 Or be partakers of,
Which lasts while others dim and fade
 Into the past—is Love!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Their Story After Death

A Conception of the Life Hereafter

By Carl Holliday

HE HAD been dead several years —how long he himself could not tell. For out beyond there are no hours and minutes. He could only know that he had long been wandering and struggling onward through formless, chaotic darkness, like a lost man creeping doggedly, sullenly, through a vast, black fog. Many memories of sins seemed to hinder his progress; but these were as nothing beside one great remorse that unceasingly pressed upon him. Of course, it was while in the flesh that he had done this one deep wrong that hindered him so mercilessly. He had met her, the one he loved so passionately, and they had sinned together. In the world he had done much good, and except for the sin mentioned, few evils. When he—that is, his soul—had passed out from his body, all had been darkness and chaos, with an immense feeling of weight upon him. He—that is, his soul—felt so disturbed, so wretched. It seemed to him that he constantly tugged at these weights that restrained him from moving quickly forward—he knew not where. Why he should go forward, aside from a passionate longing to do so, and aside, too, from the fact that the other shapeless, dark forms seemed to be doing so, he could not tell. All was confusion, bewilderment.

Slowly there came over him an intense feeling of remorse, until it at length grew into a terrific anguish. How he began to loathe himself! All the deeds done back there in the flesh began to appear so petty, so low, so beneath what a soul ought to have done. The pain intensified. Each weight now seemed to take a voice unto itself and to cry out against him. As his consciousness became more alive —perhaps because of the accusing voices—a new pain appeared—a pain unknown to him on earth—an agony caused by his lack of form. He seemed but a vast, unbounded mass, a chaotic something that incessantly, hopelessly struggled to bring itself together and think! He was abhorrent to himself. Oh, for some guiding, concentrating principle, some spirit that might show him what he could do, what he should do! Then there came to him words he had heard so often in the days of his flesh: "Heaven and hell are within you."

"And this, then, is the hell that all must suffer," he said, or, rather, felt to himself in some confused way. "Only conscience and confusion! It is sufficient, O God, it is sufficient!"

Struggle as he might, he could move but slowly. A desire to sweep on, to flee from the weights and their accusing voices, burned within him, but he observed, in the vague manner that had become so characteristic of him out here, that other souls, or at least formless, gloomy masses, passed him, glided more quickly toward that mysterious goal for which all seemed to long. The voices of his own sins had not ceased; if they would only be silent for just a moment that he might collect his bewildered thoughts! But no; they clamored incessantly. And yet, somehow, he felt that those voices came not so much from his unseen hindrances as from within himself. If he had been in the flesh he would long since have gone mad. They showed him himself with brutal unmercifulness; he realized—oh, how vividly—the loathsomeness of his deeds. The bitter reflection came to him, at length, that if he had never done these things in the old days he might now

have been sweeping forward even faster than some of the silent figures that flowed past him. Yet none of these ideas, he realized, were clean-cut, clear; all was confusion and gloomy shapelessness and darkness and silence; for, after all, the voices were silent and not spoken sounds.

Years may have passed thus—or perhaps it was but a moment; he could not tell, out here in his lonely wandering and struggling. He had learned to know fully now what he really was, and all was bitter anguish and self-loathing. The longing for some guiding spirit, some companion light, had never ceased. Suddenly he seemed to burst forth in a cry of agony.

"Oh, that I might find the One who can lead me from this chaos! Oh, for light! Oh, that I might know God! Forsaken! Forsaken Too earthy, too foul to know Him, to recognize Him, even if He stood beside me here! O Spirit, whatever Thou art, forgive, forgive!"

That moment his burden began to grow lighter. Some of the smaller weights seemed to dissolve and pass from him; some of the accusing voices ceased to speak. Then, too, he seemed in some way to be collecting himself—to be finding the limits or boundaries of himself.

"Less of shapelessness, less of chaos!" he sobbed in relief. "And see, too, I move faster."

But still many weights clung to him, and one especially hung like a mountain and clamored without rest. It was the great sin—the deed of flesh with her, the woman he had loved. Filth, foul filth, he muttered; the rotten body led me into this confusion of soul. How can I ever know God? I, unclean, swinish, smelling of the flesh!"

The darkness about him had lightened the least bit. He could not tell why; but he was sure that the other figures now hurrying onward with him —millions upon millions, he thought—were more distinct. Each seemed a shapeless gray mass, silent, morose, wrapped within itself, each suggestive of inexpressible gloom. It reminded him of a picture he had seen of Indians wrapped in their blankets sullenly hurrying on in a driving storm. Yet, though he noticed these things, he felt more and more keenly the tugging weights and the tireless voices. Ever and anon, however, he realized that some one of the burdens dropped or melted away, and some one of the voices became silent. It seemed to him that this happened every time he gave special heed to some persistent accuser and felt sharp remorse touch him to the quick.

There was some little cheer in all this. "Perhaps," muttered he, "they will all at length go from me, and then I shall know God."

Why this intense passion to know God? He had never felt it in such degree while on earth. Perhaps it was because he had never before realized the absolute necessity for some Guiding Principle.

Sure enough, just as he had conjectured, the weights and the voices grew less and less evident, and at length passed away. All? All but one—that sin with her. He tried to reason out the cause for this; why all remorse but this had gone. Long in vain he strove for the solution. Long? It might have been years or centuries, or perhaps just a moment; he could not discover out here where time and space seemed unknown, where only soul-experiences existed. At length he began to wonder when she would die and follow; she had promised at his death-bed to be with him, if possible, after life. Then came a sudden thought—a spasm of agony; he seemed almost to stop in his onward sweep. She—the soul he loved—would she have to toil over the lonely waste he had traveled? Would she, too, have to struggle blindly on, suffering remorse as he had, crying passionately in her desolation for the great guiding Spirit just as he had cried? Bitterness of bitterness! Would one vast weight like this one about him, one unceasing, accusing voice, forever accompany her? Now indeed had the fulness of his sin come upon him. But

for him, she might, at death, have sprung into the first rank of those souls now sweeping past him, might have hurried joyfully onward to the mysterious attractive Something beyond! Infinite horror seized upon him, infinite hatred of self, and a world of pity for her, his fellow-sinner.

"O God! O Spirit!" he gasped, "have mercy! Have mercy! Not upon me, but upon her. Lay her weight of guilt upon me! It is mine! It is mine! Spirit of Mercy, pity her!".

That self-same moment the great weight fell from him, and the last accusing voice was silent. God-like pity had set him free. In the agony of his remorse he had offered all that man could offer—to place upon his own soul the guilt of another. Greater love can no man have than this, he thought to himself, that he give up his soul for another.

He could not be sure that the vast burden had passed from her; but, somehow, a great restful confidence flooded him. The fact that the Spirit had forgiven him, the chief of sinners, made him believe that she, the tempted one, had also been forgiven.

While in the midst of these contented contemplations he felt a presence near him, and, turning, he saw—her! There was rapture in her appearance. He could not tell how he knew it; there was no face, no concrete form—only vague soul like himself. But all the attitude was one of joy.

"I have come, beloved," she said; yet he knew that it was not a spoken voice.

They swept on side by side.

"Loved one," he inquired, as he pressed nearer her, "how have you passed so quickly over the journey while I have toiled so long, so long?"

"Ah," she replied, "when in the old days you died and went out from me, my soul saw the folly of it all, and with tears of agony I prayed the Spirit to forgive. And all that mortal woman could do to become pure I did in the days that were left me. And when the journey began I seemed, to my surprise, to glide swiftly past the countless masses about me!"

"And was there no weight whatever?" he eagerly asked, and there seemed to be about him an atmosphere of joyful expectancy.

"Yes, yes, a great, a weary weight, and a dreary, ceaseless voice—the old sin, you know. But suddenly, while thinking of you, I realized that you, too, must be carrying that same weight, and then came a pity that was bitterness itself—a pity for you. Do you understand? And do you know, that same moment the burden about me dissolved, and the voice was silent, and I bounded forward, and was—with you!"

"Ah," thought he, "what power lies in an intense desire expressed in prayer! It thrills like an electric current to the soul prayed for!"

Now the light grew more real. They were sweeping on swiftly now, and, side by side, in extreme content. they observed the other hurrying shapes that they passed. Strange to say, he recognized many of them, although some were thousands of years old. some were kings and warriors of the ancient days before Buddha and Confucius and the Man of Galilee and other thoughtful teachers had striven to make men know God. They—the kings and the warriors—had started far back at their death, and after all these ages had reached only that place or station in the jrurney which he and she had reached in so short a time. Others of the ancients seemed to sweep on cheerfully, confidently, and among them he saw some of the philosophers who through exalted thought had formed some clear conception of the nature of God. As the lovers went on they came upon one poor soul who seemed utterly weary and dejected. To their astonishment they recognized him as one of their childhood's teachers—a man far famed for his cyclopedic knowledge. In the old days it was thought that he had mastered every earthly fact; but he had failed to master the One Great Fact. So busy had he been in accumulating the dry items of earthly existence that he had never

reflected upon the relationship between himself and the Great Spirit, had never drawn near to God, and now he was groping onward like a bewildered child.

The lovers in pity murmured a prayer for him, but were soon far beyond him. And they were contented; for they knew that some time, perhaps far, far off, even that confused soul would reach the knowledge of the Guiding Principle.

The light was beautiful now. An irresistible attraction drew them on as toward a mighty magnet within a vast circle. The light was more intense beyond. They noticed now that the souls were beginning to merge together. Instead of individual masses, they were becoming like one far-sweeping, circular wave.

"I wonder," he said to her, "if we are to lose all individuality out here? See how they all are absorbing all!"

She grew closer to him.

"Perhaps it is best," she replied. "Perhaps individuality is simply one of the vanities of the flesh. Would it not be far better for us all to be merged into the Mighty Personality, the Great Spirit—to be of God and in God?"

It seemed strange to him that the idea gave him no rebellious thought. Back on earth he had prided himself on his individuality. But here his individuality appeared so petty, so powerless, when separated from the Immense Personality that flowed through the merging souls. He turned to speak to her about it; but lo! she was becoming a part of himself, and she comprehended his thoughts without his uttering them; she understood them even as they were forming; aye, she helped form them! She was part of himself and he a part of her.

And suddenly in that moment a marvel was done. He saw all things not only through his own spiritual eyes, but through a woman's! It was a new vision and a new light. Nor was this the end. The vast wave of souls grew denser, more real, and calmly he entered it and became a part of it. His soul became merged with all the millions of souls that had gone before, and he was no longer a separate personality, but an element in the great throbbing circular wave. And as this sensation grew, what vast wisdom entered into him! All the experiences of every other soul in that innumerable multitude became a part of his own soul experience, and it seemed as though he began to comprehend all things in heaven and on earth. All yearnings of poet, musician, artist, prophet, all mysteries, all raptures—these were his.

Hourly—if in that place there could be such things as hours—he felt his individuality slipping from him. But measureless content was his. How immense, how infinitely nobler was this new universal personality! He felt, he knew, he was becoming, not a part of God, but God Himself. How far beyond his former puny conception of heavenly regard was this! To be in God—in the vast Unity; it was a new conception. New souls were constantly merging into the wave. He could tell it by the thrills of additional knowledge and of added experience that flooded him unceasingly. And, too, these new spirits were not from his own earth alone; they came from all the earths of universal space. His sense of knowledge and of experience was now indeed God-like. The wave was full of the light of understanding.

How long this went on he could not have expressed. Time was not a matter for consideration when all the thoughts and emotions of infinity and eternity were his. But there came, at length, a moment when the last of all souls merged itself into the wave. The circle was finished; the final Unity was made; God was completed. There was no man; there was no woman. There was only God, and they—the lovers—were contained within It and were substance of It. They had entered the Eternal Unity.

On earth they had sinned because they had desired, above all other things, union, oneness; in heaven, it had been granted them—how fully!



Getting Cultured in Philadelphia

By Richard Bret Harte

CHAPTED IV.

In a Quaker Village.

DURING my visit to Philadelphia I stayed most of the time in Langhorne, a picturesque Quaker village about twenty miles from the city. I went there on account of my health and for the good reason that my finances had reached that state of "artistic uncertainty" usually considered *typical* of artists, journalists and the like.

Under the restful influence of Langhorne my health rapidly improved. I wrote and caricatured for the Philadelphia Record, which took me to the city once a week; enjoyed a little manual labor; dabbled in psychology with an old Harvard professor, and ate sweet potatoes galore.

Langhorne was the first American village I had ever seen. Unlike the English village, it had no thatched-roof cottages or tall, flowery hedges. There were no famed inns such as "The King's Head" or "Ye Olde Cobwebs" —merely a few ordinary saloons. But in spite of these antique deficiencies, Langhorne possessed a charm that one can find only in America—the lingering charm of the old colonial days, which is seen so abundantly in and around Philadelphia.

The principal atmosphere of the village consisted of the "Friends." For me it was a novel experience to meet them and live with them, since I had only read of the Quakers, and had thought the sect to be almost extinct. The Quaker vernacular reminded me very much of a kind of badly spoken *Shakespearian dialect,* in which the pronouns "thee," "thou" and "thy" flourished with considerable extravagance and confusion, but making, somehow, a pleasant, "antique seasoning," as it were, for conversation, like the seasoning of cloves in apple pie.

I found the Quaker somewhat of an enigma. It was impossible to really "get at him." His personality seemed incased in a hide as tough and as thick as a hide can be. He possessed humor —but a morbid humor. For instance, I remember on one occasion while at dinner the family were discussing a friend who had that day died. The deceased had left little else behind him



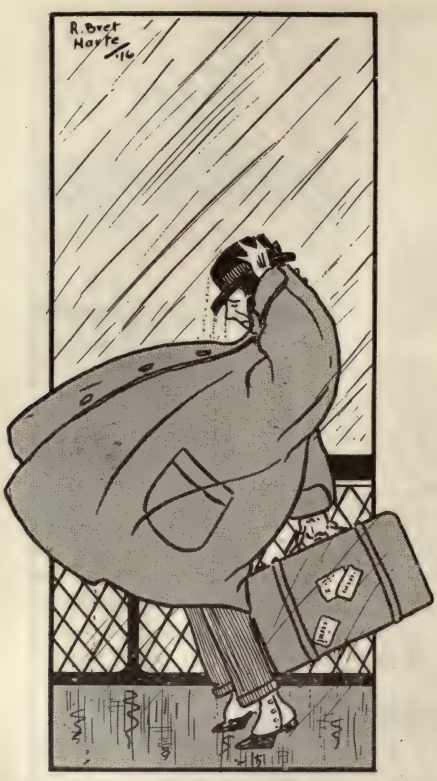
"The Professor with his ale."

than a reputation which, unfortunately, was ninety per cent alcoholic. "Well," commented my host, "he's gone this time, but as soon as he reached the other side I bet he made straight for a saloon." Now I think that the poor man might at least have been given a chance to reform, even if there were saloons "on the other side."

Finding the "Friends" rather uncongenial, I sought the company of an old Harvard professor. He was the only individual with an individuality in the village, and probably the only one who did not spit tobacco-juice from sunrise to sunset. In consequence of these traits of civilization he was naturally looked upon askance by the villagers.

The professor lived in a little "shack" (as he loved to call it) surrounded by a small garden. The exterior of the house was commonplace, but once inside the door, one immediately felt philosophy and Greek and Latin psychology, and all the other "ologies" that a professor revels in. In the tiny parlor with its bulging bookcases and its faded sofa, its rickety chairs and its cracked, antique ornaments, we passed many hours in deep discourse, and in pleasant conversation in which his charming little wife would oftimes join us.

He was a friend of Professor James, and had himself published several psychological works. One of the books I shall never forget, on account of its rather startling title of "The Nervous System of Jesus." I was very youthful at the time, and naturally such a trea-



"A raging blizzard tried to blow me overboard."

tise was vastly beyond my comprehension. Nervous systems, divine or otherwise, had never appealed to me, but I suppose a psychologist can find sufficient psychology even in bunions to fill a bookshelf.

However, the professor had not allowed these ponderous studies to monopolize his soul; he was still human. Knowing that I had been to school in England and had lived there many years, he very thoughtfully surmised that I still retained a few English tastes; and accordingly, as I was about to make my departure, he would beg me stay a moment, hurriedly leave the room, and return, smiling and joking, with two bottles of real, imported English ale.

I liked the professor, with his colossal theories and "braininess," but how I loved him with his ale that sparkled no brighter than his wit and his broad, English laughter.

Chapter *V.*

Off to the Sunny South.

My stay in Langhorne lasted but a few months. I returned to Philadelphia, and was just recovering from my rest in the country when I suddenly succumbed to bronchitis. My doctor informed me that my health was unsuited to the rigors of the Northern climate, and recommended the South. The very idea of such a change speeded my recovery. I hated the cold and the



"Oh, those niggers."

snows, a running nose for four months and chilblains, and irritating underwear as thick as Turkish rugs, and all the rest of those dreadful things that go with a Northern winter.

So I boarded a Merchants and Miners' steamer bound for Jacksonville, Florida, with a farewell "Thank God," as a raging blizzard made a frantic attempt to blow me overboard. The voyage was quite uneventful, though pleasant and calm the second day out. The passengers consisted of a number of invalid mothers with athletic daughters in sport-coats, and also a large cargo of youthful chamber maids, house maids, ladies' maids and various other types of hotel "inducements" found so abundantly at the Florida resorts.

One in particular, an attractive blonde who chewed gum and persistently manicured her nails, was quite interesting. She and I were among the very few that survived *mal-de-mer*, and we sat next to each other at table. In spite of her rather gauche idiosyncracies, she displayed considerable education, and was quite an intellectual conversationalist. I could imagine her secretly tutoring some of the society matrons upon whom she waited during the winter, or teaching some Newport Apollo the English language.



"She was one of the few that had survived mal-de-mer."

The steamer stopped at Savannah for a few hours, and my heroine and I went ashore. How picturesque and quaint was Savannah! To me it was so typically Southern, with its sunshine, and laziness and its niggers. Niggers! Oh, those niggers. I can still see them lying around in groups on the docks, chewing sugar-cane and chatting in that care-free laughing way that only the nigger possesses. I shall never forget the street we passed through on our way up to the city from the docks. Both sides of the thoroughfare were lined with the most attractive looking pawn shops, and all apparently doing a prosperous business. It was a sight as discouraging

as it was odd, suggesting for the moment that the city might be in pawn. However, I suppose, after all it was merely the Hebrew district.

Wandering on through the city, we found innumerable little squares with pretty flower beds and fine old trees draped with Spanish moss. Every square had one or several monuments; in fact, half the population of the city seemed to be monuments, and their venerable presence created a strange, reminiscent spell aquiver with the history and romance of the good old Southern days.

It was probably due to this romantic influence that I nearly missed my boat, for I had been sitting in one of the squares and had almost fallen asleep, dreaming of Lafayette or Lee, or somebody historical; and then Savannah is such an ideal spot to dream in.

We landed at Jacksonville the next morning. After I had said farewell to my blonde steamer-companion who was going on to Daytona, I sought temporary headquarters. Owing to restrained circumstances, I was forced to select a rather mediocre hotel, one of those tourist places with a solitary male attendant who is bell boy, elevator man, porter, chambermaid, clerk, etc., all in one, simultaneously, and with an extraordinary ability for making excuses.

(*To be continued next month.*)

MY WILD FLOWER OF THE WEST

Her heart yearned for the sagebrush and the hills,
She hungered for the West of old-time thrills;
The East had wearied her, her heart was sad
One look at those old hills would make her glad.

We bade the yawning city a farewell,
The beckoning hills with their alluring spell
Were calling, calling her in sweet refrain,
Resistless were the charms of hill and plain.

Out through the bad lands, Oh the thrilling view!
The breath of sagebrush mingled with the dew!
On through the canyons, o'er the roaring streams,
Her bosom heaved with joy! Her land of dreams!

The tears of gladness glistened in her eyes.
Her mountains! Ah, her prairies and her skies!
The land that gave her birth, the land that blest
Her as its own, My Wild Flower of the West!

LOUIS ROLLER.



"Yolanda of Cyprus." Yolanda, Katharine Cook

Annual Plays at Carmel's Forest Theatre

By

Grace MacFarland

IN the famous Forest Theatre at Carmel-by-the-Sea was recently given the seventh annual play of the Forest Theatre Society. Out of two hundred manuscripts submitted in the contest, the committee chose "Yolanda of Cyprus," by Cale Young Rice. He is the husband of Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The children's play, "The Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody, followed in production.

When, in 1910, the Forest Theatre staged its first annual drama, it was almost the only natural, open-air theatre in America. Here, in this "Florence of America," is a theatre on the hillside at the edge of town, its wooden benches ranged along the hill's own curving slope, its back curtain, wings and walls formed by pines, cypresses and eucalypti that have been many decades attaining their lofty stature. It it such a theatre as housed the tragedies and comedies of the golden age of Athenian drama. Since then, there have sprung up many other similar theatres, but this retains its unique character and importance.

The Forest Theatre was fitted up for

the express purpose of giving the people of Carmel an opportunity to "try out" their histrionic and dramatic abilities. In order that it might never fall into the control of a clique or special group, the control of the Forest Theatre was vested in a Board of Trustees.

The question then arose as to when, how and what should be staged. Any of Carmel's people may put on a play, whether of those who live there all the year, or of those who come only when the rush of business makes it possible. This, however, made no provision for the financial support of the adequate presentation of any play. Accordingly, arrangements were made with the Carmel Development Company for the financing of one play a year.

It was decided to give this annual play somewhere near the fourth of July, a time when the many who loved Carmel, but during a greater part of the year, were kept away by business, might be there to enjoy it.

Knowing that the children of to-day are the playwrights and actors of to-morrow, they determined to stage at the same time a children's play which would give the little folks an opportunity of seeing and showing what histrionic ability they possessed. In staging these children's plays, the Arts and Crafts Club has assisted.

A committee was appointed to pass on the plays for the annual production. Many manuscripts are submitted each year, candidates for the honor having found favor in the eyes of this American art center.

"David," a Biblical play by Constance Skinner, was the first production.

Twice during the six year since then an annual play has been taken away and produced elsewhere. In 1912 "The Toad," by Bertha Newberry, was given in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. The crowded amphitheatre was sufficient proof of the importance which had already attached to this new institution, the Forest Theatre Annual Play.

In 1915, "Junipero Serra," a pageant of the life of that great pioneer founder of the California Missions, by Perry Newberry, was given at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. The performance attracted world wide notice, and was made the subject of favorable comment by dramatic critics from all over the country.

Of the seven annual plays produced by the Forest Theatre Society, only one had ever been previously produced elsewhere. Their second play was "Twelfth Night." Since then they have stuck strictly to their purpose of putting on only new plays, dramas by amateur authors. Thus Carmel has the distinction of being the only place in the world to-day where there is a real, organized society having a theatre and financial backing to make it possible for young playwrights to "try out" the children of their pens.

Unlike their former productions, "Yolanda of Cyprus" was not written especially for the Forest Theatre, but for an indoor theatre. Several years ago it was submitted by Mr. Rice to Julia Marlowe. Just as she was completing plans for starring in it, Mr. Frohman finished arrangements for her tour with E. K. Sothern in a Shakespearean repertoire, and "Yoland of Cyprus" was laid aside.

"Thus," said the author in his curtain speech on the opening night, "I found myself in the position of a man who, having long been accustomed to look for the sun to rise in the east, suddenly finds it rising in the west."

"Yolanda of Cyprus" is a dramatization of Robert Browning's poem of the same name. Its plot closely follows that of the poem. The lesson brought out in the whole play is put into the mouth of Yolanda in Act 3: "Pity we owe to sin, not blame."

We have long been accustomed to speak of Browning as a dramatic poet, but the deep philosophical tendency of many of his poems repels the average reader. To such, the intense humanness of the appeal of both "Yolanda of Cyprus" and "The Piper" was a



"The Piper," produced at the annual children's play at Carmel. Left to right—Veronika, Alice MacDougal; The Piper, Ludovic Bremner; Jan, Phyllis Overstreet.

real revelation. With all the thrill and vividness of a present day "problem play," "Yolanda of Cyprus" combines the mystery and glamour of sixteenth century Italy, the land of sunshine and romance.

It is the story of Yolanda, an orphan, who, to save her foster mother, Berengere Lusignon, from the shame of her guilty love for Camarin, Baron of Papos, takes the blame upon herself. She is betrothed to Berengere's only son, Amaury, and is actuated in her sacrifice by love of him as well as of his mother. Driven by the scheming of Vittia Pisani, a Lady of Venice, who wishes to win Amaury, Yolanda finally consents to marry Camarin. As the last words of the marriage ceremony are pronounced, a scream makes them all pause. From a gateway, Alessa, Yolanda's lady in waiting, tells them: "Lady Berengere is dead."

Thus seems to have vanished Yolanda's last hope of establishing her innocence. In the last act, Berengere's own words: "Though I were dead, this sinning would awake me," are fulfilled. The dead lips open and proclaim to a startled household her own guilt and Yolanda's innocence. To complete the poetic justice, Camarin is killed by Amaury. The lovers are at last united, but even their bliss is clouded by the shadow of Berengere's sinning.

Some idea of the importance which attaches to these plays may be gathered from the fact that all the San Francisco dailies sent their dramatic critics to view them, and thither came many professional actors of repute, such as Mr. J. Gribner, who recently played the lead in "Omar the Tentmaker."

Up to now, the dream of the Forest Theatre Society to develop a truly great dramatist who would produce a California drama which might justly take its place among the great dramas of the world, has not been realized. This year's play, written as it was by an author who had never before been

in Carmel, seems to mark a departure from that purpose.

Whether this widening of the field of their activities so as to give all amateurs from Carmel to Carolina, a chance to take advantage of the Forest Theatre is a step ahead or backwards, is an open question. Perhaps, like "Twelfth Night," "Yolanda of Cyprus," written by a New Yorker for an indoor Theatre, is an experiment that will not be repeated.

At any rate, regardless of the nativity of the author, this play goes to prove that, after all, there is not such an essential difference between dramas for outdoor and indoor theatres. A really good one, where plot and characters are sufficiently strong, will, with the help of a skillful producer such as Paul Newberry proved to be, fit in either place, and still make good. In this day, when many of the dramas depend for ninety per cent of their interest on the scenery and costuming, this production of "Yolanda of Cyprus" in the Forest Theatre at Carmel teaches a much needed lesson. Plot and characters are worth more, in the final anaylsis, than all the costumes and scenery ever designed.

In the children's plays no attempt has been made to secure originality. Their purpose is principally to give the children an opportunity to find and develop their histrionic ability.

Yet the children's plays attract quite as much attention as the annual plays. The sweet, clean simplicity of their plots and characters and the compelling charm of the spontaneous enthusiasm of the little actors and actresses offer a most refreshing change from the drama of to-day.

Such plays are chosen as "Alice in Wonderland," in 1912; "Strewel Peter" in 1914, and this year "The Piper." This was the prize play out of thousands of manuscripts submitted in the contest held in Stratford on Avon for the opening of the Shakespeare Theatre in 1910.

It takes up the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin just as the Piper returns to claim his reward for freeing the town of their plague of rats and mice. Jacobus, the Burgomeister, and Kurt, the Syndic, refuse. So, to teach a lesson to the people of Hamelin, with its "narrow cobbled streets and little peeping windows that dream of what the neighbors say and the neighbors say," the Piper pipes the children of Hamelin away.

One of the women, Veronika, a foreigner, Kurt's second wife, comes, with her herd bell, to the "devil haunted wood" seeking Jan, her crippled son. The Piper has come to love this "little shipwrecked star" who pipes almost as well as he. Yet, after Veronika's pleadings have failed, the face of the Lonely Man on the wayside crucifix wins the Piper's promise to bring back the children.

He had hoped and dreamed of keeping them always with him since Hamelin did not appreciate them. "For who, says he, "appreciates a treasure while it is his?" "What do you know of children? 'some one to work for me when I am old, some one to follow me to the grave.' There's not one huddler by the fire who would shift his seat to a cold corner if it would bring back—all the children of Hamelin."

But, by the time he does bring them back, we feel that the people of Hamelin are, as they claim, "all altered men," and if the Piper has not let them out of the cage of Hamelin's narrowness, he has at least made the cage much less irksome to their young souls.

Such was The Piper who "Lived to let things out of cages."

Have the Annual Plays accomplished the purpose for which they were inaugurated? Thus far, no second Euripides or Aristophanes, no 20th century Shakespeare, has burst onto the dramatic horizon. But, some of those who have written for the Forest Theatre stage have made good professionally.

In the cast of the "Piper" were two examples of those whose histrionic abilities had been born and nurtured there. Ludovic Bremner, the Piper, began his career as an actor in Carmel, taking the part of Padre Palou in Ju-



"Yolanda of Cyprus." Left to right—Abessa, Bonnie Hale; Yolanda, Katharine Cooke. Maurice, Marion Boke; Vittia Pisoni, Frances C. Pudan; Berengere, Laura Maxwell.

nipero Serra last year. Since then he has made a success touring the Northwest with a stock company in which he has often played leads. He is now planning to go on to the Orpheum stage.

Little Phyllis Overstreet, who played the part of Jan, has shown such ability in this and former productions that her parents are seriously considering the stage as a profession for her.

Frederick Preston Search, who composed much of the music for both plays and directed the orchestra, found at Carmel the beginning of his musical successes.

Lord Renier in "Yolanda of Cyprus," was played by Winter Watts. His music is being sung and sought after by many of the prominent singers and players of the day. There is a simple dignity about his compositions which makes them distinctive and promises a really great future. The dirge in the last act of "Yolanda of Cyprus" was his work.

Then there is William Greer Harrison, who wrote "Runnymede," the annual play for 1913; Mrs. Heron, who is now a moving picture actress; Jeanette Hoagland, who gives promise of some day taking her place among the great dancers; and many others, all of whom have "found themselves" in the romantic Forest Theatre at Carmel by the Sea.

Thus, aside from the pleasure they give those who see and who take part, this unique institution of the Annual Play and the Children's Play has justified its existence in the "Athens of America." We may reasonably hope some day to see here the birth of a drama such as was born beside the blue waters of the Mediterranean two thousand years ago.

Greatest Shark in the World

By Lillian E. Zeh

HERE is the real thing in sharks that could easily gulp without wincing a half dozen of those man-eating sharks that recently have given vaudeville exhibitions by swallowing a boy swimmer or two, in the outskirts of New York harbor. As sharks go, in the seven seas, also in lineal feet measurement and in gustatory acquirements, as Munchausend by the yellow press of the Eastern seaboard, our shark is the daddy of them all. We sent him East a short time ago to be exhibited to New Yorkers at the Museum of Natural History, so that they may become acquainted with a real shark.

This marine wonder is a restoration of the huge jaws, having the real fossil teeth of the largest and most formidable fish that ever lived, which Science has a positive record of, namely, the great shark of the Tertiary Age, known as Carcharodon. The tremendous battery of teeth, some being six and seven inches long in the middle of the jaw, were found in the phosphate deposits of South Carolina. This ancient leviathan is 80 to 100 feet long.

The largest of all fishes is the great whale shark, which is widely distributed in tropical seas, and has been found on the shores of Florida and the Gulf of California. It reaches a length of 50 and 60 feet. The next largest fish is the basking shark, of colder waters, which is credited with attaining a length of more than forty feet. Both of these sharks are entirely inoffensive, living chiefly at the surface of the water, where they feed exclusively on small marine life. The great blue shark is, however, a fish of entirely different habits, being an active species with a man-eating reputation. Specimens of enormous size have been taken —and it is believed by naturalists to grow as long as forty feet.

The jaws of the great ancient shark measure nine feet across, and when widely opened, gaped about six feet. A striking and realistic idea of the size of the monster's jaws, as well as its swallowing capacity, can be imagined from the accompanying photograph, showing the figures of six men standing in the jaw. In fact, an average horse or small automobile could be driven right into the wide gap of the mouth. Owing to its spacious interior the great shark could have swallowed half a dozen Jonahs at once without the slightest inconvenience. The daily provisioning of this 80 foot, subway-like stomach, meant the destruction of thousands of various food fishes of that time. Almost beyond calculation are the billions upon billions of fishes which passed through the seven foot gaping jaws during its life-time. In fact, so enormous was the rapacious appetite of these sharks that they practically swallowed and wiped out of existence all the other various fishes that were abundant at that time, for the geologists fail to find a single contemporaneous fossil specimen.

Their absence has caused a great gap and missing link as to the knowledge, size, shape, etc., of the fish funa of the Eocene. About 25 barrels of fish would be an average meal for the big shark, as some five barrels of mackerel have been taken out of a stranded shark of to-day. A remarkable feature of the huge shark was the savage battery of teeth of great length. These were placed in the jaw in the same manner as are found in the big White Shark, or Man-Eater, of the

present day, which is the fossil shark's nearest modern relative, and is thought by scientists not to have differed much in structure. The fossil teeth are arranged in rows above and below, those in the middle of each row being the largest. One of these measured four and a half inches wide at the base of the crown and six inches long. There are twenty-four teeth in the upper row and twenty-four teeth in the lower, and back of each row there are three other rows, not seen in the front view, which are intended to take the place of any teeth in the front row which may be lost. The edges of each tooth are like sharp knife blades, or to be more accurate, sharp saw-edges since they are separated. In spite of its extraordinary size, the great shark in its day was quite numerous, owing to the abundance of fossil teeth found in the phosphate deposits in South Carolina to-day. The only surviving species related to the Great Extinct Shark is the White "Man-Eater," which is washed up on the Atlantic coast once in a long while.



The monster jaws of the greatest shark in the world.

The Land of the Lawless

By Cardinal Goodwin

CHAPTER III.

THE sun had gone down behind a mountain when Sylvester dismounted from Trickster at the gate and led him across the lot to the barn. He spent some time in cleaning and feeding him, and then came out, locked the barn door and put the key into his pocket.

It was a beautiful night. In the east the moon sat like a big yellow ball upon the prairie and covered the plains and clear sky with its soft light. A few stars twinkled in the heavens, and two small clouds hovered just above the mountain top, their lower borders dipped in the faint glow of the departing sun, their upper edges catching the soft light from the moon and the stars. From deep in the woods toward the north came the melancholy call of the whip-poor-will, while from the small pond down in the pasture the incessant croaking of numerous frogs disturbed the stillness of the night. Sylvester took off his hat and walked slowly toward the house. Miss Maddin sat on the veranda, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the rising moon.

"Ah, you're back at last," she said, rising. "We've been waiting supper for you. How do you like Trickster?"

"Trixster is worth his weight in gold!" was Sylvester's enthusiastic reply.

Miss Maddin led the way into a small, plainly furnished dining room. A circular table of peculiar construction stood in the middle of the room—the only article of furniture which would have attracted attention. The outer portion, about eighteen inches in width, was made stationary, and contained plates and knives and forks. The middle of the table rose about four inches above the circumference and was made to revolve. On this revolving portion were placed all the provisions. The convenience of such an arrangement can readily be seen. It gave every one at the table independent access to the various dishes.

The meal was a plain, wholesome one, containing one dish, however, which is a favorite food among the Indians. It is made from Indian corn, and resembles old-fashioned lye hominy in appearance, but is very different in taste and in the way it is served. The Indians eat it in cups with spoons, and without seasoning of any kind. The white man usually finds it necessary to add salt and other seasoning ingredients, which if done in the presence of an old full-blood rouses his indignation immediately. But Mrs. Maddin and her daughter were neither full-bloods nor old, so Sylvester did not hesitate to fill his cup with sophkie, season it with pepper and salt, and eat it as he pleased.

Supper over, he went out on the veranda and was joined a few minutes later by Miss Maddin. They found seats in the shadow and talked of various things for a long time. He told her of Ned, what a fine, loyal roommate the latter had during four years together at school, of the pranks they had played on each other, and on the teachers, and she listened as interestedly as if she hadn't heard many of them many times already from Ned himself. Then she told him of Ned's early life with them, how he, a little orphan three years old, had come to make his home with them, how she had grown to think of him as a brother,

how he had been such a comfort to her and her mother since her father met his death at the hands of Mose Miller, and how Ned had sworn to avenge that death. Then they talked about the Star Gang, and Sylvester told her of meeting some of them while out riding, and of the marshals who were following them.

"The marshals here!" she exclaimed.

A pistol shot in the edge of the woods prevented a reply, and almost instantly a great flash arose from the middle of the street near the station, followed by a deafening explosion. This was succeeded by the rapid fire of guns and a blood-curdling yell.

The fiendish noise continued for several seconds, and a number of spent balls fell upon the house-top and in the yard.

Sylvester crept to the edge of the veranda and looked anxiously through the moonlight toward the center of the town. He waited for some time, but not another sound could be heard.

"Mose and Schute are at the head of that," said Miss Maddin. "They did it to anger the marshals. They get off something of the kind every time the marshals come to Braggs. They won't cause any more disturbance to-night, however, you may feel sure of that." And then rising abruptly, she said good-night and went to her room.

The young minister remained lost in thought and surrounded by the stillness of the night. Not a human form was discernible. Not even a light glimmered in the village, and through the oppressive silence the call of the whip-poor-will in the woods and the croak of the frogs down in the pasture sounded loud and clear.

He had often heard his father tell of the oppressive stillness which surrounded the Confederate army just before Lee issued the command to charge the Union troops on the fatal field of Gettysburg; and although the shooting which broke the stillness of the night in Braggs could have been nothing like the thunder of the cannon which shook the earth around that great battle field and destroyed men by the thousands, the incident that had just occurred gave Sylvester a more vivid picture of what that contest must have been.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day was an eventful one. The marshals paraded the streets for an hour or two in the early morning and then rode out of the village. Sylvester spent the morning reading and writing, took a nap and a ride in the afternoon, and a short walk in the early evening before beginning his meeting. About seven o'clock he went over to the little frame school house which was to serve for a church, rang the bell, lighted the lamps and selected hymns for the service. A congregation of thirty or forty soon assembled in front of the building, and among them he saw his old friend, Joe Farley.

Inviting the congregation to come inside, he began the services. Only one verse of the first hymn had been sung when Schute came in. He had two large pistols buckled around his hips and carried a repeating rifle in his hand. Walking up towards the front, he took a chair, carried it back to the door, placed it down beside the opening, sat and rested his rifle, butt end downward, on the floor. Nor did he change his position during the whole service. He kept his keen eyes riveted on Sylvester, much to the latter's discomfort. The young minister's courage rose as he proceeded with the sermon, however, so that he got through without revealing the embarrassment which he really felt.

After the benediction, Sylvester went to the door to shake hands with the members of the congregation as they passed out. Schute dodged out, however, before the minister got there, but the latter saw him and shook hands with him later. Converse, however, Schute would not. He responded to all Sylvester's questions with a nod of the head, and never once took his keen, black eyes from the minister's face.

His general attitude, too, seemed to be one of growing suspicion. Annoyed by it, Sylvester finally asked him why he kept staring in that strange manner. The outlaw scowled, muttered something under his breath, and walked out across the narrow strip of field toward the woods, carrying his rifle under his arm.

Sylvester soon overtook Miss Maddin, who had gone a short distance down the road, and was waiting for him.

"I was beginning to be just a little uneasy," she said, as he joined her. "Joe has just left me. He told me to tell you to be very careful. Schute and Mose are suspicious of you. He thinks they believe you are here for some other purpose than to carry on meetings. He said he heard they had agreed among themselves to watch you for a week, and unless they are fully convinced that you are what you pretend to be, they intend to kill you. They have appointed some of their own men to watch you meanwhile, but don't be alarmed, for Joe has already made himself your guardian. You're very fortunate in gaining Joe Farley's friendship.—you will find that he may be trusted fully, and that what he tells you may be depended upon."

"But how does Joe know all this? Which way did he go? I must see him."

"Not to-night. He'll see you in a few days, he said."

They reached the house, and Sylvester went immediatetly to his room. He sat for hours thinking of what he had seen and heard. Finally the closeness of his room and the beauty of the night induced him to go out on the veranda.

It was very late and he moved softly to avoid disturbing any one in the house. Scarcely had he gone a dozen paces toward the front, however, when voices, barely audible, reached his ear and caused him to halt.

"But Maud, I tell you there's no other way. You must." It was a man's voice.

"But——"

"Shhh, remember, no names; some one might hear."

"Well, I can't do what you ask me to. You know I hate him too much to carry out such a scheme. Besides, it won't work—I tell you, he won't be deceived."

"But I tell you, Maud, it will work. Thy it; try it for the good of the cause if for no other reason."

Then after a pause: "I'll try it for your sake."

"And for your father's, Maud. Remember it is just two weeks from to-night. I'll probably not see you again until after the dance. Joe will bring the whisky; the rest depends upon you. Probably you'd better keep everything hid from Sylvester for a while. Good-bye."

Sylvester heard the grass rustling, and got back to his room just in time to avoid being seen. A crouching figure glided slowly around the veranda, and as it passed out into the bright moonlight he recognized Ned Foster.

(To be continued.)



In the Temperate Wine Countries

By Arthur H. Dutton, Formerly Lieutenant, U. S. Navy

YEARS ago, during my midshipman days, it was my good fortune to make a two years' cruise on the flagship of the European squadron. During this cruise I visited England, Portugal, Morocco, France, Italy, Egypt, Asia Minor, Turkey and Greece. I went not alone to the seaports of these countries, but to many places in the interior.

My observations in these places, combined with my experiences at home in the United States, broadened considerably my views on the subjejct of the use of alcoholic liquors. I learned lessons from both the wine drinking and the spirits drinking peoples.

Let me say at the outset that in the wine drinking countries of Portugal, France, Italy and Greece I never saw drunkenness among the natives. A degree of hilarity at a masked ball, particularly in carnival time, was not uncommon, but there was nothing like the "drunk" of England or of the United States. The only drunkenness I saw during the two years was in England, in Constantinople and in Egypt.

Practically everybody, old and young, drinks light wines in Portugal, France Italy and Greece. Sobriety is the rule. No one would think of eating dinner without wine. Parents give it to their children, diluted with water, according to age. The cafes, both indoor and open air, are filled with quiet, wine drinking patrons, seated at tables drinking their light wines and enjoying the music of the orchestras.

In the Mediterranean ports, where we coaled ship, the laborers who discharged the coal lighters always brought wine with them, which they drank with their midday meals.

In the wine drinking countries named, wine is a valued and appreciated part of the regular diet. People there would as soon go without their salt, or their butter, as without their wine.

And they are sober, industrious people. When I said I never saw drunkenness in the wine drinking countries, I said and meant among the natives. Some drunkenness I have seen there, but it was among foreigners, who came from countries where the drinking of so-called "hard liquors" was prevalent, such as Great Britain, the United States and Russia. Most of the offenders were sailors on shore, from our own and other foreign ships. I never saw a drunken French or Italian sailor.

Wine is furnished by their governments to the soldiers and sailors of Portugal, France, Italy and Greece. It is found not only that it protects them against typhoid fever, dysentery and other diseases, but actually adds to their efficiency. Dr. Arnozan, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine of Bordeaux, says that "it has proved that at the enlistment of soldiers the young men from the viticultural districts are better developed, taller, more alert, more supple, than those from the regions where wine is not cultivated." All the leading French savants agree that good wine is very beneficial in the army.

The Koran forbids the true Mohammedan to drink alcohol in any form. To what extent this command is obeyed I cannot say. When in Mohammedan countries, such as Turkey and Egypt, I found wine served at every hotel, restaurant and club. At a dinner given to our American officers by the Sultan of Turkey in the Palace of the Minister

of Marine at Constantinople, which I attended, every wine customary at a big banquet was served to all present, but I do not remember whether or not the Turkish officers drank any of it. I think they did, as several toasts were drunk.

I never saw any one drunk at such gay places as Monte Carlo, Nice, or even during the four days I spent in Paris. In Paris, I went one night to the Bal Bullier, in the Latin Quarter, where the students, artists and other gay people gather. It was a jolly affair, with much singing, dancing and bantering, but no drunkenness. Everything was orderly and good natured. The situation was the same at masked balls I attended in Naples, in Genoa and Leghorn.

It is impossible for an intelligent human being to visit the wine drinking countries of Europe and fail to be impressed with the prevailing temperance. Everybody drinks wine, and everybody keeps sober.

Yet there are misguided persons who are seeking to destroy the wine industry of California; to change from the light wines of our open restaurants, cafes, hotels and clubs to the ruinous, fiery "hard liquors" of the blind pig.

As Professor Louis Agassiz said years ago:

"I hail with joy—for I am a temperance man and friend of temperance—I hail with joy the efforts that are being made to raise wine in this country.

"I believe that when you can have everywhere cheap, pure, unadulterated wine, you will no longer have need for either prohibitory or license laws."

THE SANDSTORM

The early morning sun tops the desert's distant hill
With a golden shaft of light;
A gaunt gray lioness stands above her morning kill,
Savage, grim, from out the night.

Deep footprints in the shifting sands, winds cover,
As the glit'ring valleys fill;
And high above the earth three black winged vultures hover,
Circling high, and wide, and still.

A steady blaze of stifling, burning heat beats down
On the desert's whited floor;
The glaring blue casts low three sweeping shadows, brown
On the sands that stretch before.

Far back, along the dimmed horizon's rise, there sweeps
From the south a great gray cloud;
The swish of death is in its wake, and fury in its leaps;
'Tis the great Sahara's shroud.

The jagged winged birds of prey are specks above the day,
And obliterating all,
The sandstorm comes; the gaunt gray lioness slinks away
At the desert's threat'ning call.

The sand clouds hiss, the mad storm roars in sheets of
blinding white;
And the sky above is gray.

* * * * *

A silent, sullen calm where all is still, broods on the night,
As it blackens out the day.

W. W. WELLMAN.

The Passing of the Pachecos

By Harry E. Burgess

Todos Santos

NESTLED among the Contra Costa hills, California, is the little valley of the San Ramon. It is early spring—a composite day, half rain, half shine—light and shadows interchanging. Aboard an old-time coach-and-four, a joyous group of passengers are rolling on toward Concord. Following a wondrous burst of sun gleam from the vortex of the troubled skies, how assiduously, it rains! Surely the sun's valiant forces shall yet be vanquished. Meanwhile onward we dash, catching from the exposed front and rear of the rolling ark rarest glimpses of green vale, mountain side and running stream.

For miles in our wake extend the avenues of oak and native walnut. Diablo's twin peaks are lost in vaporous banks of gray. Behold, the swirling clouds are mobilized to storm the distant peaks that would obstruct their courses. Again, the opaque heavens part, and light in wavering columns deluges the earth. The almond groves are radiant in white and amethyst, and gorgeouly festooned in jeweled raindrops. Robin and blue jay are hiding in the copse.

The stage carrying the mails to Martinez stops at the quaint old town of the Dons. When the proud Pachecos were in their ascendency, it was with mingled apprehension and disdain that the new town growing at the "Devil Mountain's" base was viewed by the inhabitants.

Concord!—our signal to disembark —for truly we had voyaged amidst the waters. Emerging from a veritable chrysalis of robes and rubber folds, we enter the neat hostelry bearing the name of the town, where, at once surrounded by genial friends, as if by touch of magic wand, we are cosily established in our temporary home.

The Old Senora.

Strolling to the border of the town, and passing through the big ranch-gate, we wend our way across the fields to the old Pacheco homestead. Entering the courtyard, and following the walk toward the veranda, we see, crouching among the shrubs and flowers, the form of an aged woman, robed in black. It is the old Senora, a gentle, fascinating creature—the almost sole survivor of her time, and the inspiration of this sketch.

"Good morning, Senora," we venture.

"*Buenos dias a ustedes, Senores,*" comes the pleasant salutation, in reassuring tones.

The old Senora, aged 90 years, sits on the ground beside a mammoth Pelargonium, about which she is hacking the soil with a small implement. Undaunted, she wages her petty warfare against the weeds within reach, only casting keen, furtive glances toward her aggressors.

"Your gracious pardon, Senores! It is all that the old may do—just potter around, pass the time, and wait. But you are welcome, *buenos Senores!* You do me honor."

The silence befitting the scene is broken by a cheery voice bidding us welcome, and we turn to greet the present occupant of the old mansion, and the guardian of the old Senora. Here upon the verdant plain, within the cloister of these rude walls, lives this Dona of the old regime, contented in her peaceful isolation. There is a

royalty distinct from empires; and it is to God's unrecorded legion that the Dona Sylveria Pacheco belongs. A colossal grapevine fills the spacious courtyard, forming a canopy of cooling shade in the midsummer days. There is a low whitewashed fence, and a pepper tree of surpassing symmetry and grandeur standing guard above a granite corner post which bears the initials of Don Salvio Pacheco—the pioneer standard bearer of the Pacheco name and fame unto this region of the coast.

"Grandma lives her own life, and does just as she chooses," we are informed, "and she must be out of doors and working about in her own way." And inquiring about her health, we are told that the Senora is seldom sick. The adage, "Whom the gods love," etc., seems to have been reversed in the Senora's case, for here we have age in evident harmony with divinity, persisting in projecting her life into an alien era, maintaining her serenity and mental vigor, and withal, smiling, and even defying "the gods."

The old Senora, discovering herself as being the object of special interest, quietly puts aside her task, and takes a seat upon the stationary bench alongside the old adobe wall. In a few rapidly uttered sentences in her own Castilian, she is inquiring about her visitors—at which we beg to have some amends made to the dear lady for the bold venture in trespassing upon her peaceful domain.

"*No, no! No es nada!*" the Senora answers with despairing gestures, indicating that her life's affairs are insignificant compared with the honor bestowed upon her by the arrival of strangers within her gates. "It is well you have come. *Gracias!*"

The simple words of honest intent, the unwavering tone, the serene composure, with the Senora's keen, dark eyes, peering as through the corridors of Time, all seem marvelous. She seems the embodiment of intelligence, kindness, cheer. Upon being informed that her visitors are simply traveling about, taking interest in everything Californian, and are pleased beyond measure to see her for her own sake, and to find her looking well and happy, the sibyl makes reply: "Yes, yes. It is well. You are good. You will prosper. But I am only old; and the old soon pass on to other realms."

The entire southern exposure of the old adobe forms the Senora's quarters. Here she is sole occupant of her affairs, without attendants, save the kindly oversight of relatives—particularly "Carlos." At her frequent and fond mention of this name, one fancies a frolicking lad out chasing his butterflies and birds. It is evidently the sole bit of romance in the old Senora's life. With what surprise are we greeted by a handsome, stalward gentleman of full six feet, introduced as Mr. Pacheco!—the Senora's hero and pet, and by whom she is idolized. Displaying a number of fine specimens of needlework, the product of her own aged hands—not a fault discernible in the stitching—the Senora glances toward her adorable Carlos, and murmurs softly: "These are for my boy!"

Among her many and notable characteristics, the Senora Sylveria Pacheco is intensely dramatic. She rises to the occasion as in vivid recollection she momentarily re-lives the past. Discoursing freely in reminiscence of her girlhood and the old Mission life at Santa Clara, a veil is lifted from the scenes of bygone days, each detail becoming animate, significant in the impressive portrayal. Days of heroism, sacrifice and joy! She dwells with fondly emphasis upon "los Indios" (the Indians of the old Missions.) They were industrious, friendly and eager to learn; they performed on musical instruments, and sang from books at the service. The books and violins are preserved at the church in Santa Clara, the Senora adds.

Arising, she seizes a formidable-looking staff and draws a line upon the floor. "Here is the church," she explains, "and on that side is my property. They took it from me, and they have it, but it is mine!" Thus with tottering form, determined manner,

the complaisant Senora is metamorphosed to a veritable Meg Memeles, staff in hand, mapping out her possessions upon the old adobe floor. Resuming her seat, and with her wrinkled face caressingly inclined upon the staff, the Senora continues:

"We would ride to Monterey in the careta, drawn by oxen. The careta had wooden wheels, and for oiling them we carried a beef's horn of soft soap. Scattered over the bottom of the vehicle, young and old alike, we would sometimes ride all day. We also rode horseback in journeying to town to buy goods. Ah, those were different days! All is changed now."

The old Senora sees the humor of it all. What a mode of rapid transit and pleasure touring in the sweet pastoral days!—the stupid oxen trudging their weary way, munching at the roadside herbage, the women gossiping, with babies, the lumbersome car, without seats or springs, and all in the heat and dust; halting for repast by the cooling stream, beneath the wondrous shade of oaks; fording rivers, mounting and descending the hills. Surely, Don Quixote had seen in their approach a royal embassy en route to a coronation.

Referring to the advent of the Americans, the Senora remarked: "Yes, Fremont and his men came; and when we heard the roar of the cannon we were greatly frightened. We wanted to run and hide. It is well they came, however, for our officials were ever warring with one another, or harassing the people. Our own people did not always treat us right. They would ride into the houses, or head their horses in the doorway, would demand whatever they might want, and treat us with contempt. Oh, it was well enough they came—*los Americanos*. I was young then. It was long ago, but I remember it all!"

Inquiring whether they were subject to the common ills in those days of the simple life, she replies: "No, Senor! The sickness came as the settlements thickened about us. We were stronger then; and we used medicinal herbs which we gathered and preserved against such ailments and accidents. Among them were the Yerba Santa and Yerba Buena, which, you know, no doubt; and the Yerba de Golpe. Some of them were very wonderful in their effect."

Questioned about the secret of her own remarkable preservation, the Senora attributed it to her outdoor life, plain diet, regular habits—and the plunge bath. She never uses liquors, but fruits of all kinds she partakes of freely; and above all does not grieve. In a word, our heroine is optimistic, brave, serene!

Inspired by the pervading atmosphere of sympathy and candor we asked: "Do you never get tired of the world, Senora?"

There was a wistful, trusting glance toward her inquisator, a smile upon the dear, aged face, a moment's silence when, with a resoluteness, awe inspiring, she gestures heavenward, closes her eyes, and with staff and body swaying rhythmically, and nodding her head in solemn assent, her lips move to the syllables: "Si, si! My place is there."

One is forcibly impressed with the plainness, tidiness and comfortableness of the Senora's surroundings—fresh air abounding, and spotless linen giving grace to all. A banquet might be served upon the floor. A halo of peace rests over the humble abode. An antique of the Madonna, and a golden crucifix are the chief adornments—the gift of a padre of Zacatecas.

Leaving the old adobe through a broad hall and deep doorway, passing along a wide veranda, down the garden walk, one enters a tiny grove of willows where is disclosed an artesian fountain flowing into a reservoir which the bath house partially conceals. Trailing vines fall to the water's edge, and gleaming fishes dart athwart the limpid pool. Here the Senora takes her morning plunge in ecstasy of abandon, immune from aught of profane intrusion.

But little remains of the old glory of the romantic period, before the gold

conquest; but whilst hospitality survives, and the Pacheco name is perpetuated, along with numerous others of the first nobility, it were but a leap of happy fancy to reinstate the glorious past, and clothe the prosaic present with a semblance of the grandeur of California's pastoral days.

In the olden time the Pacheco herds numbered by thousands. Peace and plenty abounded. During the long afternoons the proud senors and bronze-faced *muchachos* loitered on the cool verandas or in the arbors' shade, jesting, talking love in sequestered nooks, thrumming the quaint guitar, or telling tales of war or of La Fiesta.

To this revelry, or dolce far niente phase of the old aristocracy regime, the Senora scarcely alludes. Her nature is of the sterner fibre. She is not striving for effect; she has no patronizing tone; no apologies to offer. She knows full well that those blissful, uneventful days were destined to oblivion; that the primitive institutions could not withstand the force of greater movements ushered in by the conquering, commercial race. She even characterizes the new era as a dispensation "of dollars and cents, discord, disease and strife"—and comments with the wisdom of irony: "It is well!"

"The women gambled in those days," the Senora avers. Then observing the crucifix being regarded with special interest, thus she hurls forth a bit of its tragic history: "It was stolen from me once, but I recovered it—*gracias, Madre de Dios!*"

There is one sombre shadow on the old Senora's life, the anti-climax of her heroic career—her later marriage to an American. In one fell sentence, rife with sarcasm and contempt, she explodes the dire secret: "He was bad! Stole all I had and threw it away; then I sent him on a journey." The gesture accompanying the Senora's word picture of the summary disposal of her Gringo consort had done credit to a Medici.

After exchanging felicitations, and receiving pressing invitations to call again, we take leave of the hospitable Senora and her friends.

TAMALPAIS

O Dusky Tamalpais, against the Western sky,
Wrapped in your purple shadows, while the fog drifts silently by,
Deep in the heart of the sunset, your beauty my being thrills;
And I think of other sunsets and of other sun-kissed hills,
And of thousands of eyes that are watching, with a vision as rapt as mine,
The marvelous glow of color that comes with the sunset time.
And I feel we are kindred spirits and friends for a little while,
Because we have seen together, the wonder of God's smile.

KATE L. WHITTEN.

Cornelius Cole, A California Pioneer

By Rockwell D. Hunt

IN the romantic evolution of Western American character, the California argonaut has long since been accorded a unique and secure place. The poet has vied with the historian and the essayist in seeking to pay just tribute to the men of '49.

"Those brave old bricks of forty-nine.
What lives they lived!"

"The bearded, sunbrowned men who bore
The burden of that frightful year,
Who toiled, but did not gather store,
They shall not be forgotten."

"Full were they
Or great endeavor."

The '49er was a most real person and individual, and not simply the name for a composite figure or an impersonal name. Indeed, it was the stamp of individuality that made him what he was. It may not be without value, therefore, to single out here and there one from the group of California argonauts and endeavor to record the individual activities and personal traits which, after all, are the specific elements that contribute to form the complete picture.

Long since have all but the merest vanishing remnant of those sinewy men passed over the great divide. Two-thirds of a century has passed since the heroic age of the days of gold. But yonder in his beautiful Colegrove home in Los Angeles, surrounded by children and grandchildren, his esteemed and devoted life companion still at his side, stands Cornelius Cole, surviving '49er, pioneer prince, American patriot. At the age of ninety-four years his tread is still firm, his body erect, his memory unimpaired. There is a living presence, a great bridge that spans the stretch of years and gives vital access to every changing phase of the development of a great State.

To have been a member of that chosen band of California argonauts and to have lived on through the decades till now is a rare and exceptional experience: to have added to this the luster of later deeds in State and nation, and to have had a worthy and useful career in public and private life, and still be blessed with length of days —this is still rarer; it is indeed memorable. It commonly happens, when the shadows lengthen in the late afternoon of a pioneer's life, that some one event or superlative experience stands out pre-eminent in memory's fond vision, and that later day deeds receive their diminishing importance when measured against this crowning experience—even as a great mountain peak rises sheer above its neighbors. Not so does the life of Cornelius Cole appear to him in retrospect.

His memorable trip across the great plains in the vanguard of the hosts of '49, the arrival at Sutter's fort on the 24th of July, his varied experiences at the diggings, his career as a young lawyer in San Francisco during the days of her "social insanity"—being twice burned out by the disastrous conflagrations—his participation in the organization of the Pacific Railroad, his extensive travels in two hemispheres, his public life and activities at the Federal Capital at an epochal period of human history—these are factors in the explanation why no single event or superlative experience

now wins a commanding importance in the twilight hour of reverie.

Cornelius Cole was born September 17, 1822, on his father's farm in the Lake country of western New York. His parents were of thrifty habit and devout character, devoted to the correct rearing of the family of eleven children. Unlike most California pioneers, he had a classical college education, begun at Geneva College and completed at Weslyan University; but like a great many who pushed their way to the Pacific and to places of renown, he had a brief experience at teaching school.

Admitted to the bar in the spring of 1848, Cole spent some time in the office of Seward, Morgan and Blatchford at Auburn. Seward subsequently became New York's Governor, a United States Senator, and Lincoln's great Secretary of State; Blatchford became a justice of the United States Supreme Court; Morgan went to Congress, and also served as Secretary of State at Albany. It cannot be doubted that the young attorney's political ambition was kindled and his imagination aroused while associated with these great characters.

Of Seward, with whom Cole was brought into intimate contact in subsequent years, an especially high regard was formed, as indicated by a recent remark: "He deserved to be, as he really was. for many years, the most prominent character of his time, and the world will not in many years look upon his like again." (Memoirs, 3-4.) During the early '50's he corresponded with Seward, who, as a natural leader in Washington, evidently looked to him for much of his information concerning conditions then existing in California.

Senator Cole has earned the gratitude of posterity by writing a volume of personal memoirs, in which we have the modest recital of the events in the career of a pioneer prince and national figure.

Cole was a typical California pioneer of the best class. His mining experience at Oregon Gulch was not without profit. as is illustrated by the fact that the last day's work in the year 1849 (December 11th) yielded gold valued at $1,849, to be divided between himself and two partners. On November 13th he walked a dozen miles to Coloma to vote for California's first Constitution and for Peter H. Burnett, California's first State governor.

After a brief but costly experience as a lawyer in San Francisco, he made his way back to Sacramento, where in a short time he became engrossed in legal practice which continued throughout the decade, and until, as he informs us, "I was driven out by flood, as I had been from San Francisco by fire." (Memoirs, 66.) He numbered among his clients Huntington and Hopkins, the Stanfords, E. H. Miller, James Bailey and others with whom he was later associated in organizing the Pacific Railroad Company.

Naturally the young lawyer's acquaintances among leading pioneers were very numerous. Among these he characterizes Sam Brannan as a thrifty and very lively man. William T. Coleman he knew well, and endorsed heartily as head of the great Vigilance Committees in San Francisco. William T. Sherman, who was employed in the bank of Lucas Turner & Company, told Cole in great detail of the vascillating and pusillanimous—although well intentioned—attitude of Governor J. Neely Johnson toward the Vigilance Committee. He had the satisfaction, in 1870, of introducing into the United States Senate a bill for the relief of General John A. Sutter, a bill which eventually became a law.

Mr. Cole, for some years a Free Soil Democrat, identified himself with the Republican party in California from its inception. In Sacramento the party was for a time extremely limited in numbers. "There were," he tells us, "C. P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, Edwin B. and Charles Crocker, all personal as well as political friends of mine. There were not, for some time, besides these, as many as could be counted on one's fingers."

(See Con. Globe, 2d Sess. 41st Cong., 1869-70, Pt. V, 3970.)

In the meantime, Cole's political career had begun in 1854 with his nomination for City Attorney of Sacramento on the Democratic ticket. His nomination proved to be distasteful to the pro-Slavery Democrats, who supported an indepenednt candidate for the same office.

With the advent of the Republican organization in Sacramento in 1855, Cole consented to the nomination for Clerk of the Supreme Court, and Stanford consented to run for State Treasurer.

In 1856 he served the cause of Republicanism by becoming a member of the National Republican Committee for California, as well as of the State Executive Committee and the County and City Committees. (Memoirs, 115.) He was elected a delegate to the national convention that nominated Fremont for President, though he was not in actual attendance. (Ib, 119.)

Upon the nomination of Fremont for the presidency in 1856, Mr. Cole became editor and publisher of the Daily and Weekly Sacramento Times, a leading Republican newspaper. Associated with the editor was James McClatchy, who afterwards founded the Sacramento Daily Bee, a paper of well known Unionist sentiment.

In the course of his practice in Sacramento, Cole won a considerable reputation as a criminal lawyer, to which was largely due his nomination for District Attorney of Sacramento County. During his incumbency of about two and a half years as District Attorney he was called upon to prosecute many prominent criminal cases. As prosecuting attorney he frequently found himself opposed to no less distinguished criminal lawyers than N. Green Curtis and Humphrey Griffeth: here his own experience and his intimate knowledge of the qualifications of jurors served him well.

So satisfactory was his service in public office that his nomination for Congress in 1863 followed quite naturally. Backed by his firm stand and consistent record on the dominant national issue, he made a vigorous campaign in company with his colleague, Thomas B. Shannon, and was rewarded with the largest vote of any man on the ticket. So complete had been the revulsion of feeling against the slavery institution, and so honored the name "Black Republican," that the entire ticket was elected.

In the meantime, California, by the election of Leland Stanford on September 4, 1861, to be "War Governor," was making political history scarcely less memorable than was the nation in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860. Stanford's election was an unequivocal announcement to the world that California had refused to yield to the temptations to leave the Union: along with the services of the "War Governor" in maintaining California's attitude of loyalty to the Union cause should be mentioned the contributions of such men as John Bidwell, Thomas Starr King, Edwin D. Baker, Myron C. Briggs, Jas. McClatchy and Cornelius Cole.

On his arrival at Washington to take his seat in the 38th Congress, Mr. Cole found that war was practically the sole topic of conversation, and even of thought. His California colleagues were Thomas B. Shannon and William Higby. His career as a Congressman is not marked with brilliancy or flights of oratory or sensational achievement: it is rather characterized by inconspicuous but dignified and effective service, animated by unswerving devotion to the cause of the Union and the interests of his local constituency. The important place to which he was assigned in committee work is in part explained by the fact that he was the only straight Lincoln Republican from California, as well as a member of the National Republican Committee.

Doubtless his work as a member of the Select Committee on the Pacific Railroad was the most influential among his special activities in the House of Representatives. He recognized the necessity of completing the

railroad project, and was disposed to give the projectors every reasonable concession. The chairman of the committee, Thaddeus Stevens, deferred largely to him, and his opinion on various points was freely sought by other members, who were quite inclined to ask: "What does Mr. Cole think?"

While the Pacific Railroad matters were pending, C. P. Huntington spent much time in Washington, and was a not infrequent visitor at the home of Mr. Cole, who had himself been one of the small group of men to meet early in 1861 in a small room over the store of Huntington and Hopkins in Sacramento to organize the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California. (Memoirs, 148.)

Mr. Cole concedes that "a good share of the responsibility" rests upon him for the legislation that resulted in the anomalous conditions of fabulous private wealth and political influence of the builders of the Pacific Railroad (Ib., 269), but he charges that the administrators of the law are not less reprehensible, and that the builders, "trustees of the Government as they were, have utterly ignored their trusteeship. They have repudiated their agency, and wholly neglected their obligation to their principal, not having even recognized a divided ownership with the public." (Ib.) The real object of granting government aid to the Railroad, which nearly everybody wanted, was, as declared in the charter, "for the purpose of promoting the general welfare of the country." (Cong. Globe, 38th Cong., 1st Session, Pt. IV, 3180. Cole's remark of June 22, 1864, seems to be a faithful reflection of his true sentiment: "as a citizen of the Pacific Coast, I want to see a road built, and am therefore against anything that will retard the accomplishment of that object." Ib., 3181.)

When the public interested dictated subsequently that he should oppose the railroads, as in the instance of its desire for Goat Island, Cole's generous services to it were apparently forgotten and his political career finally brought to an untimely end.

Mr. Cole well knows the meaning of war. Three of his brothers were in service during the Rebellion, remaining in the army until the end of the war. These were Elijah (his oldest brother, who had accompanied him to California in 1849), a major and paymaster whose duties lay in the Pacific States and territories; David, a captain, who was eye-witness of the magical effects of "Sheridan's Ride," and George W., a general, who organized several regiments of colored cavalry and showed much skill in handling them. A fourth brother, Gilbert, was United States Consul at Acapulco at the time of Maximilian's invasion of Mexico, and he was instrumental in rendering valuable service to the republic against the invaders. Mr. Cole was in Washington when tidings came of Lee's final surrender, and he participated in the demonstration of general rejoicing. With Speaker Colfax he called on President Lincoln on the afternoon of April 14, 1865, on the eve of his departure for California. Touching this incident he remarks, with feeling: "On leaving his room at the White House, after a most agreeable conversation about the ending of the war and about California, in which he was always interested, I bade the great and tender-hearted man good-bye, little anticipating the sad ending of that day." (Memoirs, 229.)

In December, 1865, Cornelius Cole was elected to succeed James McDougall in the United States Senate. Other members of the Republican party who had been named for the office were Governor Frederic F. Low, Frederick Billings, John F. Felton and Aaron Sargent. Cole received 92 votes out of the total of 119 in the joint convention of the legislature, his personal friend and political opponent, William T. Coleman, receiving the entire Democratic vote. "It was the easiest election for senator that had ever occurred in California," said Cole. (Memoirs, 232. Bancroft remarks: "This was the first senatorial election in California

not governed by cliques for the succession or parceling out of officers for years to come." His. of Cal., VII, 322.)

As he had witnessed the emergence of the Union cause from its desperate stage into complete triumph in the capacity of member of the lower house of the national legislature, he was now called upon as Senator to participate in the work of reconstruction, and to sit in judgment at the impeachment trial of President Johnson. His colleagues as senators-elect included Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Roscoe Conkling of New York, Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, John Sherman of Ohio, and others. Old members in the Senate included George F. Edmunds, William P. Fassenden, Charles Sumner and Richard Yates. His colleague from California was John Conness.

Senator Cole cannot be said to have specialized to any great extent in the national legislature. His interests were somewhat numerous, as shown in the Congressional Globe, and included new post roads and improved postal service, canal construction for irrigation and the reclamation of unproductive land, the promotion of forest tree cultivation on the plains, education, the protection of fur-bearing seals, the humane treatment of Indians, and national finances—especially the payment of the Public Debt. His position on Senate committees was of special advantage to the Pacific Coast—referring particularly to the Committee on Post Offices and Post roads and the Committee on Appropriations of which latter he had the unusual honor of being chairman.

Referring to the impeachment of President Johnson, Senator Cole is of the opinion that the "provocation was so great and persisted in with such tenacity that the House could see no alternative but to take steps to stop it." (Memoirs, 278.) Of his own vote on the final test in judicial capacity as Senator he say: "I voted with the majority to sustain the accusations. Although among the more radical of my party, I so decided with no pleasure, and have since been glad the trial turned out as it did." (Memoirs, 277.)

Previous to taking his seat in the Senate, Mr. Cole had in 1866 visited Southern California. In the course of his visit he called upon General Phineas Banning at Wilmington; and on the representations then made he was afterwards able to obtain from the Government an appropriation of $200,000 for the improvement of Wilmington harbor, the first for that purpose. This event is of special significance when viewed in the light of later developments—the struggle for a free harbor at San Pedro and Wilmington as opposed to Santa Monica, urged by the Southern Pacific Railroad, the annexation of San Pedro and Wilmington to Los Angeles, and the growing maritime greatness of Southern California by virtue of Los Angeles harbor.

One of the momentous achievements of the American government during the encumbency of Senator Cole was the acquisition of Alaska in 1867. This came about in a somewhat unexpected manner. As Senator-elect, Cole had interested himself in the project of a group of San Franciscans who were hoping to succeed to the lucrative business in furs enjoyed by the Russian-American Fur Company. He had written Cassius M. Clay, our Minister at St. Petersburg, on the subject, and on going to Washington had called on Baron Stoeckl, the Russian Minister, with the result that everything was apparently settled in favor of the San Francisco company. But while the expiration of the charter of the Russian-American Company was being awaited the scheme for the outright purchase of Alaska was brought forward and the actual transfer by treaty quickly followed. Cole therefore does not claim to have been the originator of the proposition for the transfer, his opinion being that the first suggestion of sale came from St. Petersburg through Baron Stoeckl. Not long after Alaska had come under American jurisdiction he introduced two important bills, namely: "A bill to provide a territorial government for the Territory of Alaska," and "A bill to prevent the

extermination of fur bearing animals in Alaska, and to protect the inhabitants thereof."

The Chinese Question, already a leading issue in California, was first discussed in Congress in 1869-70. While opposed to the Chinaman's voting, Cole was less inclined to exclude him from the country—he deemed the exclusion policy more befitting of China than the United States. "I did not then believe, nor do I now," he tells us in his "Memoirs" (Ib., 286. Cf. remarks in the Senate, Dec. 22, 1869. Cong. Globe, 2d Sess. 41st Cong., 1869-70, Part I, 301), that a number of Chinese large enough, or of a class bad enough, will ever cross the Pacific to put in peril our political integrity."

As a preliminary to the next Senatorial campaign it is necessary to advert to another matter that proved to be of prime importance to the career of Mr. Cole. So unrestrained had the directors of the Central Pacific Railroad become in their craving for government aid that they "conceived a desire to possess themselves of Goat Island, strategically situated in the harbor of San Francisco, as a terminus for traffic purposes of their great system." This bold project was embodied in a bill, which passed the House with very slight opposition, being supported by the California delegation and a powerful lobby. In the Senate it was warmly advocated by Mr. Conness of California and the Senators of Nevada and Oregon, besides several influential Senators from States east of the Rocky Mountains. "In the meantime," says Senator Cole, "the people of San Francisco, who deemed the movement one much against their interest, became thoroughly aroused upon the subject, and manifested their opposition, not only through the public press, but by formal action on the part of the city government, and in various other ways. A most voluminous report, signed by thousands of citizens, was forwarded to Washington, and by me laid before the Senate with explanations." (Memoirs, 266.) The concession was opposed by the War Department, which deemed Goat Island necessary for military purposes and argued that the construction by the railroad of a solid causeway from the mainland would seriously injure the harbor. Cole vigorously opposed the measure, from a sense of duty to the public. The bill was defeated, and Goat Island continues in the possession of the military authorities of the government.

But his attitude on the proposed concession to the railroad cost him dearly. Says he: "My opposition at once turned the long existing friendship between the members of the company and myself into hot displeasure on their part. They utterly ignored the many and most valuable services it had been my good fortune to render to them while a member of the Select Committee on the Pacific Railroad of the House of Representatives, only a few years before. Though anxious to favor them, as old friends and neighbors, it was not possible to serve two masters at the same time, and in this instance the people of San Francisco seemed to have the first claim upon me." (Memoirs, 267.) Meanwhile, rather than continue in active participation in its affairs and share in the profits of its "schemes of financial legerdemain," he had at considerable sacrifice disposed of his own shares in the company to Governor Stanford.

Though popular opinion was doubtless decidedly in favor of Senator Cole's re-election in 1872, the vigorous opposition of the railroad interests, to which must be added the hostility of the whisky trust because of his exposure of alleged frauds, and that of the National Bank influence, proved to be a fatal handicap. Failing at length to receive the nomination, which went to Aaron A. Sargent, he thus expressed his democratic principles to a crowd of serenaders: "I started out in my political career as a friend of the poor and the laboring man, and I have never deserted them, nor will I disregard their interests, or forget my duty to them while I remain in public life. I have never been se-

duced from my duty to the people by the rich, nor by monopolies or corporations, nor will I during the balance of my public life. I will continue to be in the future as in the past, the friend of the poor, who need friends most of all in such places as I occupy." (Ib., 350-51.)

* * * *

That this ardent American patriot, who was among the first to reach California in the gold rush of '49, who participated in the celebration of California's admission into the Union in 1850, who witnessed the first coming of the Pony Express into Sacramento, and was one of the organizers of the Pacific Railroad Company, was influential as a loyal Congressman during the dark days of the civil strife and distinguished as a United States Senator during the period of Reconstruction, that Los Angeles should be able to select him to participate in the celebration in honor of the visit of the Liberty Bell on November 15, 1915, and to claim him to-day as honored and esteemed fellow citizen, active member of the Centenarian Society—all this is truly cause for genuine felicitation.

Cornelius Cole has participated usefully in many and varied phases of life in California the Golden, and in the great Union of States he loves so well. Every passing year had dropped new richness into his fruitful life, and to-day his retentive memory and alert mind constitute his choicest asset. Here, in a beautiful old age that does honor to the best thought of Cicero's "De Senectute," is a noble Roman, a princely pioneer.

A LEGEND OF THE POND LILY

Against a mass of purple clouds, calm, dreamed the slumbering trees,
And fireflies gay torches flung across the dew-pearled leas;
Lonely, an elderberry bush knelt by the dimpling pool,
While lily-pads with jeweled prows sailed o'er the waters cool.
Then, from the shadows densely dark, where soft the old trees slept,
A stripling birch with stealthy tread close to the blue pond crept.
There, mirrored in its crystal depths, he saw a star of night,
With diamonds flashing on her brow, and on her gown of white.
Entranced, the birch-tree stooped and told the pale star of his love,
While like a broken silver ring the moon shone from above.
Then, sudden, dawn shot arrows red, athwart the misty skies,
And with a little sleepy yawn, the starpoints closed their eyes.
But she who on the blue pool shone, forgot her far-off home,
So night condemned the errant star henceforth on earth to roam.
The fairies lifted lily-pads, and taught her how to float—
Thus ever since, this blossom fair, rides in an emerald boat.
A zephyr from the flowers filched their dainty, sweet perfume,
And scattered it, with dewdrops rife, upon the shimmering bloom.
Smiling—a slanting sunbeam danced across the waters cold,
And filled the lily's trembling heart with spikes of burnished gold.

Now, when the summer winds breathe low, and soft the starpoints die,
This blossom lifts her cup of pearl, gold-filled, towards the sky.
The birch still leans across the pool, and keeps his faithful tryst,
Reflected like a silver shaft, where of the star he kissed;
And far outshining all the lights that pierce the dome above,
The sweet pond-lily spreads her leaves, and shines for him—her love.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

Jehovah's Saintly Jewels

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York Temple and Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"When they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His name. 'And they shall be Mine,' saith the Lord of Hosts, in that Day when I make up My jewels.'"—Malachi 3:16, 17.

A VERY important trait of character in any one is humility, and especially in the Christian. If we do not possess humility and meekness, the Lord cannot use us, and we cannot make any progress. We do not know what may be one another's difficulties; but we know that we all have imperfections. We should fight a good fight with ourselves. If we get ourselves into full line with the will of the Lord, He will help us by His providences.

Should our imperfection be especially along the line of lack of meekness the Lord will try us in this respect, to show us our need in this direction. Or, it may be along the line of a lack of gentleness. We may be rude, and may say and do things in an unkind manner. The Lord may therefore permit us to have certain trials in order to give us an opportunity of developing this quality of character. We may have tests of love for the brethren, for our own family, for our neighbors. The Lord might even hide His face from us for a time to give us a test of love for Him.

All such experiences "work together for good to them that love God, to the called according to His purpose." These are the ones who are desirous above everything else of becoming copies of God's dear Son. With these the Lord is now dealing.

The Loyal May Have Confidence.

This matter of our testing and trying as New Creatures begins with our begetting of the Holy Spirit, and ends when we die. But one may be sure he is an overcomer; one may have confidence, "full assurance of faith." (Hebrews 10:22.) When we entered into our covenant with God (Psalm 50:5), we gave Him our time, our talents, our influence, our strength—everything that we had. In return, He gave us the begetting of His Holy Spirit, His providential care, and His exceeding great and precious promises respecting the future. If we are still seeking to walk in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ, then all is well with us. Therefore we need not fear. If any one breaks the contract, it will be ourselves. God will surely carry out His part.—1 Thessalonians 5:24.

Thus we may have confidence, in accordance with the Divinely appointed conditions. As the Apostle says, "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." (1 John 3:20, 21.) But if our heart condemn us, then it is not well with us. If we have not been living faithfully to the full extent of our ability, then our hearts will condemn us; and what our heart condemns in us God will also condemn. This means that if we wish to become members of the Bride class, we must be more diligent, more zealous. We must study our character, and see to it that we develop the necessary qualities for a position in the glorified Church.

Ask yourself, "How much have I cultivated these Heavenly fruits and graces—the faith, the patience and the brotherly kindness that go with Love?" Then say to yourself, "This

day I shall keep watch over myself and note what my hands are doing, how my time is spent, what my words are, what my thoughts are." Whoever has a proper love for our Lord, a proper appreciation of what He has done for us and of what He will yet do, will not find this careful scrutiny of thought, word and deed a hard thing. It brings before us continually thoughts of God and of Christ, and of the glorious things which He has in reservation for those who love Him more than anything else.

Those who thus study their character are the class mentioned in our text when it says, "They that reverenced the Lord spake often one to another." They speak to one another in Bible studies, in prayer meetings, every Sunday at worship or in the home. They wish to have all the helps the Lord is providing in these last days. They desire to know all the various parts of God's Plan. They have become separated from the masses of nominal Christians and have been brought together through the knowledge of His Word. So now they converse about the good things that the Lord has shown them. They have a fellowship of spirit.

This desire for fellowship with those of like precious faith is not selfishness nor an impropriety. This class are especially anxious for fellowship with those who have characters similar to their own, similar faith in the precious blood of Christ, similar consecration, those who are passing through similar experiences at the hands of the great Polisher of the jewels. Their conversation, therefore, will be respecting "the things which belong to their peace"—the things which are uppermost in their hearts; for this class are all seeking first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, and in earthly things are content with whatever the Lord's providence shall arrange for them.

God's Book of Remembrance.

When "the Lord hearkened and heard" this class who spoke often one to another, He had a book of remembrance written for them. It is not that the Almighty had to write down this information so as not to forget, but that this statement gives us the thought that He does not forget and that He loves this class. God loves the world with a broad, sympathetic love; but He has a special love for His true Church, those who have consecrated themselves fully to Him during this Gospel Age. To such the Master says, "The Father Himself loveth you." They are as dear to Him as the apple of His eye.—John 3:16; 16:27; Zachariah 2:8.

This book of remembrance was kept for those who thought upon His name. In olden times the name stood for the character. Now we too often give names at random. Too many times an ignoble character bears a noble name. But in olden times people were very particular to attach a name that would fit the person's character. For instance our Lord was named Jesus because He was to save His people from their sins. (Matthew 1:21.) Jesus means Savior. God's name stands for His character, glorious in righteousness.

Not very many think highly of the character of our God. There is a reason for this. For centuries the religious teachers have described the Divine character in such a way as to make it very undesirable for any to think much about Him. To many the name Jehovah God stands for One who is to be feared for His mighty power, for One who will throw him over to the Devil, rather than for one who is to be loved because of His great love for all His creatures.

But with God's dear children this is not so. They love God and delight to study about His name, His character, and to think of His care for them. They are trying diligently to be like their Father in Heaven; and He is showing them His character more and more. Something of the lengths, the breadths, the heights and the depths of His wonderful love has been revealed to this class; and they are still longing to know more about Him.

By and by the world will be made to know about God's wonderful character and Plan. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God will then fill the whole earth. (Isaiah 11:9; Habakkuk 2:14.) But the Church of Christ get this knowledge beforehand. In coming into the family of God we have entered the School of Christ, and He is teaching us all these things. They are written in the Bible "for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the ages have come," in order that by thus knowing Him we may be prepared for our glorious inheritance with Christ Jesus our Lord and Head.—1 Corinthians 10:11; Colossians 1:12.

The Lord's Precious Jewels.

God's promise to this class that reverenced him and thought upon His name is that they shall be His in that Day when He shall make up His jewels. As one who cares for precious jewels, so God cares for His saints. The man who handles the jewels sees to it first that they are properly cut and polished; and afterwards he mounts them. They would not look well except they were mounted; for the mounting has much to do with the beauty of the jewels.

God is now cutting and polishing these saintly jewels of His. The first and greatest of these was our Lord Jesus Christ. The twelve Apostles were twelve large stones, fine grained and beautifully cut. Throughout the Gospel Age jewels of different sizes have been found and cut. Presently God will mount all the jewels that remain unmounted. This mounting is done in the First Resurrection.

Of His jewels our God will make a beautiful diadem, set in the gold of the Divine nature. Is He to wear this royal diadem? Oh, no! Jehovah needs no diadem to add to the charms of His Person. To the jewel class the Prophet declares: "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." (Isaiah 62:3.) The Church will be in the HAND of our God, to be exhibited to angels and to men, as a marvelous piece of workmanship, which God has wrought.

In preparing these jewels the Lord has not used force, coercion. Originally they were some of the poor sons and daughters of Adam. God did not compel them to leave their father's house, but simply led them by His Spirit and by the exceeding great and precious promises of His Word. Ultimately they will be diamonds of the first water—pure, stainless. They are to be faultless in love before the Father; and perfect love casts out not only fear, but also selfishness, animosity, evil surmisings, evil speaking, pride and self-love. As they daily think upon the character of God, His goodness, His infinity, His Plan, His love, they come to know Him more and more intimately, and to realize His grand perfection more clearly. Thus they are gradually changed into His character-likeness—"from glory to glory."—2 Corinthians 3:18.

God's Jewels are His Sons.

The Lord presents to us in His Word great truths under figures of speech which even the least learned can comprehend. For instance, instead of telling us that He has knowledge of His faithful ones and will never forget those who are His, and who diligently endeavor to know and to serve Him, He pictures the information, telling us in His Word that He has a "Book of Life" and a "Book of Remembrance." Through these figures we get the thought that He would have us get; namely, that He takes full knowledge of them that are His.

Then He encourages this class with the assurance that their love and devotion shall one day have its reward; that a great change is coming in His general dealings with the world of mankind; and that then every sigh, every tear and every sacrifice for righteousness' sake and for love of the Lord, for His Cause and for His brethren shall be rewarded in a manner that is beyond our present comprehension. This class, however, serve not for selfish reasons, but from devo-

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tion, from fidelity and consequently from love; hence they shall find that the light afflictions of the present, which are only for a moment, are working out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, as they look not at the things now seen but at those now unseen—the eternal things.—2 Corinthians 4:17, 18.

Without attempting to detail the riches of grace in reservation for them that love God, the Scriptures use two figures that are quite expressive to the eye and ear of faith—God's jewels, God's faithful sons. These two phrases suggest a full explanation of present experiences. The proper father will instruct, correct and discipline his son, although he may pass by the greater faults and blemishes of those who are not his children. As respects jewels, we all know the necessity for cutting and polishing them, to the intent that their real qualities may be developed. Thus the Church class see themselves in their Heavenly Father's School of discipline, in preparation to be His heirs—joint-heirs with Christ in His Kingdom. They see the necessity of the trials and perplexities and the persecutions of this present time, that they may be polished and prepared for the glorious future.—Romans 8:17; Galatians 3:29.

The time for making up these jewels is the close of the Gospel Age. The faithful followers of our Lord Jesus from His day until now will all have part in the First Resurrection. All of the jewels now living will, when polished and found worthy, be "changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," to be with their Lord—the moment of their death being the moment of their change. These have no need to sleep in death; for the gathering time of the saints has come. They will be spared from passing through the culmination of the great Time of Trouble already begun.

Our Day the Close of the Age.

According to our best knowledge of the Word of God, we have now come down to the close of the Gospel Age. All about us we can see the foretold signs of our Lord's Second Presence and the end of the Age. To His Church our Lord Jesus said, "When ye see these things begin to come to pass, then lift up your heads; for your deliverance draweth nigh." (Luke 21:28, 31.) We see "these things" coming to pass in the great war in Europe, in the mutterings of revolution among the nations, in the world-wide Zionist movement of the Jews, etc. The Church, the Bride of Christ, is almost complete. But we do not yet know how long it will be until we shall have finished our earthly course. That is for the Lord to determine.

"Faithful is He that hath called you, who will also do it." Our eye of faith has sighted the Prize of glory, honor, immortality and joint-heirship with Christ. "God hath given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these we might become partakers of the Divine nature." (2 Peter 1:4.) And we have been able to receive these promises. There is nothing that compares with them. The more we know of the great Divine Plan of the Ages and of the privileges which we may have in that Plan, the more we are enthused, the more we would glorify the Father and the Son, the more we rejoice together as brethren in the Body of Christ.

Those who have comprehended this Divine Plan for human salvation have an abundant theme, a never-ending theme, a theme which above all others will fill their hearts and their minds, and which will crowd out all worldly topics as not worthy of comparison. It will crowd out all complainings and murmurings, as wholly improper on the part of those who have been recipients of so many Divine favors and who have "much advantage everyway," in that they have delivered unto them the Divine Oracles. Especially is this true in view of our adoption into the family of God as sons, "joint-heirs with Jesus Christ our Lord, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."

Let us, then, as true sons of God, re-

member the importance of honesty—"truth in the inward parts"—when we come together to study the Divine Word and to help one another as members of the Body of Christ. "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory," but let each esteem the other greater than himself in saintliness, seeking to see in each other so far as possible, the noble, the good, the true; and let each seek to watch his own heart and to know his own blemishes. Thus shall personal humility and brotherly love keep pace with our growth in the knowledge of Divine things.

In the Realm of Bookland

"When a Man's a Man," by Harold Bell Wright.

This is the seventh "best seller" from Harold Bell Wright's versatile pen. With the appearance of his first book, "The Printer of Udell's," the novelist was heralded as "coming." When his delightfully sweet story, "The Shepherd of the Hills," followed a few years later it was said that he had "arrived." But it was something new in the publishing world for an author to write, consecutively, three successful books, and "The Calling of Dan Matthews," "true to the four corners of the earth," came as a genuine surprise. When best sellers continued to come from his pen in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," followed by "Their Yesterdays," and in turn by "The Eyes of the World," the question was asked, what manner of man is this who writes "best sellers" only?

Harold Bell Wright has been called "the apostle of the wholesome," and in his new story, "When a Man's a Man," a story of manhood, he has nobly sustained the characterization. He has never written a cleaner, better story, nor one that is more uplifting. It combines those qualities that make "The Winning of Barbara Worth" a big and virile novel with the qualities that make "The Shepherd of the Hills" a sweet and simple story.

"When a Man's a Man" is a story of the real heart of the life of the unfenced land of ranch and range in Northern Arizona. The spirit and motive of the story is best expressed, perhaps, in the familiar lines of that plowboy poet so dear to the great heart of the world, "A man's a man for a' that." While the pages are crowded with the thrilling incidents that belong to the adventurous life depicted, one feels, always, beneath the surface of the stirring scenes the great primitive and enduring life forces that the men and women of this story portray, and we are made to feel and understand that there come to every one those times when in spite of all, above all and at any cost, a man *must* be a man.

The illustrations and decorations—about fifty in all—are made by the author from sketches drawn on the scenes of the story.

Cloth, 12mo. Price, $1.35. The Book Supply Co., Chicago, Ill., Publishers.

"More Smiles Than Sighs," by Chas. Howard Kegley.

This little volume of verse is by a writer who expresses himself in serious and humorous verse. He has an observant eye, and it often catches life at new angles, as is illustrated in his opening offering, "Mother of the Tenement." The author opens with a description of the many kinds of street and house noises and clangors that reach her undisturbed slumber. And then:

"The night grew old, the noises did not die;
Amid the clangor of approaching dawn
An infant breathed a faint, but troubled sigh.

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Published by Howard C. Kegley, Pomona, Cal.

"The Principles of Floriculture," by Edward A. White.

That a book styling itself a text book could be of such compelling interest from its opening line to its closing chapter would be a revelation to those whose favorite form of reading is found between the covers of the latest novel.

This book, whose arrangement and illustration are at once an invitation, enters immediately into the discussion of plant raising from a practical standpoint as well as the growing of flowers merely for pleasure.

The plant growing described by Mr. White is conducted under glass, and did more home-lovers realize the unlimited pleasure derived from even a small glass enclosure there would be a small green house attached to many of the homes springing up in the residential districts whose architecture rarely fails of the modern garage.

Nothing of an explanatory nature is omitted regarding the building of a glass house, and the question of soil, and the use of fertilizing elements, always of so much concern to the amateur flower grower, and upon which so much of his success depends is thoroughly explained, so there need be no disappointment in the outcome of the plants. The growing of the brilliant and very beautiful flowers that fill the florists' windows is made plain, and it is a great surprise to find that so many of the more expensive varieties, with which most of us have only a show-window acquaintance, are quite readiy raised from seed. This is true, also, of many of the foliage plants such as palms and ferns, among the latter being the asparagus variety so highly prized by those who value baskets of trailing greenery for deep windows and for window boxes. The climate of our city is especially adapted to ferns of such varied and charming varieties that a small glass enclosure can easily be converted into a world of feathery green, rivaling the tropics. As the book progresses, plant structure, plant reproduction and plant diseases are taken up and discussed with an interest and charm that leaves the reader in the midst of an imaginary flower garden to which he seemingly belongs through his relationship to those quiet companions who like himself are sensitive to love and care and sunshine. Now that there is such a desire to interest the young of cities in home gardens and the cultivation of vacant lots, "Principles of Floriculture" can be remembered as a book that will not alone instruct, but inspire, and should be upon the table of all those interested in the welfare of the community.

Price, $1.75. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

"Leonardo da Vinci, Artist and Man," by Osvald Siren.

In writing his detailed and comprehensive study, "Leonardo da Vinci: The Artist and the Man," Osvald Siren wisely treats the great Florentine as an artist, virtually disregarding his activities in other spheres. For it is as painter and sculptor that Leonardo's genius shines brightest after the lapse of nearly six centuries. But in thus limiting his field, the author confesses to a "vivid sense of the limitations thus imposed upon the great subject," for "Leonardo's paintings and sculpture formed, in fact, only a part of his creative work, a fragment of that great soul's most universal range of activity."

Biographically, it is learned that

Leonardo was the illegitimate son of a Florentine notary; but notwithstanding this, was reared in his father's home. His status here, however, was virtually that of an outsider, and he seems to have suffered from the spiteful remarks of his half-brothers and sisters. Authentic information regarding Leonardo's youth and early artistic training is extremely scarce. Indeed, practically all that was written of him by his contemporaries was conceived in the after-glow of his great achievements. He entered the studio of Andrea del Verrocchio about the year 1467, remaining there ten years. Verrocchio proved not only a versatile workman and able teacher, but he brought the young artist into intimate touch with the most eminent younger painters of the day—Lortenzo di Credi, Francisco Botticini and others, and the older painters, Botticelli and Perugino, seem to have had a hand in his instruction.

The two best-known examples of Leonardo's work are "The Last Supper" and the "Mona Lisa"—the latter due to notoriety rather than to inherent greatness. "The Last Supper" is analyzed at considerable length and numerous sections of the original drawings are reproduced. The author points to this as a remarkable example of the artist's delight in the study of physiognomy. "He loved to bring together strongly marked types of widely differing natures in order to intensify by contrast the dramatic expressions of the human face."

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Price, $1.25 net. Published by Houghton, Miflin Co.

"On Reaching Sixteen and Other Verses," by M. Robbins Lampson.

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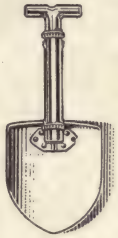
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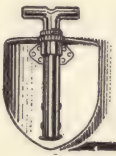


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some of the dogmas which have been put forth to explain Christ, has come to look upon the Lord of the Gospels as invested with an atmosphere of mystery and uncertainty. He is the man who has heard it stated so often and so confidently that the announcement of two of the Evangelists of the virgin birth is something which no scientific mind can accept, and that the element of the miraculous and the supernatural in the Gospels is there because of the exaggerated and unenlightened veneration of the first believers in Jesus, that he has fallen into the trap of thinking Christ as One of whom we really know but little, and looks up the deification of Him by the church as an expression, simply, of ecclesiastical superstition." The Christ that inspired Swedenborg is depicted and the Bible viewed from that standpoint.

Published by The New Church Press, New York.

"Hay Fever, Its Prevention and Cure."

Next to tuberculosis, hay fever is one of the most interesting and common diseases, and has received an enormous amount of study. While it is not directly fatal, it is exceedingly distressing, and is certain, by its annual visitation, to lower the vital resistance and induce other illness in the body. In this way it becomes a prolonged and serious menace to the comfort and happiness of the sufferer. The author has had remarkable and uniform success with a simple treatment of hay fever for the last twenty years. He locates it as an external irritant, possibly containing a micro-organism, or a toxin, which becomes especially active in the nasal passages of the individual predisposed by systemic debility or local abnormality. The author has compiled, arranged and annotated the most worthy literature on the subject, and in addition has contributed to the larger part of the book his all-important point—the successful treatment of hay fever. Dr. W. C. Hollopeter, the author, was for twenty-five years professor of pediatrics in the Medico-Chirugical College of Philadelphia.

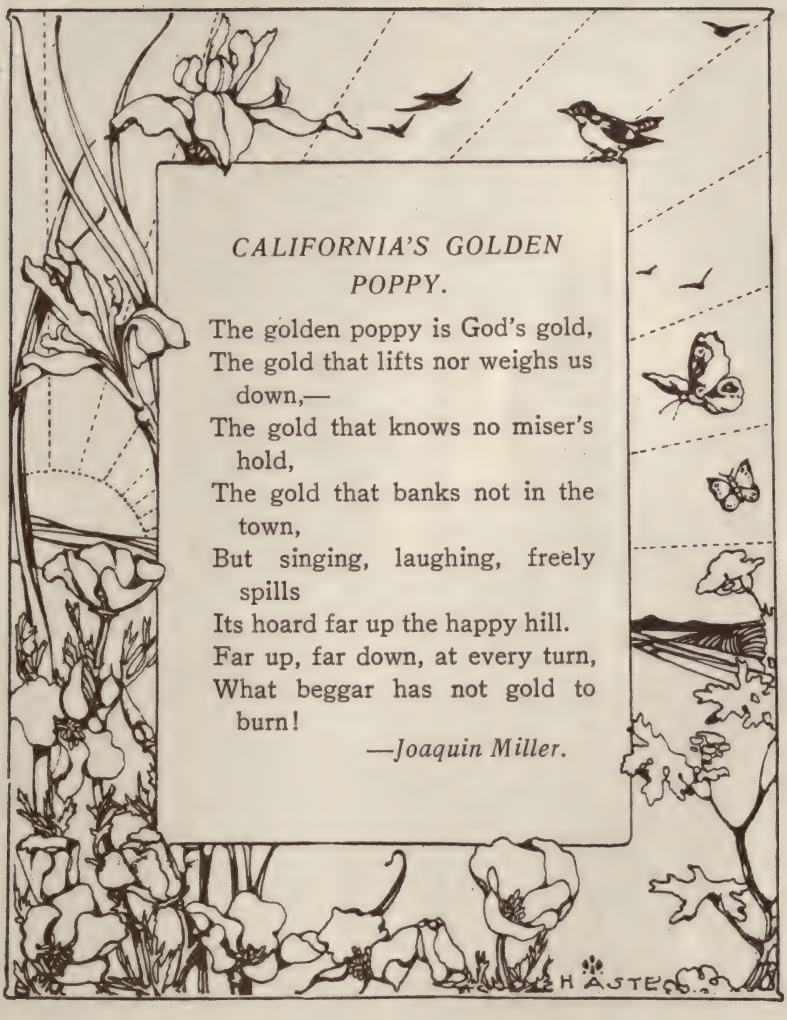
Price, $1.25 net. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"Lights and Shadows in Confederate Prisons," by Homer B. Sprague, Bvt. Colonel 13th Connecticut Volunteers. Sometime Professor in Cornell, and President of the University of North Dakota.

According to the author this narrative of prison life differs from all others in that it is careful to put the best possible construction upon the treatment of Union prisoners by the Confederates, and to state and emphasize kindness and courtesies received by them. The book's accuracy is indebted to a diary kept from day to day by the author during the whole of his imprisonment, and to the best obtainable records. He was taken prisoner at Winchester, and has a deal to say of that battle and his vivid and exciting experiences there. The book is full of first hand information on human beings staked in battle, and the apprising reader will no doubt use this book as a stepping stone to realize the problems of some of the awful sacrifices made in the present titanic war.

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The golden poppy is God's gold,
The gold that lifts nor weighs us down,—
The gold that knows no miser's hold,
The gold that banks not in the town,
But singing, laughing, freely spills
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Far up, far down, at every turn,
What beggar has not gold to burn!

—*Joaquin Miller.*



Along the lower reaches of the Columbia.



Entrance to a California country home.



In Point Defiance Park, Tacoma, Washington



Along the Chain of Lakes, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.



In the heart of Tahiti.



Along a Tahiti River.



Royal Palm Avenue, Honolulu.



In the Yosemite Country



"The Lady of the Land," Del Mar, California. Looking northward from Stratford Inn.

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The Land of Yesterday and To-Morrow

A Newly Discovered Southland

By Belle Sumner Angier

WE have been touring the southland by way of a change from excursions to the forests in the north, and incursions of the desert to the east, with now and then a week or two across the Pacific in the fairyland of the western islands. You see, like most young Americans, we are constantly seeking change, only that our restlessness takes the somewhat mild form of seeking new playgrounds in God's out of doors.

The "Artist" is happy, for a month or two in the studio at the little, brown bungalow, and then one morning he presents himself before the "Lady of the Land" and says, laconically: "Let's go!"

The "Lady of the Land" takes a look into the family purse, has a confidential talk with "Little Sister" and "Peter Pan," and packs her portfolio and the portable writing machine, and away they go—somewhere—anywhere—until the "Artist" finds his "picture country" and settles down to his canvases and his long hours of patient study of the landscape.

That is how we found ourselves in San Diego County and the lovely and picturesque Del Mar country. The purse had been depleted by the last long jaunt, and "Little Sister" had advised a run down the coast to San Diego, always lovely in the springtime, as the most inexpensive short trip she knew, and so we found ourselves one twilight time seated on the broad veranda of the delightful inn at Del Mar enjoying the soft, salt-laden sea breeze and a glorious approaching sunset.

Now the "Lady of the Land" and "Little Sister" had passed a happy girlhood in this section of the State at a period when the country was one large cattle ranch, and one paid friendly visits to their relatives in Los Angeles and San Francisco by passing several weeks on a carriage drive, or a week or two (according to the cargo) on a sailing vessel. The "Lady of the Land" earned her title during these early days by affirming with more or less vehemence that it was through no fault of her own that her parents carelessly allowed her to be born east of the Mississippi, and so far as she was concerned, it should be forgotten, and henceforth and forever



"The Scold."

more she was to be a Californian, and it must be admitted that she has earned the right by an enthusiastic loyalty to the Golden State for several decades. "Little Sister" was no less a royal adherent of the "blue and gold," and so this was one reason why they were having a particularly good time on this recent trip of ours, they being, as an elderly Englishman said, who had attached himself to our party, the only living people who seemed to have any historical associations with the beautiful country which, to him, looked decidedly new and undeveloped!

One night, after a delightful stroll along the white sands, we were gathered together on the north veranda of



"The Fairy Staircase leading to Happy Mine," Del Mar, California."

Stratford Inn, overlooking the sea, and Red Cliff, and waiting for the sun to set in its customary glory.

The "Lady of the Land" sat in a great hickory chair apart from the group, the pose of her small, plump figure and the tip of her bird-like head indicating her retrospective mood.

"Do you remember," she called out to "Little Sister," "how I used to run away from you when we were gathering shells on the beach, and travel as far south as I dared, and then retrace my steps slowly and with my 'head in the clouds,' as you used to say, and for a long time I would not tell you why I made these strange 'excursions.'"

"Little Sister" smiled and explained to the rest of us that "The Lady" was always prone to sentimental dreaming, and that in the long ago days of childhood she had discerned a curious outline of the face of the cliff underlying the ranch house, which closely resembled the Sphinx, which she always declared was the guardian of the San Dieguito river, and which could be seen most plainly from a point on the beach just about where the bath-house stands now.

"It was a great comfort to me in those days," said the "Lady of the Land." "The Sphinx was clearly outlined against the sky, and the lower part of the figure was most distinct until the storm of 1893 washed away a portion of it. We were not altogether free from fear in those days, and sometimes at night, when I lay in my little bed at the ranch house I would hear strange rumblings and groans and outcries of the wild animals and birds, and I would be filled with fear, and then I would call upon the spirit or the noble Red Cliff Sphinx, and the thought seemed always to quiet my fears. You see, I grew up with full faith in fairies and giants, and even the trees and the flowers had a personality in my mind."

"And do you remember," replied "Little Sister," "the moonlight walks upon the cliff, and the row boat on the Serpentine, and how we used to row miles about the valley in the winding silvery lagoons on nights when the moon was bright, and one could hear never a sound except the leaping of the silver perch in the water. I liked the dark nights, too, when in the trail of the boat there was the flash of fire of myriads of infusoria, a phenomena we did not at all comprehend, and which filled us with much awe.

"And then Cousin Alice came, and taught us to listen to the sound of the fairies weaving their silk in the cornfields, and Oh! 'Lady,' do you remember the cave in the Pine Hills that you and Alice found and hid away in on bright summer days to weave story upon story of 'Alice in Wonderland?'

"And do you recall the day we found honey welling out from a crevice in the cliff, and when we finally located the hive in a cave in the canyon, the bees chased us out, and we all carried away stings as souvenirs!"

"Twenty-five years is a long way back," said "The Lady of the Land," "but I never shall forget the long rides over the Pine Hills, before the horn of the automobile was heard in its dolorous honk over the land. Still, I must admit I enjoy the drive into San Diego over the Torrey Pine Hills, past La Jolla, and it takes us less than an hour in the machine even when we drive so as to enjoy the views, and I can well remember that my father and I took from daylight to dark in the old days when we drove our broncho ponies over the old Indian trail. Father liked to go that way to town, and invariably recited Bayard Taylor's "Paso del Mar" as we drove over the narrow trail supposed to have been the scene of the graphic and dramatic tale. 'Little Sister' and I have many a time picked our way down the face of the cliff on our horses, and made them swim with us across the Soledad River where to-day you will see only a dry wash."

"Nature changes the face of things," said the Artist, "but I think that I have made as interesting discoveries here this summer as you girls did long ago. There is the 'Scold,' for instance, a



"The White Cliffs of Sorrento," Del Mar, California.

freak of Nature in the way of an earth erosion that I would willingly drive miles to see, and Owen Wister's castle is a delightful spot to me. Del Mar is full of surprises and the climate, the wonderful wild flowers, and the queer freaks which old Dame Nature has prepared for our entertainment, will keep me happy for some time to come.

"Have you girls walked up to the picturesque old ruins near the school house, and have you seen the natural gargoyle which I photographed in the canyon?

"And have you listened to the music of the wind-harp in the fantastic pine tree? Mrs. S——, who has lived in the Swiss Alps, tells me they are not more picturesque than the Pine Hills and the Big Canyon.

"Then the introduced features of the landscape are invariably good and I find fascinating little nooks every day, while the 'Fairy Staircase' that leads up to 'Happy Mine' has filled my heart with happiness every time I have climbed it, and when I sit and listen to the song of the wind in the pine tree harp I am indeed glad to be here in this lovely land, which to you girls is full of yesterdays, but to me means a glad to-morrow."

"Then," said the Lady of the Land," "it is settled that we stay another week —and to-morrow I shall drive out to the old burying ground of the Dieguino Indians, and lay another flower at the shrine of Santa Ysabel."





Moki architecture, village of Chimopovy.

The Snake Dance at Chimopovy

By May M. Longembaugh

Cushman Indian School

THINK! Think hard, ye world-trotters, sensation-seekers, artists, ethnologists! Who are the most interesting living people, what the weirdest rite performed in the world of to-day? Surely your unanimous reply is, the Mokis and their Snake Dance. Mokis? Query the stay at homes, in Cambodia, Zambesi, the South Sea? No, in our own progressive United States, where we, departers from all tradition, may witness, in August, the rite which for more than a thousand years has been annually performed, unchanged in the slightest detail. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." The very method of establishing the date, which is twenty-one days after the sun strikes Corn Rock at such an angle, is unique, being cried by the Moki herald at seven o'clock in the morning throughout the pueblo, and then computed with never a mistake by the seven beef ribs, which are part of the paraphernalia of the chief. These



Moki wood carrier

bones are highly polished by years of calendar use. The Czar of all the Russias is not so autocratic as this Moki chief, and the laws—that is, the customs—prescribed to an iota, are as unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians. Yet the Mokis are among the happiest, most contented people in the world, and their organization so remarkable that a very brilliant woman, Barbara Frere Marreco, of the Woman's Auxiliay of Oxford University, has been studying it for two years. Not long ago she spent a twelve month with the Mokis, and submitted her thesis to Oxford, where it was adjudged the best and upon the most unusual subject, gaining for her an appointment as professor in absentia, with orders to complete the study of their political economy under salary for two years. At that time there was an awakened interest in many parts of learned Europe in the Mokis and in Indian affairs generally in this country. Now, however, it is war; but the Mokis, as ever uncaring, themselves never conquered, approach again their annual ceremonial prayer for rain, for that is, exactly, what the Snake Dance is.

I have lived for years with the Mokis, witnessed this dance many times, only to feel the spell it casts, bind more strongly. You cannot ride the Painted Desert for three days and be yourself. Preconceived ideas, book-learning, worldliness, to-day, all drop

off like Christian's load with every league of these three days journey into Mokiland.

The Painted Desert is the Land of Enchantment, its exquisite colorings seeming an optical delusion. The limitless, shimmering horizon and magnificent stillness of this mysterious country constrain one to speak in whispers lest he break the great silence. Freedom, illimitable space! Forgotten, impossible, that beyond those blue peaks lie crowded cities, reeking tenements, avarice! So at last, quite selfless, only an incarnate interest, you reach Chimopovy, one of the seven cities of Cibola, perched on a sand stone rising abruptly six hundred feet out of the desert like the blade of a knife.

Twilight—mystery! Suddenly some one cried: "The Snake Men are coming." All grew silent and respectful as the bronzed figures approached, each carrying a sack of squirming reptiles, the bag of his venturesome day's hunt. The bodies of the snake men were nude, save for the loin cloth. Each man carried a hoe, a small sack of sacred meal and a snake whip, made by tying two feathers to a short, slender stick. This hunt is made by members of the Snake fraternity, and requires four days; one day the search being made to the north, one to the south, one to the east and one to the west. When a snake is discovered, he is addressed as "Elder Brother," and a quantity of sacred meal sprinkled over the body; then by means of the snake whip, he is folded into the snake bag. Ninety of these "Elder Brothers" now reposed in earthen ollas as honored guests in the kiva; for it is through them that communication is established with the rain gods, and only through this medium may Mokis obtain copious rain for their parched fields. The snakes collected for these sinister rites are venomous rattlers, blue racers, arrowheads and occasionally a bull snake, but rattlers always predominate. The profoundest ritualistic importance is attached to every part of the ceremony. In some respects, it is the most unique sight on this continent to-day, and attracts tourists, scientists, anthropologists and men of letters from all parts of the globe.

The great day of the ceremony approaches, the ninth since the beginning of the celebration; and the snakes are ready for the secret rites which will make them ceremonially pure, previous to their public appearance in the plaza. At one time an aged rattler crawled into the crevice of a snake kiva, leaving only a portion of his nether body exposed to view. Now, as it would have been discourteous to extract him forcibly by the tail, they were obliged to proceed in the ceremony without him, much to their dissatisfaction. This incident, to the superstitious mind of the Moki, was of grave import, and signified to them that in some way they had been remiss in their devotions. The snake washing is performed by the priests, and occurs in the secret recesses of the underground kiva (council hall or lodge room) for the snake men are the highest degree Masons of the Moki. It is, therefore, only from one of their own number that any of these kiva ceremonies can be learned. A former member of the Snake fraternity, now Christianized, states that the snakes are next taken by the priests from the ollas, or large water jars which the reptiles are to replenish, prayers offered, and the heads and bodies are dipped into the water which was previously blessed by the priests, a prehistoric form of holy water. After the bath, they are laid on the sanded floor of the kiva to dry, and all conversation is carried on in whispers while the snakes are unconfined. Immediately after the snake washing, the priests and members of the snake clan bathe their heads.

As the sun nears the horizon, the time for the dramatic climax approaches, and the spectators hasten to the center of the plaza, where the shrine called the kisi is erected. This is made of cottonwood boughs, placed in an upright position like a shock of



A Snake Chief removing his leather belt on the kiva.

corn or wheat, doubtless in itself a spiritual form of the desired harvest. The spectators mount the ladders to the roofs of the tiers of houses, and a hush falls as the aged priest enters the plaza, carrying a bag of reptiles, which he deposits at the base of the kisi. Then twelve Antelope priests appear, their semi-nude bodies covered with fanciful figures drawn with white paint. They march to the center of the plaza, chanting a weirdly monotonous strain founded upon three notes of the scale, then to the front of the kisi, stamping in turn on the board placed in front of the booth. This board covers a hole in the earth, dug in order to open communication with the underworld; and on which the participants stamp to inform their ancestral spirits that the ceremony is given as proof of their sincerity and devotion. The Mokis have the old Greek idea of the underworld. They come from it, and after death they return to it, living there. Then the snake priests emerge from the kiva and face the Antelope priests and the setting sun. The two lines of priests sway back and forth, chanting a blood chilling strain in simulation of the snakes' rattles. Their bodies are decorated with white paint, their chins blackened, and dark brown leather kilts and moccasins are worn. Just below the knees are fastened rattlers of tortoise shell filled with shot. The noise of these rattlers emitted as the priests move about is in imitation of thunder, and the zigzag markings on the body symbolic of lightning. The circuit of the plaza is made four times for the four seasons, and the bearer of the sacred medicine asperses to the cardinal points. Then a loud call is made by the chief snake priest, and a member of the fraternity is summoned from the house top for the perilous task of delivering the snakes to the dancers. Instantly the snake line breaks up into groups of three, composed of carrier, hugger and gatherer. The music becomes wilder now, and the first carrier drops on his knees before the kisi to receive a squirming, clammy reptile, which is placed between his teeth, the head being invariably carried to the left. In a moment the reptile is coiled about his neck, the head inquisitively crawling over his naked shoulders. The hugger walks immediately behind the carrier, with



Characteristic poses of the Snake dancers.

his hand on the left shoulder of the carrier, and waging his snake whip directly in front of the snake, which is carried around the plaza four times; then the carrier opens his mouth and the snake drops to the ground, later to be picked up by the gatherer, who hastens to straighten the coiling reptile with his snake whip. The dance continues in this manner, until all the snakes in the kisi have been conveyed about the ring in the mouth of the carrier, dropped to the ground and picked up by the gatherer. One of the carriers, ambitious to excel, carried two snakes in his mouth at one time, they each being, of course, of small circumference. One agile, inquisitive old rattler, when dropped to the ground proceeded instantly toward a group of women spectators, which caused a general hubbub and demoralization of the crowd. The gatherer adroitly seized him by the neck and threw him across his arm, where he hung limply and resignedly. The last time I saw the dance, two little boys, not more than six or eight years of age, grandsons of the old chief, joined proudly in the dance as hereditary priests, holding in their little mouths the venomous snakes, and displaying neither fear nor disgust. They were regarded with envy by parents of less distinguished children, and they must have mastered all the intricacies of the ceremonial rites.

One thing has always seemed perfectly marvelous to me, and I have frequently risked my life to understand it, pressing as close as the celebrants would allow to the hideous mass of serpents, though, normally, I have a horror of so much as a finger long garter snake. How can the gatherers manage to retain the active reptiles upon their arms? The snakes writhe and twist all about the naked bodies of the carriers as they dance about the plaza, but when the gatherers pick up the snakes from the ground with a curious, quick motion, they hang one next another on their outstretched stiff left arms, forming a hideous fringe of reptiles, which hang limply and quietly until they are dropped to the ground by the gatherers. The Indians knew me and liked me, but even I was sharply bidden to draw further from the sacred circle, and when Robert Chandler, who sought the freedom of the Painted Desert, after the tyranny of

his songstress, Lini Cavalieri, did not quickly respond to the order, one of the snake priests took a huge rattler for a literal snake whip and struck the aristocrat straight across the face and shoulders with the ghastly, cold and slimy lash. What did Mr. Chandler say? Why, he could say nothing: he was in Mokiland.

Each carrier must have held in his mouth at least seven of the slimy rattlers, and each gatherer now had on an average of seven hung across his left arm. A sudden hush: The High Priests of the Snakes advances to an open place in the plaza, and draws a large wheel on the ground with sacred meal. This is another wonderful thing: The meal is quickly thrown upon the unmarked ground, and yet the circle appears almost mathematically perfect. Many scholars have remarked this. Does this circle represent only the cycle of a year, or has it Buddha's significance of the wheel of life? The Indian will not tell the inferior whites. Suddenly a passage is opened through the spectators, and a group of women, wives and daughters of the snake priests, advance with bowls of sacred meal. At a signal from the snake priest the gatherers throw the snakes within the circle in a horrible, writhing, hostile heap. The matrons and maids, easily distinguished by the dressing of their hair—maids by their black locks wound over wooden whorls to form a "squash blossom" at each side, these all start forward, covering the poisonous mass with sacred meal. At that moment, all the tribe upon the housetops rise as one man, and leaning slightly toward the plaza, spit toward the wheel. I have asked dozens of Mokis the significance of this shower of spittle, and think they were honest when they asserted that they did not know, only that at this point, it was prescribed in the ritual, but it is my own opinion that it is to express to the "Elder Brother" the tribal prayer, to a man, woman and child, for the moisture which insures their harvests in a parched land. In a flash, now, the snake priests are within the circle, grasping all their hands can hold of the tangled, furious snakes which they carelessly fling across their left arms. When all are taken from the sacred circle, the priests divide into four groups, and rapidly descend the steep trails to the desert at the four cardinal directions. Throughout the entire weird, dramatic ceremony a Yale professor stood near me, who was viewing the celebration for the first time. "Am I awake or am I dreaming?" exclaimed he. "I cannot believe that my geographical location is within the boundary of the United States, nor that we have passed into the twentieth century of the Christian era. It seems to me that I shall awaken in distant Africa or Egypt."

Many of the more sure footed and agile sight-seers endeavored to follow the snake priests down the precipitous trails to the four corners to witness the concluding ceremony, and to see if the snakes have had their poison fangs removed before the ceremony. But it is all but impossible to reach the valley in time to see the priests gently deposit their dreadful burdens upon the earth, and then to sink reverently upon their knees with prayerful benedictions as farewells to their Elder Brothers; for the pueblo people are surefooted as mountain goats, fleet and enduring as deer. A man has been known to run forty miles in a day to work under a blazing sun in his small garden, which often lies as much as twenty miles from his home.

But to return with our priests to the pueblo to watch the final strange rites. Large ollas of sacred emetic await them for internal purification; they must be emptied of self for the well being of their people, and food to come for their little ones. The formula of this dark liquid is unknown to any white man. It is brewed by the head snake woman, and some people believe it to be an antidote for the venom of the rattler. At any rate, it is a powerful emetic, and never fails to do heroic work. The priests pass through the severe retching with patience and dignity, and there is no desire to make



A dancer playing with a snake between his teeth.

merry on the part of any of the spectators. A procession of women now arrive at the cistern like mouth of the kiva, bearing huge platters of piki, goat's meat, squash and beans to the exhausted priests. This food is received gratefully, and the name of the donor is called, as each contribution is carried down the ladder to the kiva. The religious part of the ceremony is now at an end, and the evening is spent in feasting and revelry.

The Mokis have no native intoxicant. Their curious red and blue corn is ground and baked on stones into piki —bread as thin as tissue paper, not mashed for "co'n juice," as the Southerner terms his whiskey. So the feasting is upon this piki, squash, melons, onions, which they raise in the shifting desert sand. The Moki is the first and finest dry farmer in the world. To digress, how often have I seen him stand, like a bronze statue, with only a loin cloth girding him, twisting and boring with a dry stick a hole perhaps twelve inches deep, into which he may drop forty seeds of corn? He has laid the earth carefully down as he removed it, and now he replaces it in the same order and tamps it down firmly as he fills the deep hole, that the sand storm may not blow it up. Only a Moki could grow such crops in such a country, where now there is food for three years in their bins. No wonder they laugh to scorn the ignorance for their region—of the Government agriculturists who assume to teach them. Mutton, by the way, is their staple meat. Neither chicken or turkey will they eat: they believe it polluted.

Some of the investigators of the snake ceremony have not returned; they are coralling as many as possible of the snakes which have been dropped at the foot of the mesa, to see if their fangs have been removed. That does not solve the mystery, however. Great numbers at different times have been examined. In all instances they have been found intact. The Indian is ignorant of the white man's fiery antidote, and the native brew must be efficacious if any are ever bitten. The writer has talked with many of the missionaries, traders and government employees, some of whom have lived among them for a score of years, but none recalled any instance of poisoning from the venom of the rattler by members of the snake fraternity. Many theories are advanced as to the seeming immunity of the priests, the most common conjecture being that it is largely due to adroit handling of the snakes by the priests; and the skilful use of the snake whip, which many think hypnotizes the reptiles.

The fine sincerity of the participants



Placing the venom snakes on the ground while the catchers prepare to seize them.

was evidenced in all phases of the ceremony, taking away all that otherwise might have been revolting. At all times were they dignified and reverent. If any one was bitten, no account was taken of it, the ceremony preceeded uninterrupted.

People have frequently asked me if the Mokis really believed this ceremony brings rain; if there is not trickery in the rites; if in these days when tourists gather from the known world: writers, sculptors, painters, anthropologists, men like the noted psychologist, Dr. Max Verworn, who came from the ancient university of Bonn last year, the snake dance has not degenerated to a performance or become commercialized like the Oberammergau play, etc. To them, I repeat first, they do unquestionably believe in its efficacy. I had a long talk with one of the Mokis about this only last year. He is perhaps thirty-five, one of the most interesting and sane people I ever knew, progressive to a wonderful degree. He has taken several trips into the world, and brought back ideas which he has worked out in a large and modern business. He said to me: "Does your God answer with rain when you pray to Him for it?" "No," I was obliged to admit, "not if the atmospheric conditions forbid. He works according to law." "Huh!" grunted the Moki, "did you ever know the rain to fail after our Snake Dance?" I was obliged to reply that I had not. To tell the truth, the dances are always held shortly before the usual fall rains, the one time in the year when their parched desert is relieved with copious rains. "Well," pursued the Moki, "if your God does not heed prayers for rain and ours do, then we shall continue to believe. You believe that your Jesus is God's son, and can take the prayers—well, we believe that the snakes are our Elder Brothers, and can enter the underworld and take our prayers to the Rain Gods. You do not prove your belief—we do."

Again, I have never seen more complete absorption or deeper reverence than the elders pay to this rite, and if among the younger people there is a slight consciousness of being under the limelight, I have never felt that there was irreverence or unbelief even in the young, for modern ideas, like these, have never entered pueblo life; even though there is almost perfect equality betwen the sexes, for which most States are now striving.

The woman proposes; she owns the house, the children, which is more than most of us can say. If her husband does not treat her well, she has only to place his saddle outside the door, and he must go. Beautiful she is while young, and so picturesque that artists from all over the world have painted her charms in her graceful attire—a soft, loose robe of dark wool, caught up on the left shoulder, leaving the right arm nude. It would be difficult to design anything more statuesque or sensible; the young beauty is to be congratulated that the style never changes in the Moki household, where the men do all the weaving, even to the wedding garment of the bride, which is a labor of love, woven by the prospective groom.

The Mokis are probably the most religious people on earth; though not lazy, nor making religious holidays an excuse for idleness, they devote one hundred and three days every year to religious rites, and many of these are exacting. They have many other dances all more or less of a semi-religious character.

Do you know that these Mokis are marvelously artistic? The cheapest of their pottery bears designs unusual, varied, beautiful. Mr. Wanamaker sends a man every year to their pueblo humbly to study their designs for reproduction upon the art marts of the world. No wonder they love beauty and fashion it, these Mokis, with the marvelous Painted Desert all about them, teaching them color, shifting its sand design at their feet as the ages pass. No wonder they can spend and have spent sixteen days annually upon the Snake Dance for more than a thousand years, for in Mokiland lies enchantment, and Time is not.

At the Sign of the Gray Owl

By William Freeman

EMPHATICALLY a modern battlefield is neither a beautiful nor an inspiring sight—when the battle is over; and private Jean Puichot realized as much as he staggered out of the trench over which the attacking masses had swept, walked a dozen aimless paces, and collapsed again.

A month before the place had been a wheat field, brown stubble under placid September skies. Since then it had been ploughed afresh. The gathering twilight hid much, but there was a horrible suggestiveness in every dark blotch that broke the horizon.

Puichot had been in the trenches for thirty-six hours, he and a couple of hundred others, watching the tide of battle ebb and flow. He had the vaguest ideas as to what had actually happened. He knew that he had loaded and fired his rifle almost as mechanically as the barking little Maxims worked which the British had brought up on his left; that the enemy had been beaten back again and again, and had still come on; and then——

There followed a gap in his impressions, and he had come to his senses to find himself alone, under a darkening sky, with only dead men and horses for company. He had no conception as to the whereabouts of his regiment. He did not even know if it still existed. In the distance the lights of a village twinkled; they looked homelike and friendly. He reeled to his feet again, and began a slouching trot toward them.

The distance was nearly a mile, and neither then nor at any time did he understand how he accomplished the journey. More than once it seemed to him that the lights could be no more than a will-o'-the-wisp of his own fevered brain; but presently he passed through a gate into a street, and felt cobbles beneath his feet. The lights suddenly confronted him, swooped upward in an enormous curve that reached the zenith, and were lost in black oblivion. In a word, he fainted for the second time.

He regained his senses on a stiff horsehair couch. Over him a girl was bending—a full-lipped, dark-eyed brunette.

"You are better?" she asked.

Puichot nodded. His mouth still tingled with the sting of the neat spirit she had given him.

"That is good. *Ma foi!* but you terrified me mightily when you fell into my doorway."

With an effort he sat up, and realized that he was in a small parlor opening out of the public room of an inn. "What place is this ma'mselle?"

"The village of Frontillac, m'sieu. This is 'The Gray Owl,' and I am the niece of Jules Dutil, to whom it belongs. I have done my poor best to keep the business alive since he went to the war, but it has been melancholy and profitless work."

"You are French?" he asked. The fighting had been near enough to the frontier to make it uncertain.

"Belgian, m'sieu." She spoke with sudden passion. "If you or the English had come to our help sooner"——

"We did our best," said Puichot mechanically. He passed his hand over his forehead. It was caked with clay and dried blood. "If there is any place where one might wash"——

She pointed to the door that led to the scullery. There was a pump there, with its spout over a big stone sink, and a basin already filled. The ice-cold water cleared his brain. When he went back he found bread, cheese, and a bottle of wine on the table.

"Eat and drink," said the girl brusquely. "Then, if you wish, you may go in search of your regiment."

Puichot, who was starving, sat down obediently. "What has happened?" he asked.

The girl dropped into a chair opposite. Her vivid beauty smote his senses like a blow. "What happened? Your men were outnumbered, overwhelmed, annihilated. The Uhlans—brute beasts that they are!—slew and slew. They lost very many themselves. Perhaps for that reason they killed the wounded where they found them. I heard it from one of their men who passed through the village afterwards. If you should be found here"——

"I will go at once," said Puichot. He was not thinking of himself, but of the probable consequences to the girl. He rose unsteadily to his feet.

Misunderstanding him, she smiled with contemptuous pity. "You are fit for nothing but bed, m'sieu. There is a barn at the back which may serve." She took up the lamp. "Come!"

He followed her across a paved yard to an outhouse. She flung back the door for him to go in, and held the lamp high. The place was clean and dry, the straw a scented invitation to slumber.

"B'n soir, m'sieu!" she said, and left him to undress by the little light that filtered through the cobwebbed window.

He fell asleep almost instantly, to waken a couple of hours later with a raging thirst and fever. He stumbled giddily out into the moonlight. The door of the scullery was fastened on the inner side, and he was still fumbling with the handle when the window of a room above swung back.

The girl looked down. "Are you dreaming of the Germans, m'sieu?"

"I am thirsty. I could not sleep."

"Wait!" she commanded.

A bolt shot back, and she appeared, ghostlike, in a long white wrap, her hair lying in a thick plait over her shoulder. "Of all the guests I ever entertained"—— she grumbled. Then, after a glance at his face, "Go back to your bed, and I will bring the water."

She brought it. He drank gratefully, slept for a time, and awoke again in the clutch of semi-delirium to find her still near. She was there again when dawn broke; and Puichot, weak, but with the fever abated, made an effort to sit up.

"You are better," she said, cutting short his thanks; "but, Germans or no Germans, you cannot leave. Even an unprofitable customer must be catered for, and I have little else to do."

So throughout that day and the next he remained. A strained tendon made walking difficult, but he saw enough of the village to realize that it was practically deserted.

On the third morning the girl came to him soon after daybreak. The rattle of distant rifle-fire had already aroused him. She carried a bundle of clothing.

"M'sieu, you will surrender your uniform, and at once."

"Why?" he demanded.

"Old Lisette, who knits lace, tells me that the Uhlans have already been seen. These clothes belonged to my uncle. You must wear them, and take his place. You understand?"

Whether he understood or not made little difference, for she had gone away with his uniform before he could reply. Puichot put on the garments she had left, and followed her into the parlor.

She turned from her coffee-making to regard him critically. *"Bien!"* they fit well! It is fortunate that you and my uncle are of much the same figure. Not," she added impartially, "that you have my uncle's intelligence."

Puichot flushed dully. "Ma'mselle has been an angel of mercy, all that a woman could be. But always there has been a—a hostility"——

"Hostility!" she flashed, with sudden passion. "And why? Because we were told that your army, and the English, were to be the saviours of our country. My father and brother had a factory near Mons, m'sieu; and because they showed hospitality to a party of the Allies they were tortured and then shot. Your armies fell back —back—leaving our land devastated. Many explanations have been made; but a woman—a simple woman—judges from what she sees. Do you wonder that I have no love for your people?"

"I think," said Puichot, half to himself, "that you have never yet loved any one, ma'mselle."

"It has never been worth while. My man would have to be *un beau sabre,* very tender, very brave, and a hundred other things! When I meet him I will perhaps give him my heart. Until then—— Your coffee grows cold, m'sieu!"

It was their only approach to anything like intimacy. But the fact did not prevent Jean Puichot falling very swiftly and effectively in love with her. For a day or so longer they waited, always on the *qui vive* for the Uhlans; and then an afternoon came when the half-witted lacemaker fled past the door with the news that they were on their way from the next village. Already the distant hoof-beats could be heard.

"What are your plans?" asked the girl, as Puichot limped toward the front-door.

"Upon such occasions as this," said Puichot seriously, "one's nerves require a sedative. Pere Bompard, three doors lower down, sells drugs, I believe?"

"Inquire for yourself," said Lucille, and turned her back upon him, her eyes hot with contempt and anger.

He slipped away, but three minutes later was back again. "The good Bompard was hiding in his cellar; consequently I was left to compound my own prescription." His tone changed. "As for you, ma'mselle, you will oblige me by retiring to the kitchen, and there proceeding to make your face dirty and your hair untidy—in effect, transforming yourself into the least attractive woman in northern France, if that be possible."

"This is no time for compliments, even of the clumsiest," she flashed. Nevertheless, she went. And, afterwards her obedience seemed to her the most remarkable thing of that remarkable day.

The Uhlans—a lieutenant and half-a-dozen men—approached. The lieutenant rapped with his sword-hilt against the door, and then, without waiting for an answer, flung himself into the room. Puichot, equipped with a large white apron, had taken his place behind the counter, and was polishing glasses.

"Here," said the German, "give us wine—the best you have."

"I am sorry, Excellency; but there is so little left"——

"We've heard that tale before. If you're afraid to fetch the stuff, call your pig of a wife. I am thirsty."

"We are poor folk. You will pay us?"

"Of a certainty. The Emperor will call in one of his Zeppelins with the money to-morrow! Quick, fool!"

Puichot, fumbling among the bottles behind him, uncorked and proffered one. The lieutenant filled a glass, swallowed a mouthful, and flung the remaider in his face.

"When will offal of your type understand that when a gentleman calls for wine he does not desire vinegar? What have you in your cellars?"

"Very little, Excellency," said Puichot, spluttering.

"Go and fetch it. And we will follow. Those who fly down into cellars have a trick of disappearing altogether.—Sergeant!"

One of the men came forward.

"See first if this animal has weapons."

"Up with your hands!" said the sergeant. He jerked Puichot's hands upward, and sent a row of glasses to the floor.

"He is unarmed, Excellency."

"Good! Let him march."

Puichot shuffled off in the direction of the scullery, where Lucille was clattering aimlessly among the saucepans.

"Wife!"

She started, and turned towards him with a crimsoned face.

"These gentlemen desire wine."

"I—I will fetch some at once, messieurs," she said, and went down the steps which led to the little whitewashed cellar. The officer turned to the sergeant again.

"Johan!"

"Herr lieutenant?"

"I am tired of shepherding these animals. They are slow-witted and slow-moving, and they may, after all, be deceiving us. Knock the one left behind here three times on the head for every minute which passes before his scarecrow of a wife returns."

The sergeant, with a grin, dealt Puichot three blows which sent him staggering.

"Lucille!" Puichot's voice shook with pain and fear.

She appeared in the doorway, laden.

"Bring them back to the parlor," commanded the lieutenant. He followed at the rear of the party, and watched while the girl uncorked the first bottle. "This is better. And the scarecrow is less repulsive than I had imagined. Her grime hides something of her beauty." He leered at her over the wine. "Give me a kiss, scarecrow, and I will risk the dirt."

"I—I would sooner give you another bottle of wine, m'sieu."

"Except that of La Somna brand," intervened Puichot, in an anxious whisper.

The lieutenant overheard, and set down his glass, scowling. "What is that?"

"Nothing, Excellency; nothing!"

"Nothing? When you have still a better wine which you have not produced!"

"There are but six bottles, Excellency. It is of a vintage for the connoisseur's palate only."

"That shall be proved. Let the girl go. No; she shall remain as a hostage. And you"—the lieutenant drew his sabre—"would be wise to hasten."

Puichot moved away. The eyes of the girl followed him. There was bewilderment, and shame, and contempt in their depths.

A moment later, and Puichot stumbled back into the room again, the bottles in his arms.

"Excellency, these are all I have. I would implore you"——

"Open them, dolt. And you"—he indicated the other men with a magniloquent wave of his hand—"may help yourselves."

Puichot knocked off the neck of a bottle, received a blow for his clumsiness, and was ordered to bring and fill fresh glasses. He obeyed. The girl watched him secretly, but would not meet his eyes.

"*Himmel*," said the lieutenant, drinking, "but this is rousing stuff!" He smashed open a second bottle, and then a third.

"Excellency, I am ruined!" moaned Puichot.

"Swine such as you are lucky to escape slaughter. We will sing, and the pair of you shall dance to our singing. Listen." He bellowed the chorus of a taproom song. "Sing, wench, sing, or"—— The lieutenant staggered toward the girl, gripping his sabre.

She gave a choked cry of terror, and shrank back. Puichot stood motionless until the man was a couple of feet away, watching him with keen, critical eyes. Then he dealt a sudden, swinging blow which caught the protruding chin fairly. The lieutenant went down with a crash which set the glasses jangling, and lay still.

The sergeant made a movement to rise, but dropped back heavily in his seat. None of the other men stirred; their breathing had become heavy, their eyes dull and fishlike. One by one they slid forward in ungainly heaps.

The girl stood as though frozen.

"What—what does it mean?"

"The wine was drugged," said Puichot. "I got the stuff—it's laudanum

chiefly—from Pere Bompard's."

"Will they—will they die?"

He shook his head. "I am no poisoner, ma'mselle. They should come to their fuddled senses in a few hours. Before then"—he eyed her with a faint smile—"one could travel some considerable distance, especially if one had a vehicle."

She understood. "I will harness the mare at once, m'sieu. And later, when I am able, I will try to thank you."

* * * *

Dusk fell, and found the two of them plodding along a road that stretched, an interminable gray ribbon, between a succession of wind-swept poplars and over many hills. They had taken what Puichot conceived to be the direction of the Allies' lines; but their chief anxiety was to avoid any chance patrol of Uhlans. Once they took refuge in a spinney, hearing hoof-beats that soon died away; and later they were compelled to make a long detour because of a swollen stream, a sinister freshet in which the bodies of men and beasts floated darkly.

Night had enwrapped them when a sudden *"Halte!"* broke the silence. Puichot climbed down from the cart, but in a moment returned.

"Be thankful, ma'mselle. It is a French outpost. They will care for us both until to-morrow."

"And afterwards our roads will lie apart."

"Must they?" he asked, in an unsteady voice.

"We—we have known one another so short a time, m'sieu."

"A lifetime, an eternity, ma'mselle! You are Belgian; I am French. Everything in the world may divide us; but I love you. If I go back to the wars and fight—I, who am no *beau sabre*, but whose very soul is yours—will you wait for me?"

"Yes," she whispered, and with brimming eyes lifted her lips to his.

THE ENDURING

Another summer now is gone
 With riot gay of wind and leaf,
And comes as silent as the dawn
 The hours of autumn brief.

On hills the crimson fires shall wane
 To drifting ashes gray and cold,
And all her splendor be in vain—
 A tale that has been told.

How good to know alone supreme,
 While seasons come and go anon
With fleeting sense of trance and dream,
 That love lives on and on!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Coyote O' The Rio Grande

A Thrilling Novel of the Texas-Mexican Border

By William De Ryee

Author of "Lois of Lost Lagoon," "Stabbed," "Whirlwind Wally Takes a Wife," "His Dream Girl," "The Genuine Article," "Pansy," etc., etc.

Continued From Last Month

VI.

THE MAN and the girl whirled to find themselves looking into the muzzle of Ben Sidney's Winchester.

Coyote gasped. It had slipped her mind that the deputy might have a saddle-gun.

Sidney chuckled disagreeably.

"Seems to me," he said sneeringly, "yuh two is gettin' mighty confidential-like. Better save some o' thet friendship fer me, Coyote. Only, I wants a leetle more'n hand-squeezin' fer mine."

He rose slowly. His carbine, held waist-high, now pointed at Coyote.

"Drop thet gun." His tone was menacing.

"Don't yuh do hit!" Gotch was on his feet in an instant. "Don't yuh do hit. He won't shoot yuh, honey. Yuh hold on to thet carbine."

Sidney laughed. He had an odd habit of laughing at any and all times.

"Say," he chuckled, "did yuh ever hear o' Ben Sidney bluffin'? Now one more word from yuh, Gotch Lumsey, and yer'll be a-spittin' blood." The deputy spat, as if to emphasize his words; then, chuckling again, he addressed the girl. "I only wants what's comin' to me," he drawled. "I've allers liked yuh, Coyote. Yuh never did seem to take much stock in me, but thet warn't my fault. Seein' as how yuh won't make up to me, and as how I've got the upper hand just now, I'm gonna oblige yuh to pay me for them cartridges yuh swiped from my Colt. Just one leetle kiss, 'honey,' and we'll call hit squar. But, fust, yuh must drop thet gun. If yuh don't, I'll shoot hit out o' yer hand. Now drop hit—quick!"

Coyote had no intention of parting with her weapon. She, too, was on her feet now, and, instinctively, her fingers tightened about her baby carbine. But it was useless.

With a lightning-like spring, astonishing in one of his apparent lazy, dilatory nature, Sidney was by her side, his big left hand gripping the barrel of her gun. He laughed maliciously as, with a quick jerk, he flung the weapon far into the bushes. Still covering Gotch with his own carbine, he caught the girl about the waist with his free arm and forced her to him.

Panting, enraged, Coyote fought desperately, tiger-like. But the arm about her was like a hoop of steel. It drew her to the man, in spite of all her young strength. Viciously her fingers tore at his face, but he only laughed at her efforts. She screamed as she felt his stubby-haired lips pressed against her cheek. Then a deafening report set her ear-drums vibrating. The arm about her suddenly relaxed, and dazed, she sank to her knees. But her stupefaction was only momentary. Another instant, and she

was again in full possession of her wits. She saw Gotch stoop down beside the motionless form of the deputy and take the Winchester from his right hand.

"Yuh didn't kill him?" she gasped.

The cowboy turned at the sound of her voice. "Naw. He's only dreamin'."

"Where did yuh shoot him?"

"I didn't shoot. He done the shootin'. I put him to sleep with my quirt."

Then she noticed that he held a quirt in one hand, handle-end down.

"Oh, Gotch!" she exclaimed. "He tried to kill yuh, didn't he?"

"He shore did." Gotch grinned. Then, flinging the quirt in the direction of his saddle, he rose, swung the carbine's strap over his shoulder, and approached the girl. With both hands he assisted her to her feet. She still felt a little faint, unstrung. Furtively she glanced to where Sidney's huge form lay stretched upon the ground. She shuddered and asked: "Be yuh shore he ain't dead?"

"Shore," replied the cowboy. "Yuh can't kill one o' them kind o' critters with a crowbar. The only way to anni'late 'em is to git a bomb or a cannon and blow 'em up." Gotch removed his Stetson and stuck one finger through a bullet-hole in the crown. "Wish I'd wore my ole hat," he lamented. "Thar's twenty dollars gone to heck."

Coyote drew closer to the tall puncher, and, laying one small hand on his arm, looked anxiously up into his face.

"I be a-wantin' yuh to take keer o' yerself, Gotch," she said. Then, suddenly, her gaze fell. " 'Cause—'cause, if anything'd happen to yuh, what'd become o' me?"

Awkwardly, he put one arm about the girl. He was not much of a ladies' man—this rough, uncultured cowboy; but he loved none the less, and his heart was big. Gotch could "blow up" an evil-doer with never a flutter of heart or nerves but it had taken all the courage he could master to put his arm about this child-woman—this sweet, wild, beautiful little creature whom he had loved for so long. Again and again he tried to say what he wanted so bad to say, but speech utterly failed him. Her nearness, the beauty of her eyes, the subtle odor of her hair, fairly intoxicated him. At last, in desperation, he blurted out:

"I loves yuh, Coyote."

Without a moment's hesitation the answer came:

"I loves yuh, Gotch," she whispered.

Gotch sighed heavily.

"I don't see how in thunder yuh can love an ole red-headed, crooked-eyed skunk like me," he said presently.

"Aw, I thinks yer're arful good-lookin', Gotch. Anyway, it ain't yer looks I be a-lovin', I loves yuh just 'cause I loves yuh. But yuh could git thet crooked eye fixed if yuh wanted to. Be yuh a-knowin' thet?"

He glanced at her uneasily.

"Fixed?" he queried; then added, suspiciously, "I don't want nobody monkeyin' with my squinters."

"Once," Coyote explained, "a long time ago, I asks daddy what made yer eye crooked and he said as how thar's doctors in the big cities what could straighten hit in no time."

Gotch shook his head skeptically.

"They might punch the durned thing out. Then wouldn't I be in a hell o' a fix?"

"Wall, I ain't a worryin' about yer eye, nohow." And reaching up with her two small hands she drew his face down to hers, "I wants a kiss, Gotch," she whispered softly.

The rims of their Stetsons were touching now.

Gently, reverently, he pressed his lips to hers. And in that short space it seemed to the cowboy that he gave and received all the love in the world. Now that the first dreaded ordeal was over, he was loath to desist. He kissed her again and again, revelling in the ecstacy of satisfying in a small degree that love-hunger that had gnawed at his heart for years.

At length he released her, and said: "Guess yuh'd better be gittin' home

now, honey. Come. I'll go with yuh to yuh hoss."

"How about *him*?" Coyote indicated the still motionless form of the deputy.

Gotch grunted contemptuously. "Humph! Don't yuh be a-worrin' about him. He's liable to dream all night. I'm a-gonna take him to Laredo with me. And don't yuh be a-worrin' about me nuther. I'll be a-hittin' the trail fer the Crescent O in two or three days. Tell Sadie I said to take good keer o' yuh till I gits back."

Ten minutes later, the tall cowpuncher watched Coyote and Imp disappear around a bend on Huisache Trail. Then, whistling "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," he sauntered back toward the camp.

VII.

Three days after the funeral of Richard Carlton and Dennis McAll in Laredo, the deceased ranchman's wife, Eda Carlton, sat on the veranda of the Capitol, embroidering. John and Kitty Carlton sat near the window, the former smoking a cigarette, the latter reading a novel.

It was an unusually sultry day. The glaring sun shed its torrid heat down upon the bald hill. Some hundred yards from the house, the foreman's cottage, the corrals and outbuildings seemed cowering beneath its burning rays. Out over the valley the heat-waves danced against a vernal horizon. Far to the left a thin, winding line of dark-green live oak and elm trees showed where the Rio Grande flowed on its way to the Gulf of Mexico. The Crescent O outfit was rounding-up over on Magury Hill, and the ranch seemed desolate and deserted. A solemn quiet reigned about the place, save for an occasional clatter of dishes, pots and pans from the kitchen, where Sadie was busy cleaning up after a late noonday meal.

John Carlton, a tall, handsome, athletic young fellow, threw away his cigarette, and rose.

"No, mother," he yawned, with a well assumed pretence of indifference, "I don't believe I would give her to Ben Sidney—even if he is in dead earnest about wanting to marry her. But, somehow, I doubt his sincerity. I'm not claiming to be an expert judge of human nature, but I can't help believing that there's something hectically wrong about that fellow. He's not what he pretends to be. Besides, a blind man could see that she hates him." Young Carlton yawned again, then, smiling behind his hand, he added: "Why don't you take her along with you? She wouldn't be in the way, and could help Sadie out."

"John Carlton!" snapped the widow, eyeing her son over the gold rims of her glasses. "Have you gone crazy? I shall certainly do nothing of the kind. If you are bound to stay here with your share of this land, why then stay; but I have made up my mind about Coyote. She will be the wife of a respectable man, an officer of the law and a property owner. You can find enough work for Sadie about the place here. I'm sure we don't want a pair of ranch-raised long-horns stumbling over our mahogany, denting up our silver and breaking our cut glass—do we, Kitty?"

Thus appealed to, Miss Carlton glanced up from her novel, and, smoothing her yellow tresses with a bediamonded hand, averred: "Well, I should say not! Cattle fair best on ranchers."

"And catamarans in drawing-rooms," retorted her brother. "Confound city life!" he added, vehemently. "I've got my fill of it. I'm sick of back-biting scandal-mongers, smiling hypocrites and match-making mammas. I'm tired of silly debutantes, dress-suits, false hair and artificial complexions. I'd rather help in a round-up out here than go to a theatre in town. By George! I'm glad my share takes in this old ranch house and this hill. It's the best view in all Texas. I love this old place. I'm going to stay out here and work and be healthy and make some money instead of spending a lot. I'll have Curtis come out next week and survey off my

eighty sections; then I'll have it fenced, take my share of the stock and start in *pronto*. Did you say that syndicate man would be here to-morrow?"

"Yes. Rudolph is coming with him to make the sale and attend to everything for me."

"Good. When will you leave for Los Angeles?"

"To-morrow night. The Wellingtons are expecting us at *Las Palomas*, their summer home near Santa Cruz, about the 15th." Mrs. Carlton sighed. "Too bad Richard had to shuffle off and spoil by house party."

"Then everything's settled—except about Coyote." And again the young man assumed a casual tone and manner. "I want her to stay here with Sadie. It's nice to have women folks about a place, and I'll pay them well. Dennis McAll was father's old friend, and I'm going to see that Coyote doesn't want for anything."

"Yes, and the first thing I know, you'll be marrying her," snorted the widow. "I wish Richard had left the whole of this property to me, his beloved and loving wife, as he should have done; you wouldn't be talking so big. Why, you're just a sentimental kid. What do you know about ranch life, anyway? Now, remember what I say, John, you'll go broke in a few years, besides disgracing the family by marrying that impossible girl. But if you do, don't come back to me—just strike out for yourself. You're nothing but a foolish child with a head full of day-dreams. Think of her stock, John, her common blood. She's of the same stripe as Gotch Lumsey, the murderer of Dennis McAll. She—"

"I'll not go broke, so you needn't worry. And I don't believe Gotch killed Dennis McAll. I've known Gotch ever since I can remember. He's rough but he's true blue. I don't care how much evidence there is against him, I don't believe he did it. Why, Allan died when the boy was ten years old, and, after that, McAll cared for him like a father."

Mrs. Carlton's lips curled, but she deigned no further speech on the matter. In the ensuing silence, the youth took out his watch, and, glancing at the time, exclaimed: "By George! It's three o'clock!"

He ran into the house and presently reappeared rigged out in complete cowboy attire—spurs, boots, chaps, bandanna, Stetson, cartridge-belt, holster, and a big, pearl-handled Colt's revolver.

"Well!" gasped Kitty.

"John Carlton! What in Heaven's name——!"

But as the object of her exasperation was already half way down to the corrals, the widow became speechless for a minute, while she stared after her son open-mouthed. Then, turning sharply upon her daughter: "Where did he get those—those terrible things?" she demanded.

"In Laredo, I suppose," replied Kitty, laconically.

Mrs. Carlton adjusted her spectacles and, shading her eyes with a thin, aristocratic hand, looked down at the corral. Suddenly she cried out:

"Heavens! Look at that boy!"

Kitty turned in time to see her brother shoot off down the trail like a wild Comanche, a gray streak of dust rising from the corral gate to where his horse's hoofs pounded the path.

"He'll be killed!" gasped the widow.

"Of course he won't," yawned Kitty. "You can't kill a fool."

Ten minutes later, John Carlton, riding briskly along Rattlesnake Trail, brought his horse to a sudden halt and listened. He had thought he heard some one singing in the mesquites off to the left. But all was silence, save for the sighing of the wind in the trees, and the distant call of a whip-poor-will. He spurred his horse and cantered on. But he hadn't gone far when he stopped again, certain that he had heard a human voice. Removing his big Stetson, he shielded one ear from the wind, and listened. This time he was rewarded. Borne to him on the fitful breeze, came a dreary cow-boy song. He recognized

the voice. There was something of sadness in the dismally wailing notes —something that suggested the far-flung, mournful howl of a coyote.

"Darlin', I am sad and lonely,
Sad and lonely as I can be;
Place yer hand upon my brow, love,
Have I not been kind to thee?"

"No wonder McAll named her Coyote," muttered the young rancher. Surmising that the girl was on the same trail as he, but around a bend he knew to be near, he spurred his horse into a loap, and, presently, came upon her. She was riding Imp Indian-fashion—bare-back and without a bridle. Also she was hatless and bare-footed. Imp was jogging along with lowered head and closed eyes, evidently listening to his mistress' song, when Carlton's unexpected appearance startled both horse and rider. The mustang shied, all but throwing the girl. But, as the rancher stopped, then approached at a slower gait, the cowpony recovered from his scare and became quite submissive.

"Hello, Coyote," he said, lifting his Stetson.

"Howdy, Mister Carlton."

The young man replaced the hat and bit his lip. He didn't like the idea of her calling him "Mister Carlton." He wanted her to call him "Jack." The very sight of her caused his heart to flutter oddly. The thought of her being out here alone with him made his pulses race. At last he would have a chance to talk to her without being spied upon by his eagle-eyed mother. The girl's strange, wild beauty had completely captivated him, and the few words that had passed between them since his return from the East had only served to heighten his admiration and make him long the more for a chance to become better acquainted. Their mutual loss and sorrow would have drawn them closer together had it not been for Eda Carlton's ceaseless watchfulness. And John well knew what a rumpus would be made if his mother even suspicioned that he was becoming interested in the girl. So it was with a thankful, though palpitating heart that the young fellow finally brought his horse to a standstill so close to Coyote's that he felt his stirrup touch her bare, brown foot. Then, suddenly, he realized that he was actually being laughed at. After calmly eyeing him up and down, from the crown of his big Stetson to the rowels in his silver spurs, a slow smile spread over Coyote's small face.

"Yuh be a-lookin' mighty pert," she said, at last. Then, before he could frame a reply, she burst into a merry peal of laughter. It was the reaction from sorrow—her first expression of mirth since that fatal night of the shooting. She threw her head back and sent forth peal after peal of such joyous, childish, mirth-provoking laughter that Carlton, in spite of a feeling of discomfiture, could not help but join in her merriment. At length, however, she subsided, and, with tears in her eyes, exclaimed: "Jimminy! Yuh shore be a brand new cowboy!"

John felt his face burning. He hadn't been prepared for this onslaught of ridicule from a little "country girl." But was it ridicule? He wasn't sure. He felt queer. For the first time in his life he couldn't think of anything to say. Confound it! What had come over him? Why couldn't he talk, instead of sitting there grinning—like a sissy-cat?

"I—er—you know——" he faltered.

"Lemmie see yer gun." Coyote's big blue eyes were gazing at the pearl handle of his new Colt.

Obediently, meekly, he drew the revolver and handed it to her.

She examined it for a moment in silence. Then:

"Jimminy! Hit shore be a ramp purty cutter. Does yer know how hit works?"

"I—er—yes, I know how to shoot it."

She snickered, and handed the gun back.

"Wall, can yuh *rope, throw* and *tie* a steer in thirty-two seconds?"

"I—I don't know."

"*I* can. Gotch did hit in twenty-nine and a half, and Beany in twenty-seven. Beany's got a medal what he won at San Tone lawst fall. He's the State Champion, Beany is. *Twenty-seven seconds!* Thet's beatin' hell, ain't hit?"

Carlton was fairly petrified. He saw that she had used the word in all innocence. He saw, too, that she hadn't meant to ridicule him. Indeed, her childish fun-making had been a sign of good-fellowship rather than dislike. But after her amazing speech his embarrassment became greater than ever.

She appeared for the first time to notice his uneasiness.

"Aw, Mister Carlton," she said contritely, "I didn't mean to hurt yer feelin's. Honest, I was only a-playin'."

It was his turn to laugh now, and he did so, spontaneously, boyishly. The idea of her hurting his feelings seemed to tickle him. But, somehow, he felt better after what she had said.

Calmly, he took one of her small, brown hands in his own. Certainly not in the cities, he mentally told himself, could there be found her equal in beauty—such tiny, Nature-painted lips, such ink-black hair above such great blue, wonder-filled eyes.

"We seem to have drifted apart, Coyote," he said. "Why is it that eight years have made such a difference in our friendship? Don't you remember what good playfellows we used to be?"

"Thar ain't no dif'rence in our friendship, Mister Carlton. We'll allers be good friends."

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Mister Carlton.' You used to call me 'Jack.' That's one difference the years have made."

She withdrew her hand, and smiled up at him a little shyly.

"All right—Jack."

Truth to tell, Coyote was something of an actress in her own small way. She was afraid to trust herself to be serious with this handsome young fellow from the "big city." Something whispered to her to be careful. She felt that he held some strange kind of power over her that she must resist. He seemed to draw her to him like a magnet draws a needle. She wanted to be near him always. But something told her that during the past three days she had thought altogether too much about his dark, wavy hair, his fine brown eyes, and his frank, winning ways. And, too, the years *had* wrought a difference. He was not her play-fellow any more. He was educated now; knew more than she could ever hope to learn in all her life. And that *did* make a difference. Still, it didn't keep her from liking him. But was she just "liking" him? She didn't know. At times she compared him with Gotch—poor Gotch! Certainly the red-headed cowboy had never affected her like this. Did she really love Gotch? She wondered. Mightn't she be learning to love Jack? She wondered—and dreamed. She had never known a mother's advice and love. Like her wild namesakes, she had to depend upon instinct, and she was cunning and careful. But that great force, which is love, and which the girl's instinct helped her to vaguely recognize, made itself felt more effectively than ever before in the next few moments.

Acting on the spur of an impulse, Carlton had possessed himself of both her hands. He was an impetuous youth. He had never known what it was to be denied anything he wanted. And this girl, differing so from the type of bold, frivolous, society butterflies he had known in his Boston set, held an irresistible attraction for him. It swept over him all of a sudden; dominated him. He wanted this wild little creature—wanted her more than anything else in the world. It wasn't as if she had been a total stranger to him. He knew she had good blood in her veins. He knew her father, though rough and uncultured, had been a man of truth and honor—a God-fearing man. Moreover, he (Carlton) was rich; well able to care for her. Would not the spirit of the old foreman sanc-

tion their marriage? He thought so. It was all plain to him now. They needed each other; were meant for each other.

"Coyote," he said, his voice trembling slightly, "what if I should tell you I loved you, and—and wanted to marry you?"

CHAPTER VIII.

She did not answer him. Her hands lay passive in his. Her head slightly bowed, she kept her gaze on the ground.

"Coyote," he persisted, "look at me."

She didn't want to look up. Yet, something—some strange force impelled her to comply with his wish. Her long, dark lashes slowly lifted and revealed her wonderful, blue eyes looking straight into his. Their expression reminded him of the half-wistful, half-frightened look he had often noticed in the eyes of wild creatures.

"Little sweetheart—" his tone was tender, earnest—"I *do* love you, and I *do* want to marry you."

Involuntarily, Coyote started. Vaguely, she had recalled something her father had said at the supper table—that last night they were together. She tried to remember his exact words. For an instant her mind groped, then, like a flash, they came back to her: "John's a good boy, and I hopes he'll marry yuh some day, honey." Dear, old daddy! How strange it was that things should turn out like this. She wondered if he knew. Well, if daddy——

"What is it, Coyote?" Carlton didn't understand her continued silence. "What are you thinking of, dear?"

"I be a-thinkin' about what daddy said the night he was killed." Her expression grew suddenly sad. "Dear, good old daddy," she added, and a tear rolled slowly down her cheek.

The sight of her swimming eyes and pathetic little face gripped at Carlton's heart-strings.

"What did he say?" he asked gently.

"He said——" her voice broke. A paroxysm of grief shook her small frame. She snatched her hands away from him, and, covering her face, burst into long, racking, uncontrollable sobs.

He rose in his stirrups, and, putting his hands under her arms, lifted her bodily from her horse. Then, slipping over his cantle, he placed her sidewise in his saddle.

His arms were about her now, his lips kissing away the tears on her cheeks.

"Never mind, little darling," he said. "I'll try and take your daddy's place, and I know I'll love you just as much as he did. You see, my daddy went along with yours. They were life-long friends—went to school together in their childhood—and I think they must have wanted to go together over the last long trail. I loved my daddy too, and that's why I can sympathize with you in your loss and sorrow."

His words had a soothing effect upon her. Her sobbing ceased; she nestled in his arms like a tired little child.

"Now tell me what it was your father said, that last night," he pleaded.

"He said——" she began; then her lips suddenly shut tight.

Carlton was nonplussed for a moment; the next instant he caught his breath. Then, smiling, he said, "Didn't he say that he hoped I'd marry you some day?"

Unconsciously, he had almost used McAll's identical words.

Coyote gazed up at him in wide-eyed astonishment.

"Why them's his words perzactly!" she exclaimed. "How'd yer know?"

"I just guessed it. But maybe your daddy whispered to me—who knows? Anyway, he was right, little girl. He knew that if I loved you enough to marry you, I'd always love you and always take good care of you. And that's just exactly what I'm going to do—if you'll let me. Won't you let me love you, and care for you, always? Don't you love me, just a little?"

"I—I don't know.'

"Don't you see how it was meant for us to love and marry? Your father wanted it. We both need each other. My mother and sister are leaving to-morrow. They don't like ranch life. But I do. And I want you for a little love-mate—to go for long rides with me, over the old trails we know so well; to help me boss Sadie at the Capitol; to help me make the punchers stand around; to live with me always here—here where our fathers lived before us—on the old Crescent O."

Coyote was weakening. A great, joyful feeling surged through her, making her forget for the moment.

"Aw, Jack!" she exclaimed. "I wants to marry yuh arful bad!"

"Then you do love me!" cried Carlton. "I knew it!"

"But—but I went and told Gotch—" she broke off suddenly; then, with a deep sigh, "Aw, *hell!*"

Carlton's laughter rang out clear and hearty. There was something mirth-provoking in the droll way she had used the word. Certainly, he told himself, there was nothing objectionable in the word itself; that lay in the meaning of the user. And from her lips—because of her innocence—it was music to his ears.

"What was it you told Gotch?" he queried presently.

Coyote hung her head.

"Aw, I went and told him thet—thet——" she hesitated.

"Yes," he prompted, "go on."

"Thet I loved him," she finished lamely.

"Well, that doesn't make any difference. Gotch is a sensible, good-hearted fellow, and when he learns that you really don't love him he will not try to marry you against your will. You see, a girl should never marry a man she doesn't love, because, if she does, she will never be happy afterwards. Why, if I thought you cared for someone else, I wouldn't want to marry you, because I wouldn't want to make two people miserable for the rest of their lives—you and the one you loved. You would be doing Gotch a wrong to marry him—not loving him, because you couldn't be happy, and that would make him unhappy. So you see, little sweetheart, you really do love me, and there is nothing to keep us from getting married at once, is there?"

"Will *yer* fix it up with Gotch?"

"Why, yes, I'll tell him how it is. But, of course, he'll want to hear it from your own lips. We'll go to him together to-night and explain everything; he'll understand. Then day after to-morrow, we'll drive to Laredo and get married, what do you say?"

Coyote's heart was acting queerly. But she didn't care. Now that her conscience was clear in regard to Gotch, she gave herself up with a sweet abandonment to that "strange power" John Carlton held over her. Her joy was complete. Never before in all her life had she been so happy. She let her love for him show plainly in her eyes. Hadn't her father sanctioned it before his death? And hadn't her heart sanctioned it, against the judgment of her mind? And now it was all settled. He was her "man"—her great big, handsome, educated "man."

"Aw, Jack!" she exclaimed, "Ain't we a-gonna be happy?" Then, without waiting for his reply, she flung her slender arms about his neck and clung there as if for dear life. "I loves yuh!" she whispered—"loves yuh! —loves yuh! —loves yuh!"

Speechless from a bounless joy that was as new to him as it was delirious; thrilled by the warm pressure of her soft little lips, the love-light in her eyes, the feel of her arms about his neck, and her heart beating against his own, Carlton was experiencing that moment of pure, Heavenly ecstacy that comes to every man but once in a life-time. And though his lips were silent, his steel-gray eyes spoke their message of love. For both, it was a moment in which "the world stood still." Entwined in each other's arms, neither spoke for a little while. The mustangs stood motionless, half-

dozing, the wind sighed in the mesquite-branches, and nearby in the brush a wood-dove sent forth its mate-call.

But Coyote could not be still for long at a time. She wriggled out of his close embrace; eyed him with an air of proprietorship; pulled his hair this way and that to study the effect; then, pinching his cheeks with her thumbs and index-fingers, she gave him three French kisses.

"Yuh shore be fine-lookin', Jack. I loves ev'ry bone in yer head."

Carlton smiled.

"I love every bone in your dear little body," he said earnestly.

"Wall kiss me good-bye. I've gotta be a-moseyin' along, 'cause thet old ma o' yourn'll gimmy heck if I don't git back purty soon. She wants me to go to Cactus fer the mail."

"Day after to-morrow *we'll* be the supreme monkey-monks of the Crescent O," he told her.

"Then we'll be a-doin' just what we durn please, won't we?"

"We certainly will," he laughed.

They kissed, and, a moment later, with the oldest song in the world in their hearts, were galloping in opposite directions, one bound for Maguey Hill, the other for the Capitol. But could Carlton have known what lay in store for Coyote at the big ranch-house, he would have whirled his horse and raced back at break-neck speed in order to overtake her ere she reached her destination.

IX.

About an hour after the parting of Carlton and Coyote on Rattlesnake Trail, two men cantered up to *Agua Dulce*, a watering place on the extreme eastern boundary of the Crescent O.

"Hello!" cried one. "Look a-yonder, Chub. Hit goes off on Tuna Trail." There was a note of triumph in the speaker's voice. "Now what do yuh make o' thet?" he asked, meaningly.

"Thar's only one thing to make o' hit. Tuna Trail goes to the river. They've taken 'em across. Once a friend o' mine told me Sidney was workin' hand in hand with Valtran, and I didn't believe him. Now I knows hit. But I ain't the high sheriff o' Webb county if somebody don't pay fer this work."

"Wall, I'm ramp glad yer're willin' to admit at last thet thet thar deputy o' yourn ain't what he's cracked up to be."

"Yuh wins, Gotch."

Both men dismounted, and, untying their ropes from the saddles, allowed their mustangs to wade out into the clear, shallow water and drink.

Squatting upon his heels, Gotch produced a sack of tobacco and a single, wrinkled cigarette paper. His companion extracted a cigar from a leather case in his waistcoat-pocket, bit off the end, and lit it.

Horatio Steel, known as plain "Chub" to his friends, was a tall, strapping man with brown hair and fine, black eyes. He was, as he expressed it, "the high sheriff o' Webb county." And this was no exaggeration, for more often than otherwise the sheriff, in matters of crime, was the last resort and final decision. Peace on the border depended far more on sun-tanned horsemen who could shoot quick and straight than on sprucely-dressed lawyers who could talk well and long. In fact, a lawyer in Webb county was a negligible quantity. The man who was wont to go to an attorney with his troubles was looked upon with a sort of contempt, as something less than a man. There was only one law that held good—"the law of the Colt." And "Chub" Steel represented this law. Judge, jury and hangman, he was feared and avoided by a few, respected and loved by many. But neither power nor popularity had served to spoil his genial, unaffected nature. To Steel, a man was a man whether he wore rags or broadcloth—and, being a man, was entitled to a "square deal." Also, no murderer was too good for a noose. There was no pliability in the line between right and wrong; it was straight, in his opinion—straight as the course of a bullet.

Gotch scratched a match on his chaps, lit a thin cigarette, and blew out the blaze with a long stream of smoke.

"I been a-thinkin'——" drawled the cow-puncher; but the other cut him short.

"Listen! What's thet? Git up, quick! Too late—we can't hide."

"Whimperin' snakes! Thar's a bunch o' 'em!'

"Git on your hoss, Gotch. Thar's somethin' wrong heah."

As the two mounted, a party of twenty or more horsemen drew rein on the opposite side of the tank. Ben Sidney, seated in a long buckboard, drove into the water and slackened his lines.

The deputy grinned broadly.

"Hello, Chub," he called. "How's the city?"

"Hello, Ben." Steel skirted the tank and came up to the group. "Howdy, boys."

The cow-punchers, who were mostly Mexicans, made no response.

"Yuh be a-lookin' mighty pert these days, Chub," remarked Sidney.

But Steel ignored the boquet. His gaze was intently studying the deputy's strange cargo. Two blankets had been spread out in the bed of the vehicle, while two more served to cover up some unknown object. What struck the sheriff as peculiar was the fact that, whatever it was under the blankets, the elongated mound it produced was about the size—the size of a small human being.

"What yuh got thar?" he inquired finally.

"Better not git too close, Chub. Hit's a Mexican boy what I picked up on the Bar L trail dyin' o' small-pox. Like as not he's from thet Martin outfit."

"Ain't yuh a-feared o' catchin' hit yerself?"

"Naw. I never catches no disease."

"Been shippin' cattle in Encinal?"

"Naw."

"Then what yuh doin' with all these greasers—guardin' the kid?"

Sidney laughed disagreeably.

"I wants to see thet Mexican, Ben."

"I wouldn't, Chub. He's a turrible sight and hit's dangerous."

Steel had an odd habit of clicking his teeth when he was angry. The next instant he saw something that made his jaws snap together like a wolf's. It was something he hadn't noticed before—a little strand of straight, black hair sticking out beyond the edge of the blankets. It was not long, but it was too long to belong to a boy.

"Take them blankets off." The order came in a tone that, because of its calmness and deliberateness, made the speaker's attitude unmistakable.

"Now look a-heah——"

Steel swore under his breath and spurred his horse into the water.

"*Kilo!*"

There came an instantaneous clicking of pistol-hammers. The sheriff whirled his mount.

"All right, fellers," he said. "Put up yer guns. Yer're ten to two. Gotch, we'd better go to Laredo fer a posse. Durned if I knowed I was honorin' a thievin' rustler and bandit when I deputized yer, Sidney."

"Don't move, Chub Steel. Tie 'em up, boys—both of 'em."

"Look out, Ben! Yer're fixin' yer neck fer a noose. Come on, Gotch! Go-it, Brownie!"

And amid a cloud of dust and rain of shot, Gotch and the sheriff left *Agua Dulce*. Just as they entered the brush, the red-headed cow-boy cried out: "God! I'm hit, Chub!"

X.

A great cloud of dust hung over Maguey Hill. The lowing of cattle and the yells of the cowboys told John Carlton that, after so long a time, he was again to witness a real round-up. Eager to renew his early familiarity with the branding of calves, the shifting of stock, roping and tying, he urged his horse on afresh. He hadn't forgotten the many things that had gone to make up his childhood days on the Crescent O. He felt at home on horseback. He felt at ease among

cowboys. And, what was more important, he had the knack of making them feel at ease in his presence.

When he swung from his saddle in front of a group of punchers near the main corral, it was not in the stiff, clumsy manner of the novice, but with the easy, natural grace of the veteran ranchman. Tossing his bridlereins over the mustang's head, he left them dragging on the ground.

Spike Gallager came forward with a broad grin.

"Durned if hit ain't the boss!" he ejaculated.

Carlton smiled and grasped the foreman's outstretched hand.

"Why, didn't you know me?" he asked.

"We shore didn't," replied Spike. "Go on and git to work, yuh idiots!" And with a wave of his hand, he dispersed the gaping crowd. "Yuh rides like a puncher, Mister Carlton; but with them new trappin's on, we couldn't make out just who yuh was."

Carlton laughed.

"Guess I am something of a show," he admitted. "Well, you see it's this way, Spike: Mother and sister are selling their shares to The Northern Land Syndicate Company. They are going to make Boston their headquarters. But I'm not stuck on city life. I want nothing better than to live out here and run my ranch. I thought I might as well have an outfit like you fellows—look the part, you know—so I bought these things in Laredo the other day."

"Them's shore the fixin's, all right." And Spike circled about "the boss," eyeing him admiringly.

"Well, if they don't stampede the cattle, I guess they'll do," said the young rancher.

Whereupon both laughed good-humoredly; then Spike led the way to the main gate. Spike Gallager was a goon enough sort of fellow. In fact, his constant care and love for an aged mother was common talk along that part of the border. He had a good heart; but a keen desire to make money; to "forge ahead," sometimes caused him to disregard the dictates of his conscience.

"Now if yuh'll come around heah, Mister Carlton," said the foreman, "I'll have them cattle shifted and we'll count 'em."

"Good. Did you get extra men?"

"Yes sir—twenty-eight, from the Bar L and Cross S outfits."

"How many does that make in all?"

"Fifty-three."

The two men walked in silence through the main corral and entered another, where, amid choking, blinding clouds of dust, a score of punchers were at work chasing, throwing and branding yearlings. Carlton paused to watch Beany slap a red-hot Crescent O branding-iron to the left side of a little bawling Holstein.

"I've allers wondered, Mister Carlton," said Spike thoughtfully, "how in thunder yer dad ever stumbled onto thet combination. Hit's the best brand in the state o' Texas. Thar's no fakin' hit—no sir-ree!"

An hour later, Carlton and his foreman climbed down from the high fence from which advantageous position they had reviewed and counted a continuous stream of fourteen jammed pens of live stock.

"Five corrals o' the finest steers I ever laid eyes on, Mister Carlton," said Spike.

"Hey, thar! Gallager!" Someone shouted from the main corral.

"What d'yuh want?" yelled the foreman.

"Sadie's heah—wants the boss—quick! Somethin's wrong!"

Carlton ran to the gate, opened it and sped on through a series of corrals; Spike, close at his heels, closed the big portals after him. In the main corral they came upon Sadie surrounded by a crowd of excited cowpunchers. Tears were rolling down the old woman's cheeks, her trembling hands clenched and unclenched spasmodically. She shook a skinny fist at Carlton as he rushed up.

"Be yuh a man, John Carlton?" she shrieked.

"I—I hope so," panted the youth.

"What——"

"Then fer the love o' Christ take yer punchers and go after Coyote this minute. Thet low down ma o' yourn's gone and let Ben Sidney take her off. He driv up in his buckboard, and yer ma sent me down to the bunk-house to git me out o' the way. When I gits back Sidney was gone and Coyote warn't nowhar to be found. If he harms a hair o' thet baby's head, I hopes——"

"My God!" Carlton's face had turned an ashy-pale. For an instant he stood speechless, horror-stricken; the next, his eyes flashed savagely.

"Fellows!" he shouted, "I'll give a hundred-dollar bill to every man that'll help me fight the Sidney outfit!"

There was a general, prolonged chorus of assent.

"I don't want no money!" yelled Beany.

"Me nuther!" chimed in a dozen or more Crescent O boys, among them, the foreman. Spike had always held a soft place in his heart for Dennis McAll's "lil' gal."

"Men," cried Carlton, "get on your horses! There'll be blood on the moon to-night!"

As they sprang to their mounts the cowboys whooped and yelled, while some one with a musical turn sang out lustily:

"Oh, hit's butcher-knives and revolvers,
Fer we're a fightin' band;
We left them greasers' bones to bleach
On the banks o' the Rio Grande."

To be Continued.

INDIAN SUMMER

A peaceful calm upon the land
The blessing of the Redman's God;
Above, lie depths of azure blue,
Below, the nodding golden-rod.

I watch the milk-weed's silken down
Afloat upon the hazy air,
The breeze that wafts the fields of grain,
And idly lie, all dreamful there.

Beneath the oak tree's tint of brown,
I sit and dream youth's golden dream;
Near by I hear the blue jay's call,
And ripple of the brooklet's stream.

So sped Life's sunny hours away
Beneath these skies of cloudless blue,
Where, mid the blooms and golden fields,
The Indian Summer breezes woo.

ALICE PHILLIPS.

The End of the Trail

By H. P. Holt

ON THE morning of the fourth day the burning sun had crept up into the eastern horizon, dyeing the water the colour of blood. The boat in which the two men lay did not move in the leaden sea. Not a breath of wind stirred the surface. The men had been shivering for hours in the chilly night air, but even that was preferable to the coming heat which they knew was inevitable. Already the sun's rays were growing more powerful. Just for the moment they were positively pleasant after the long, cold night, but this was only the period between the two extremes. In a little while it would be no use trying to hide under the thwarts. The scorching heat would come straight down and there was nothing, positively nothing, under which they could creep for shelter. The paintwork was already blistered everywhere, and the planks above the water-line were becoming warped. Under such conditions as those there is only a thin, wavering line between a man and the great unknown.

There was a strange contrast between the two men. The younger one appeared to have suffered most. He was what he looked—a creature accustomed to comforts; and it is no comfort to die slowly, in a small open boat, for the lack of food and water. Food, as a matter of fact, did not enter largely into his thoughts; it was the burning gnawing for liquid that set his brain on fire. Every fibre in his gross body cried out aloud for water. His tongue was hard and swollen, his eyes were gradually sinking into his head, and all the strength had slowly been sapped from his limbs. During the early hours of the morning, while it was cold, he had more than once lethargically raised his head above the gun'le and peered out across the vast Pacific waste, knowing, however, even as he looked, that they might drift about for months in those waters without the remotest chance of being picked up. As far as his enfeebled mind could grasp anything, this was Death, but not in a stage sufficiently advanced. Next to the eternal craving for water he longed most for oblivion. Surely his body could not hold out much longer. He reflected vaguely that for many years he had not taken the least care of it. Indulgence of any kind that came handy, and was pleasant, had been his only thought. He could have screamed now, if he had any voice left, at the idea of cooling, fizzy drinks that were lying unopened in his bungalow. His drinks, absolutely his own property, which none but he had a right to touch while he lived.

He moved a little to evade the glare that was already coming over the thwart. Why did this grim, silent man beside him not drop off into unconsciousness instead of sitting there like a sphinx, staring into space? Twice he could have ended the long drawn out wait for the finish by jumping overboard if this officious person had not held him back with his enormous strength. The younger man resented it bitterly. With no earthly hope of living long, anyone, he thought, had a right to die.

Sometimes his mind flickered off at a tangent and brought him vivid pictures of other days. They were not all good to look upon, and he shud-

dered at times in spite of the heat.

The older man was of a very different type. Privation, too, had bitten into his vitality, but he was hard. His limbs and hands were hard, and each hour his eyes and mouth seemed to turn a shade harder. But for the ordeal of the last few days nobody would have guessed he was mid-way between fifty and sixty. True, his hair was for the most part gray, but there was no vice in that cold, resolute face. He was human—intensely human—but clean living for forty-five years had left its indelible stamp on him.

He rarely moved, excepting to glance at his companion now and again.

They had hardly spoken since the morning of the previous day. Words seem trivial to those who can see death staring them in the face. Since dawn the elder man had looked at his fellow sufferer with growing interest. Several times he was gong to say something, but checked it until the sun was at its fiercest. At last he clambered along the boat, and, sitting on one of the seats, looked down at the younger man.

"Feeling hot?" he asked.

"Lord! I'd sell my soul for a pint of water," was the reply.

"You can have it if you like, Riley," said the gray-haired man.

Riley opened his eyes and glared at his companion. Was he mad, or were they both mad? As a jest, a remark like that was ill-timed to the extent of being inhuman. Then Riley grinned in a painful fashion. He had just remembered he could have as much water as he liked—more than he liked. They were afloat in it.

"Yes, I know," he said in a low voice. "Don't sit there staring at me, Steel. I don't like it. Go away. If I've got to die, I won't do it with you staring at me."

But the elder man did not move.

"I mean what I said," John Steel declared. "You can have water if you like. I don't guarantee that it isn't a bit warm. There aren't any iced luxuries on board at this minute, but you can have good water if you like."

Riley stared at him again.

"Do you mean——" he began.

"As sure as you are hanging with one foot over the edge of this life, I mean just what I say," Steel said.

"Then for God's sake, man, give it to me quickly. I'm dying. But you're mad, Steel. Go away. I'm too weak to move."

"I know you are," was the reply. "That is why I chose this moment. You are going to your Maker, Riley, and that's a bigger undertaking than you have ever tackled. There is no escape."

"Don't stare at me, Steel, there's a good fellow. Go and sit over in the stern again. Dying is rotten anyway, but you're making it harder."

A mirthless laugh escaped the elder man.

"It can be harder than this, Riley. Think of going out of existence for the want of water when there is enough and to spare. That makes you think, doesn't it, Riley?"

The younger man closed his eyes. Words seemed to be a waste of effort. Steel touched his ribs with the toe of his boot.

"I spoke to you, Riley. Didn't you hear?"

"If you aren't mad you must be a fiend incarnate," the younger man groaned.

"You happen to be wrong in both guesses," said Steel. "I should like to tell you a little story if you care to listen. Then you shall have the water—perhaps."

Riley passed his dry tongue over his blistered lips, but he did not speak.

"More than twenty years ago," the elder man began, "a woman who was nearer a saint than most, bore a girl child, and died in bearing it, so that was all the father had left to remind him of his wife—just a little scrap of humanity that looked as though it would go, too, if somebody wasn't careful. But it lived. The father saw to that. He would probably have gone mad if the nipper had joined its mother. You see, he'd loved the wo-

man as men don't often love women, and so long as the nipper remained he had a bit of his wife. You follow me, so far, of course, Riley?"

The younger man opened his eyes and closed them. He was wishing that Steel's madness would make him jump over the side, out of the way; but he could not help listening.

"Well, the child grew up, the same as any child has a right to do, and every day it grew more like the woman who had died. It had the same eyes, the same profile, the same little mannerisms that wrung the man's heart even as they bridged the gulf. Perhaps that part won't interest you much, Riley, but I'm telling you so that you can get a proper grip on the whole thing. As the years went on, they did not do much to soften the great blow the man had been dealt, because, although you may not know it, Riley, there are some people who go on loving just as fiercely after death has robbed them. Only I want you to understand how much the man must have loved the girl for her mother's sake, quite apart from anything else. You've been in love yourself, so you ought to have some idea. I remember you told me about some of your amours while I was staying on your beautiful island estate, to which we should so much like to return. Not that they interested me, particularly, Riley, but I listened. You see, I was your guest and I had to be polite.

"This man—the one in the tale I am telling you—watched over the girl as she grew up, and did all God let him do to make her worthy of her mother. He sometimes used to wonder what sort of a man would get her. He wasn't too selfish to let her get married—though it used to make him feel sick when he thought of the parting. You see, he had been happy himself, and though there mayn't be any marrying or giving in marriage in Heaven, he knew it was the natural thing for human beings to do on this earth. In fact, he had but one real ambition in life, and that was to make his little girl happy. It was only natural that he thought, sometimes, there were not a lot of men fit to mate with her, but then he was a bit prejudiced. You'll agree with me, Riley, eh?"

Again the younger man looked up for an instant. Something impelled him to indicate to Steel that he was listening.

"Of course, you and I, who have knocked about the world, know that men are not all saints," Steel went on. "A good, pure girl takes a heap of chances when she selects a life-long companion, and if her father isn't a pretty bad sort he's liable to worry about it beforehand at times. It so happened that a decent sort of chap met this girl I'm telling you about. He was straight as a razor blade, with a clean record. He hadn't any money worth speaking of, but the girl's father wasn't concerned with that point. The lad was the sort who'd win through, and he was on the high road to winning too. The old man could see Fate rolling for him the very pill he had always dreaded, but he made up his mind not to show any signs of his own feelings lest it should mar her happiness. He liked the fellow, and could tell what was coming before the young couple had sized up the situation properly. The man had given the father a pretty broad hint what his intentions were, and I don't doubt they would soon have been married but for something that happened just then. Why, you can't have fallen asleep, Riley?"

Steel touched his companion's ribs again with his toe, until Riley opened his eyes. but a new light had come into them. The elder man noticed it, but his face was impassive.

"Well, I was saying," Steel continued, "something happened. A man arrived on the scene. I won't call him a snake in the grass. I don't want to insult snakes. He was a limb of Hell, straight from the infernal cesspools, but he was clever. Oh, yes, he was clever, and he knew he would never as much as kiss that girl's pretty face if he didn't hide his true character. He was a good looking creature, too, in a way. The things he did had not had

time to brand his face. The Almighty gives us all a fair run before He sets the mark on us, but He never forgets to do it when we've taken the plunge properly. I wonder if you've ever noticed that, Riley?"

The younger man moved uneasily, but gave no other intimation that he heard.

"Perhaps the father was to blame to a large extent for not warning the girl what skunks there are crawling about the face of the earth," Steel said. "At any rate the man dazzled her, a good deal more than any one suspected. You see, he had cultivated the art. I don't know what devilish wiles he employed, but he caught that girl up in his evil net, and before the others knew what was happening he had persuaded her to bolt with him."

There was grim silence in the little boat for a few moments. The sun, now burning with its most fiery heat, seemed to be intent in shriveling its victims up. Steel's eyes were fixed on nothingness. Only the tight grip of his hand, which left the knuckles white in spite of their tan, indicated the nature of his thoughts.

"I reckon it must have been a promise of marriage that he offered as a bait, don't you, Riley?" he asked, with suppressed fierceness. "At any rate, she went, and what she suffered even in going is more than I like to think about. The thing that saved the man from being killed by her father very soon was that he had plenty of money to move quickly. Nothing would have saved him if the old man had caught up to them, and, if you follow me, Riley, he was looking for them powerful hard. The very fact that the girl never wrote showed that there was something mighty wrong, and it didn't take very much guessing what was wrong.

"A girl of that sort would never have kept her father in mental anguish waiting for a letter if she'd been properly married. You'll agree with me on that point, won't you, Riley?"

There was mute agony in Riley's face, but Steel hardly seemed to notice it.

"Now I come to the worst part," the elder man went on, "and I only know a portion of it. There are some things the Almighty mercifully hides from us. And perhaps that is why the father never learnt too much. All he had to go on was a photograph of the man and one of the girl. Not much help when you consider he had the wide world to search in, was it? But the old man never thought of giving up. He often got on the wrong track, and there was always murder in his soul. He had scoured America all over in the hope of picking up some sort of a trail. At last he found a clue all right. It was in one of the poorest quarters in Chicago. Ever been in Dean street, Chicago, Riley?"

Another dig from Steel's boot and a movement of pain on the part of the prone man.

"I won't harrow your feelings by describing it, but it is just off the Chinese quarter. And there, in the middle of squalor and vice the father found a Samaritan. What her past had been doesn't matter. Perhaps she'd had a daughter of her own. Anyway, she'd sheltered the girl I'm telling the tale about when shelter was needed pretty badly. I won't go into details, but you will quite understand that when a poor storm-driven mortal gets to being wrecked in Dean street, Chicago, she is in need of a helping hand. And while the girl was there she saw the man's photograph in one of the illustrated papers. She had a curious streak of loyalty in her that was likely to over-ride every other consideration, and she was as trusting as a babe in arms. I expect she still thought that inhuman brute would marry her. She sent a letter to him. What she said in it I don't know, but he made an appointment to see her. How she got the money to go I don't know, either, but the poor kid went. She'd told nearly everything to the Samaritan woman, and promised to let her know if things got put straight.

"But she never wrote, Riley, see?"

Riley was feebly trying to shrink away from the cold, remorseless eyes of Steel.

"She never wrote," Steel repeated in a vibrating voice. "Why did she not write, Riley?"

With only the blue vault above as a witness the two men looked at one another, death tapping at the door the while. A shudder went through the younger man's frame, but he did not speak. A film was coming over his eyes, yet he held them on Steel, fascinated.

"I'm waiting for your answer, Riley. Remember, you can't go to the other place with a lie on your lips, and such a lie, too, Why did that girl not write?"

"I could not get there to meet her," the man replied thickly.

For a full minute Steel looked down at him without speaking.

"So you left her in the lurch even at the finish, you dirty hound," he said at last, a burning desire urging him to crush Riley under his heel as he would a reptile. "Man, I've prayed to live to the end without staining my hands with murder. I don't reckon it would be real murder to choke the life out of you as you lay there, but I'm not going to do it. I'm going to let Hell claim its own instead. I have seen men die of thirst before, and I don't give you many hours. But before you lose consciousness, I will tell you something. There has not been a breath of wind since the motor in this boat stopped. The current of the sea here goes round and round. Unless I am very much mistaken, we are within a mile or two of the place where we were when you struggled to get that engine started again four days since. You didn't know much about engines, but I did. See, I had taken this away from it. Of course it wouldn't go, but it will when I put this back. All the time you have been starving we have been within three or four hours of your peaceful bungalow. And, see, there isn't a drop of gasoline in this spare tin. It is water. I've cheated you, Riley, to that extent. Didn't you wonder why I kept going? So you left her in the lurch even at the finish, eh? Well, you're going to your God now, and there will be several matters for you to explain there."

With steady hands Steel adjusted the engine, and taking out a pocket compass, grasped the tiller. Not a sound broke the stillness for some hours, save the puffing of the motor, until Steel steered into a little lagoon. Shutting off the engine he ran the craft onto a silvery beach, and turned to the prone form in the bottom of the boat. He put his hand on Riley's heart and then stalked with a set face in the direction of the bungalow. The native servants would do the rest.

THE TORCH

Because my torch is, for some face,
A light that leads to God's own place,
I must not let its leaping die.
—Torch, flame high!

Because my torch men follow, true
Must be the path I take to you,
God. If I stumbled, they
Might lose the way.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

The Land of the Lawless

By Cardinal Goodwin

(Continued from last month)

CHAPTER V.

SOME TIME had passed since Sylvester heard the conversation between Ned Foster and Miss Maddin, and circumstances were bringing his stay in Braggs to a close. Many disappointments had come to him during his short stay there, but these had been spiced with a few triumphs. Not the least among the latter was the esteem, if not friendship, of Schute Star. Schute had attended nearly every meeting, and although the missionary was unable to induce the outlaw to accept his ideas regarding the matter of religion, it seemed that he had succeeded in convincing him of his own sincerity. So fully did Schute believe in the missionary that he and Mose had quarreled when the latter wished to drive the minister out of town. The result was that the Star Gang had divided into two hostile camps.

Sylvester heard of the split soon after it occurred, but it was not until long afterwards that he learned the cause. Often he would try to talk with Schute about it, but the latter, in his rough, kindly way, always gave him to understand that he must ask no questions concerning that quarrel.

"Well, Schute," Sylvester said finally, "I shall not ask you again to tell me the cause of your dispute, but be careful, Mose, is not the fellow to be trifled with. You know that as well as I do. I'm afraid there'll be trouble between you yet."

"Course there'll be trouble," he replied. "I knows Mose, and he knows me. He's too much of a snake to face me in the open. He knows that even he kin take a few lessons from me in handlin' a gun, an' what's more, we both knows this section o' country hain't big enough for us both. I ain't goin' to leave, an' I don't believe Mose is making any plans to. But I'm willing to help things on by taking chances —he ain't. I tries to keep myself where I kin be found anytime, but you don't see him nowhere. When we does meet things'll be settled atween us, just as quick as powder'll burn."

The day following this conversation with Schute was Sunday, the last Sunday Sylvester was to be in Braggs. It was extremely hot, and the grass, which had looked so fresh and green a few weeks earlier had become parched and brown. There had been no rain for several weeks, and even the leaves on the trees were beginning to wither and fall. The dust made travel extremely disagreeable.

It was a deserted, dismal scene upon which the young missionary gazed from Mrs. Maddin's veranda that morning, but no matter how barren and desolate a place may appear, circumstances may endear it to a man.

His experience taught him that summer that the best way in the world to learn to love a thing is to work for it. Ever since his arrival in Braggs he had contemplated the joy he would feel when his work there should end; but as he looked over the little village that morning, somehow he could not help feeling pangs of regret. He had made some friends whom he hated to leave, and there was a strong fascination in the adventurous life of Schute. He could not help admiring this bold, daring desperado of the mountains. He envied him more than he would have

been willing to confess.

There was still another reason why Sylvester hated to leave Braggs. His work there, so far as all outward appearances were concerned, was a complete failure. The conditions which he had striven to alter were still present, and seemingly with a greater power for evil than they had had at the beginning of the summer. So far as he could see, his preaching had done no good. People were glad to have the meetings, would attend every service, and give good attention, would even come to him and say that they would like to accept this religion which he told them of, but they made no effort to possess it.

He was thinking of these things as he went to the little chuch that morning. Arriving a few minutes late, he found a large number of people already assembled under the trees.

He went immediately into the house and was followed by the congregation. The songs were sung, the prayers repeated, and the service was about over when a number of shots fired in rapid succession just in front of the church, followed by the hoof beats of a horse, brought the congregation to their feet, and caused a wild rush for the door. Some even leaped out through the open windows. Seeing that it was useless to try to stop the stampede, Sylvester resigned himself to the inevitable and let them go. Walking over to a window he looked out. A large black horse was running at full speed across the prairie with a man hanging limply over his neck. He could see that the man had been wounded and was maintaining his position with some difficulty. The two soon disappeared behind a clump of bushes, however, and the crowd in front of the church dispersed—some going to their homes, others to investigate the shooting. On his way to his room, Sylvester was overtaken by one of Shute's men on horseback, who told him that the outlaw had been shot and wished to see him.

"Have you secured a doctor?" Sylvester inquired. The man answered in the affirmative, and climbing up behind him the two rode back to where Schute lay. They found him in a small log hut which was surrounded by dense undergrowth, situated several yards from the road. A doctor had already arrived, and was beginning to dress the wound. It was a mortal one, however, and dressing it only served to increase the pain. The ball had entered the back part of the shoulder and passed through the left lung near the heart. The outlaw never spoke, but seemed to recognize Sylvester when he came in. He looked at the minister for several seconds as the latter picked up one of his hands; then his eyes closed, his hand clutched Sylvester's momentarily, and he lay perfectly quiet. The doctor placed his hand over the prostrate man's heart, but it had ceased to beat.

VI.

The remainder of the day was spent in quiet. Sylvester did not attempt to hold an evening service, but retired early to bed. Sometime during the night he was wakened by the creaking of his door, and raising himself on his elbow he could see that it was being slowly pushed open, and that a dark form was protruding itself through the entrance. Hastily reaching under the pillow, he took out his pistol and cocked it, and the form disappeared.

"Who are you?" Sylvester inquired.

"A friend."

"I'm not used to receiving visits from friends at this time of night, or of having them come in this manner, but if you're a friend, come in and give your name. I shan't hurt you."

The man stepped quickly inside and closed the door behind him.

"Well, Sylvester, old boy, how goes it?" It was Ned Foster's voice.

"Why, what in the world are you doing here?" the minister exclaimed.

"We're going to bag Mose to-night, and we want you to help us."

"I don't understand."

And seating himself upon the edge of the bed, Ned continued:

"Of course you don't. You see, Maud is giving a dance to Mose and his men at her sister-in-law's in the mountains to-night. I persuaded her, somewhat against her will, to do it. I thought with plenty of 'bust-head' on the place, the men'd become so drunk they'd be easily captured. The only thing I'm afraid of now is that Mose'll be too foxy to drink much. The marshal's being here recently, and the killing of Schute may make 'im more cautious."

"And you want me to assist you. Have you any one else?"

"Yes, Joe is going with us. He's out by the gate now holding the horses. We have Trickster all ready for you."

It did not take Sylvester long to decide. Hastily donning his clothing and buckling his pistol around him, he told Ned he was ready, and they went out. Not a sound could be heard except the slow, gentle downfall of the rain and the rumbling of the distant thunder. The night was extremely dark—so dark that it would have been difficult to see at all if it had not been for the almost constant flashes of lightning. They hurried out to where Joe held the horses.

"Why, ding it all to dingnation, take it down and hang it up and cock it, if the parson hain't goin' ter join us a'ter all. I jest——"

"Hist! no more talking; let's get away from here," Ned interrupted.

Hurriedly swinging into their saddles, they rode as fast as they could toward the mountains.

"Are all the outlaws at the dance?" Sylvester asked, riding up close to Ned.

"No; there're two missing. We don't know where they are. One of them is Henry, too."

"Is Mose there?"

"Yes, and two others."

"If Henry and the other fellow should show up the odds'll be against us."

"Yes, unless the liquor helps out. If we could just get Mose and Henry the whole band'd break us."

The rain had ceased, and a faint glow in the east indicated the approaching dawn, when the little party arrived at the foot of the mountains and tied their horses in a clump of bushes. A light twinkled through the trees a short distance ahead of them, and they knew they were not far from the house which they sought. Getting down on their hands and knees the men crept slowly forward. A lizard rattled the leaves as it scampered out of their path, and a coyote was barking out on the prairie. Here and there over their heads the faint chirp of a bird indicated that day was about to begin. As they drew nearer, Sylvester thought he saw a form dodge around a corner at the back of the house, but he continued silently toward the uncurtained window through which the light came. A little later Joe slipped away from Ned and Sylvester, but they were too excited to notice it at the time.

Reaching the window, the young men pulled themselves up, one on each side, and looked in. The sight which met their eyes was by no means calculated to allay their anxiety. Through the open door at the back of the room, Henry Miller was stepping when a knife flashed in the air and sank deep into his back. He fell prostrate upon the floor. Mose sprang forward to dash out the light, but Miss Maddin was too quick for him. Seizing it she placed the large table which stood in the center of the room between her and the outlaw. The latter then raised his pistol and fired, and the lamp was dashed to pieces in her hand. A second shot rang out through the darkness, and was followed by the screams of women and the oaths of men as the latter scrambled for the open door and windows.

Meantime, Ned and Sylvester ran in opposite directions toward the back of the house. As the latter turned a corner, suddenly an Indian jumped out of a window just in front of him, and they ran together. The shock knocked Sylvester's pistol out of his hand, and for a moment they stood staring at

each other through the gray dawn of the morning. Seeing that his opponent was still armed, the minister quickly seized him and wrenched his pistol from his hand, and they grappled. Back and forth they struggled, the Indian trying to release himself, Sylvester trying to hold him until some one should come to his assistance. Seeing that he could not get away, the Indian attempted to reach one of the pistols, both of which now lay upon the ground, but he was foiled in this, too. Then turning his entire attention to his assailant, the outlaw grasped his throat with the grip of a dying man. Struggle as he would the missionary could not release himself from that grip. He tried to call for help, but in vain. He tried to recover one of the pistols, but could not. Then he tried by sheer force of will to hold on to his rapidly waning strength, hoping thus to be able to detain his antagonist until help should arrive. It was not to be, however. The Indian's grip would not slacken, and Sylvester felt as if his throat and lungs were being consumed by a growing flame in his chest. He could feel the skin on his face tighten and burn and his eyes begin to move from their sockets.

Then the shouts of the men and the screams of the women became ever more distant, and he was unconscious.

When he came to, Ned held his head and Miss Maddin was rubbing his throat and bathing his brow with cold water. She gave him something to drink, and he soon felt strong enough to get upon his feet. The sun had risen, and in the trees overhead numerous birds were singing. A rabbit hopped across the road at the back of the house, and a wild turkey flew over a little stream and disappeared amid the undergrowth on the opposite side. Supported by Ned and Miss Maddin, Sylvester walked slowly around the house to where the horses were tethered. The bodies of Mose and Henry Miller were hanging across the minister's saddle, the blood still dripping from a bullet wound in the latter's temple. The missionary looked inquiringly at Joe, who nodded toward Ned. Not a word was spoken. Sylvester was placed behind Joe, and Ned took Miss Maddin in the saddle in front of him, and they rode out of the woods to the prairie, the arms and the legs of two dead men dangling against Trickster's side as they jogged on.

The End.

THE FORGOTTEN

At eve, from its blue corner in the sky
The sun shines to the mission's golden wall.
'Neath shadowing eaves and tiles, grey swallows call,
Or, darting swiftly out, in angles fly
Above the surf, which growls with their shrill cry,
Sounding its echoes in the grey-stoned hall.
The shadows of the mission darkly fall,
Until a cross spreads on a field where lie
The graves of converts. Now above them swing
With bended heads the stems of yellow grain.
The twilight bell repeats its solemn chime,
And still the monks, in slow procession, sing
Their vespers. But those sleeping fields complain,
Waiting and waiting for the far-off time.

THOMAS GORDON LUKE.

Senora Arellanes

By M. C. Frederick

WE DO not realize how rapidly history is making until some incident brings the different occurrences of the past into focus within the radius of the present, and the mind perceives, for the first time, the united whole.

When Spain ruled California—how long ago it seems! Yet there died in Santa Barbara recently a woman who had lived under three successive flags, not to mention the famous Bear, without having changed her residence. She once told the writer that she distinctly remembered when the Spanish flag floated over the Santa Barbara presidio, succeeded by the flag of Mexico, which last gave place to the Stars and Stripes.

Senora Arellanes, born a Ruiz, was the grand-daughter of Jose Ruiz, one of the soldiers whose name is associated with the founding of the Santa Barbara Mission. She was born in 1817 in the house of her future father-in-law. Here she lived and doubtless would have died had not the ancient but well preserved structure been chosen a few years ago as the "Neighborhood House" by the social welfare enthusiasts of Santa Barbara.

The old house is said to have been built at the same time as the Mission, for a "poblador" (settler) named Guiterrez, who soon returned to Spain, and his dwelling became a warehouse for a time. It was probably the first residence erected outside the presidio wall. It was what was known as "box walls," more durable than adobe, and built up within boxing, much as we now build up cement or concrete.

In the early days lumber was hardly rated as a building material. Long after the '49ers came, most of the houses in Santa Barbara were adobe, with tile roofs, dirt floors, and no windows, fire-places nor chimneys. Rooms were warmed, if at all, by brasiers after the manner of the old Romans. Openings answering the purpose of windows, when provided at all, were guarded by picturesque bars. Large flat tiles replaced earthen floors in some of the best buildings.

In Senora Arellanes' time the ground was plowed with a crooked stick drawn by oxen. Grain was cut by the handful, with a sickle or knife, and thrown over the shoulder into a large basket resting on the back and suspended by a band across the forehead. Threashing was done by "treading out." The Indians winnowed the grain by tossing it up in a blanket and letting the wind blow the chaff away.

The village washing place was at Las Arroyitas, the little arroyos, a springy spot, now quite dry, adjoining their homes. Here the people built bowers that remained permanently, and planted willows that grew up about them, and used flat stones for washboards. And wash days were gala days for young and old, for they met together at Las Arroyitas and had merry times as they dipped the garments down into the pools or poured the water over them and slapped them on the smooth stones and spread them out to dry.

And sometimes they would all go up to the hot springs on the mountain side seven miles away, to do their washing, taking with them their pots and kettles, their corn and frijoles and other paraphernalia, on horseback, and traveling single file over the narrow trail, they went into camp for the occasion and remained as long as the

food lasted. The hot water bleached the clothes and was a desirable change occasionally from the cold process of Las Arroyitas. There were grizzlies in the vicinity, and once they even invaded the camp.

The taking of their country by the American soldiers stood out in bold prominence in la senora's memory. She at different times told the writer how Stockton marched up the streets with the band playing, and entering the presidio the Stars and Stripes were raised on a mast brought from the ship by horse and wagon and erected in the presidio plaza for the occasion. The wife of the Mexican commandante had previously lowered the Mexican flag, and the commandante himself had chopped down the staff when he found the Americans were coming. Everybody was frightened and fled for their lives to the Mission and mountains.

Stockton told them he was not here for fun, but for business; but he'd not do them any harm. They could have their land and their homes and everything just as they had been having them. He left all the local offices just as he found them; no change in officers, or anything; only he gathered up all the cannon he saw and took them away. She told over and over again of Stockton's magnanimous treatment of the people, seemingly not yet recovered from her astonishment and gratitude.

"HEIMWEH"

It will not seem, when Thou shalt summon me,
As coming to a foreign shore, to stand
Before a stranger God; but it will be
As turning gladly to the homing land,
When I shall come to Thee.

The childish heart that knew and loved Thee first
Confided quaintly all its child affairs;
With neither doubt nor dread was it accursed,
But guilelessly it bared in honest prayers
Its little best and worst.

The heart that serves Thee now, a child-heart still,
Grown just a little older, scarce more wise,
Lays hold upon Thy patience, seeks Thy will,
Rests in Thy care and lifts its longing eyes
Unto Thy holy hill.

And going hence will be as to the dear
And tender Father-friend whom I have learned
To know afar; for there shall be no fear
In meeting Him toward whom my heart has turned
So wistfully while here.

RUTH E. HENDERSON.

The Lost Mine in the Santa Lucias

By Charles Clark

WHO has not heard of the famous Santa Clara Valley, the beauties and productions of which have been embalmed in poetry and song since the days when Bayard Taylor proclaimed its attractiveness to the world?

But at the time of the conquest of California by the Americans, and long prior thereto, a few wealthy Spaniards and Mexicans owned the arable and grazing lands of the Santa Clara Valley, over which roamed their thousands of cattle. Their houses were mostly of adobe and not very pretentious, yet under their patriarchal sway these Californian grandees were masters of the land, and they were looked up to and obeyed by the poorer classes of the Mexicans and the Indians, the latter being their principal servants and vaqueros. Some of these Dons were of Castilian descent; others with a darker complexion, owed their lineage to the Moors of Andalusia; and some few had Aztec blood in their veins. There is no prouder race in Spain than the royal Moorish line of the Abencerrages of Granada, whose ancestors came over to Spain from Northern Africa. This blood crossed with the Castilian produced amongst others the family of Don Pedro Bonito. To class this race with the Mestizoes—mixed Indian and Mexican—on account of their darker color, as many do, is as ridiculous a mistake as that made by a noted Yankee sculptor, who gave his Cleopatra a flat nose and thick lips!

Like the higher order of people the world over, the Dons in California possessed all the better qualities, and some of them, the vices of their race; but they represented the best that the land produced in the way of men and women before the conquest of California by the Americans.

Don Pedro in early life had married a beautiful girl of the purest Castilian descent. Their four children seemed to be equally divided in color, one girl, Maria, and one boy, Ygnacio, dark as their father in eyes, hair and complexion; the other two, Carlos and Ynez, fair as their Castilian mother.

Don Ygnacio was getting to be quite an old man when I first met him.

Upon one occasion, just after the great earthquake in 1906, when I remarked to him that I had but recently returned from a fishing trip in the Santa Lucia Mountains, the old gentleman became reminiscent and spoke of a journey he and his brother, Don Carlos, had made when they were young, into the same mountains in quest of gold.

And on a Sunday afternoon I spent at his house, when he was lying on a sick bed—too soon, alas, to die—he told me the story which is substantially as follows:

Don Pedro, his father, was one of the wealthiest rancheros of the days before the "Gringos" came. He had large possessions, many servants, and lived in the style of a Spanish grandee—that he was. There was an Indian on his ranch whose name was Juan Soto, who had been many years on the place acting as vaquero, and was regarded as one of the most reliable men there. When Don Ygnacio was but a stripling, Juan, who was then growing quite old, in a burst of confidence, one day, imparted the secret of his life to Don Pedro.

"Senor," said he, "you have been good to me—when I came to this ran-

cho I was sick and friendless, and you took me in and had me cared for as if I was one of your own family. It is the custom of my people never to speak to a white man of the place where gold is found; they say that the Good Spirit was angry when the Spaniards took these lands from the Indians, and that the Indians must keep the gold for themselves. The good padres told us, when converted to Christianity, that God would curse us if we did not tell them (and no one else) where the gold was. Senor, you know of the wealth of the padres in their Missions. It is because of their knowledge of the placers de oro. I shall do that for you that no other Indian ever did: I shall tell to a Spanish Don where there is so much gold that you, Senor, will be of all your people muchisimo ricos. I do this since you have been, not only my patron, per amigo mio. You had me taught as no other Indian was taught, and to you to whom I owe everything and my life as well, I disclose my secret after keeping the same for thirty years. Madre de Dios! I swear this is true.

"A short time before I came to this rancho I was with my tribe of Indians upon the shores of the great ocean, along which the holy Santa Lucia Mountains run. We had been catching and drying fish and abalones for our winter supply. Having finished our work we journeyed Eastward across the mountains, going to the Salinas Valley. One day a fine buck pursued by wolves passed near us. I alone followed them, and succeeded in killing the deer with my arrows when he came to bay with the wolves, and I frightened them away. I was now lost, and I wandered for days trying to find my way out of the mountains. I came to a narrow gulch through which flowed a small stream of water. I camped that night there, and in the morning I went down to get some water, and I saw gold in the sands; and nuggets of pure gold, some of those pieces were as large as a man's fist. I gathered many pounds weight and wrapped them up in the deer skin, and I traveled along that stream for a few miles until it ran into the sea. I was weary and sick, and do not know how much time passed. The gold was very heavy, and I threw it away piece after piece until I had no more. For who cares for gold when he is hungry and sick. I ate roots and berries and knocked over a rabbit once in a while.

"I took a northerly course along the ocean, crossed many little streams flowing west, and after passing over a river came to an old Mission building, where the roof had fallen in. I remember stopping alongside of the building, and looking south and seeing the beginning of the hills, and a white blaze upon the face of the first hill. I then turned down south, and for many days, I know not how long, I walked seeking to find a trail into the Salinas Valley.

"After awhile I knew nothing, and when I woke I found myself in an Indian Camp; they were kind to me, and when I was strong enough to travel, I went with them for many months, until from a very bad cold I had caught, I could go no further; and they left me in an old brush hut with food enough to last me several days. Good luck came to me, and I soon began to walk again—this time to the north, and just before I came to your rancho, senor, I fell and broke my leg. You know the rest. You have my story; and it is true and the good God knows it is nothing but the truth."

The Don smiled down at Juan, and said:

"Esta buena (it is well) Juan! I believe you; muchas gracias. I appreciate your confidence. Can you find that placero de oro?"

"Si, Senor. I know I can find it."

"Very well, Juan. I will let you guide the young Senores to that spot, for I am too old to venture on such a long journey into those mountains," said the Don.

Early in the month of May, 1848—the last rains of the season being now over—great preparations were made at the Santa Teresa Rancho for this quest of gold.

The two young Dons, Juan, Pablo, an old Indian servant, and three other Indians made up the party. Don Carlos and Don Ygnacio, well mounted on their favorite steeds, gaily caparisoned, Pablo on a reliable bronco, and Juan and the other Indians leading three burros that carried all their outfit—Pablo had had considerable experience in his youth in Northern Mexico, in placer mines as well as quartz, and he was careful enough to bring with him his horn and batea (the latter, a wooden bowl for washing the golden sands, soon to be replaced by the American gold pan.) Several picks and shovels were also packed upon the burros. The young men, expecting to stop over in Monterey (then the seat of government of Alta California), where they had some cousins, had carefully packed and wrapped in oil skin their finest clothes.

Juan could not point out the road to the Santa Lucia, but said he knew where the gold was when he got to the mountains, so Don Pedro directed the party to proceed by the usual road to Monterey, and then south into the Santa Lucias, where Juan was to be their guide.

A well filled purse of Mexican pesos for emergencies was strapped to the saddle of Don Ygnacio.

Just as the party were about to start their preceptor, who was the family priest, Padre Felipe, declared his intention of going with them and visiting the fathers at the Monterey Mission. So mounted on his mule he trotted in the rear of the procession. The good padre had some grievances that he kept to himself, and he was now going to share them with his superior at Monterey. Two things troubled him; first, that Don Pedro and the young Dons were indifferent to their religious exercises, none of them having been to confession for a long time; and they spoke lightly of the Church. Verily, the world was growing wicked! The women of the family were very devout. What, indeed, would become of the Church were it not for the women, who the world over implicitly obeyed their confessors? Secondly, here was Juan, who had confided his secret to Don Pedro, instead of to him, the priest; for did not all the gold in California, discovered and undiscovered, belong to the Church? And had not Juan violated the vow taken by all Christian Indians to reveal only to their confessors the places where the gold was found? However, he would lay the whole matter before the padres at Monterey, and try and save the gold for the Church.

Along down through the Santa Clara Valley, which was then an unbroken paradise of shrubs, trees and wild flowers, the gold seekers wended their way. Through ancient San Juan—over the ever remembered steep mountain grades—crossing the Salinas Valley and Sand Dunes, and then into Monterey—five days were occupied in traveling to this pueblo. The young Dons and the padre being hospitably entertained by the rancheros along the route; and the other members of the party sleeping in outhouses and barns or on the ground.

At Monterey the padre at once took up his quarters at the Mission; and the Dons were royally feted and feasted at their cousin's. Balls and parties were given in their honor, and when the time came to resume their journey, it was very hard for them to tear themselves away from their beautiful friends and go into the Santa Lucias.

Ah! The lovely senoritas of Monterey! There is not a more charming personage on earth than the Spanish senorita. Grace enters into every line of their supple forms, and from those lovely, dark, liquid eyes Cupid sends his wireless messages of love. At least one of the party, Don Ygnacio, was ensnared, and in a journey made later on to Monterey he led the beautiful senorita to the altar.

Our party now journeyed southward to the Mission founded in 1770 by Father Junipero Serra. The roof of the ancient building had fallen in; and the old adobe quadrangle was fast going to decay; and no one lived there

but a few Indians. Through Juan acting as an interpreter, the Dons tried to find out if these Indios had ever heard of any gold placers; but true to their nature they denied all knowledge of any. It is rare that an Indian will tell a white man where any valuable metal can be found. Juan was a remarkable exception to this rule.

The Santa Lucia Mountains begin a short distance to the south of the Carmel River, and extend over a hundred miles along the Pacific Ocean shore. In places they rise to a height of nearly six thousand feet; one peak, the Santa Lucia, is about 5,900 feet. The larger portion of the range comprise barren hills, with occasional canyons and gulches, wherein grow redwoods and many species of trees, one of them the Santa Lucia fir, found no other place on earth. Beginning with Point Gorda on the southern Monterey coast, these redwoods continue along the Pacific Ocean northerly (with breaks here and there) until they cross a short distance over the Oregon State line.

It was just at the season when the wild flowers were at their best—baby-blue-eyes and some of the earlier spring flowers had closed their eyes for the year—but the royal purple larkspur, the beautiful clarkias, godetias, poppies, collinsias, etc., covered the hills in the open. Under the trees, the fairy lanterns, mission bells and wild iris abounded; while in the damp places along the creeks, golden and crimson monkey flowers, columbine and purple nemophila were growing. The tree poppy skirted the high places.

As the land approached the ocean, the cliffs were precipitous, and the marine scenery in places unsurpassed in grandeur anywhere.

After reaching the Mission of San Carlos Borromeo (Carmel), our party stood beside the building, and Juan, pointing south, said:

"Senors, somewhere to the south, over that *white scar* on the mountain lies the placer."

It was not easy to find the way, for Juan's recollection was hazed by his sickness, and the many years since he saw the placer.

For days and days, crossing numerous little streams, up each one of them a short distance, precipitous cliffs barring their way, our weary searchers went, until finally one day, as they turned to go up a little creek, Juan shouted:

"This is the very canyon through which ran the stream where I found the gold."

But to Juan's astonishment there had been a tremendous landslide there.

"El templor (an earthquake) has been here," said Juan. "Underneath this mass of earth and stones the creek flowed when I was here before." The water now ran on top of the debris. Search as they did, no nuggets were found. The slide had covered the bottom of the canyon many feet. Up the little stream some distance they found colors; and on a little bank Pablo showed as much as ten or fifteen cents gold dust every pan, but no nuggets. An industrious miner might make three or four dollars a day, but this was not what they came after; they wished to get to the nuggets and the quartz ledge which fed these placers.

Day after day the party searched the creek looking for gold, and the sides of the canyon for quartz ledges, but without success. There were no indications of the ancient river system in this country, for gold in the creeks all came from quartz ledges. It might be well to state here that the great placers in the Sierras were on the bottoms and banks of the Ancient Rivers. The modern placers were either washes from these or from the quartz ledge.

While Juan and Pablo were busy prospecting, the young Dons were having great sport, hunting and fishing. Deer were abundant, and the brush was alive with quail. The trout in all the streams flowing into the ocean, were the young of the steelhead salmon, and furnished fine sport and toothsome meals.

In about two weeks' thorough prospecting it was decided that these dis-

coveries so far would not justify any further effort to mine.

The nuggets and the great decomposed ledge which had produced them were deeply buried under the landslide; and where the ledge cropped out again it seemed impossible to find. Sorrowfully they turned their steps homeward. The Dons did not blame Juan, for it was evident that the great earth movement had covered the placers, and also the quartz ledges at that place, and where else to look they did not know.

I asked Don Ygnacio if his people ever made any further attempt to find the gold. He said no: it seemed useless, and would only be discovered accidentally by some hunter.

Several years after I heard Don Ygnacio's story, I met an Indian, who was camped with his family in the sand dunes at Twin Lakes. He was well educated and spoke good English. He said he had been looking for a gold mine in the Santa Lucias, but had failed, as had all before him. His grandfather had told him that he had found a sick Indian in those mountains who in his delirium spoke of a creek bottom covered with golden nuggets. But where, he didn't say.

"Senor, that is the *Mystery* of the Santa Lucias. Some day it will be solved."

Occasional nuggets have been found in the small streams emptying into the ocean, one said to be worth $2,000, from the southern end of Monterey County. Colors can be seen all along the headwaters of the San Antonio River, and in some of the little brooks flowing into the Pacific Ocean. Numerous quartz locations have been made in the Los Burros district, but nothing very rich or permanent. Where is this great bonanza which has scattered its nuggets through the streams along the coast?

Who will solve the mystery? For the quartz ledge must crop out somewhere!

It is one of those peculiar freaks of the earth movements to cover those spots where the gold has been brought to the surface.

The United States engineers who surveyed through the Coast Ranges, held long ago that no permanent ledge would ever be found, that the formation was so broken by the upheaval, and the constantly recurring earthquakes, that the ledges approaching the surface were broken off and disappeared a short distance underneath.

However, there must be some very rich quartz ledges somewhere in these mountains, for once in a while a large nugget of gold is found in one of the creeks.

Where is the Mother Lode?

Quien sabe?

TO THE WESTERN SONG SPARROW

When sunset gates ajar reveal
Eternal deeps of space that gleam,
And slowly over hill and stream
The tender twilight 'gins to steal,
Then on the hushed air sounds the note
Breathed from the dusky sparrow's throat.

And through the daytime busily
This thrifty singer wings and flits,
He never idly mopes and sits,
But plies his cheerful industry:
True type of our great Western land,
Where thrift and joy go hand in hand.

EVERETT EARLE STANARD.



SEEIN' THINGS IN AMERICA

Florida. A Wonderful Adventure in Little Old St. Augustine

By Richard Bret Harte

CHAPTER VI.

JACKSONVILLE never appealed to me. The only attractive spot in the city to me was the Plaza. Most of the stores seemed pervaded with a "tourist catching" atmosphere, displaying large quantities of miniature alligators, pickaninnies and other so-called "souvenirs," frequently found on the parlor mantel-shelf of a second class New York boarding house. However, I was thankful for the warmth and the sunshine, and spent most of my time in studying the Florida literature, which consists principally of illustrated pamphlets containing impressive views of hotels especially enlarged for the near-sighted (?) tourist.

I was frantic to go to St. Augustine. I had read so much about it, and had seen so much of it in views, that my imagination became obsessed with luring visions of an old, romantic paradise whither Ponce de Leon had sought perpetual youth.

And I went to St. Augustine; but little did I anticipate the delightful adventure that was to take me there, and the sequence of extraordinary experiences that resulted from that memorable trip.

It happened one day, as I was sitting in the lobby of my hotel, that I fell into conversation with one of the guests. After exchanging introductions, he remembered having seen some of my caricatures in the northern papers, and immediately became interested. He was an actor and singer of considerable local reputation, having traveled in a stock company through the State, and having interests in the Jacksonville theatre. On learning my desire and financial inability to reach St. Augustine, he enthusiastically informed me that he was getting together a small vaudeville company to be tried out in St. Augustine, and later to tour the State if the enterprise proved successful. Perceiving, no doubt, that I had already succumbed to mental visions of a brilliant theatrical debut in the very city I longed to see, he offered me a position in the company as a quick-sketch artist, with a share of the proceeds and all ex-

penses paid. I accepted the proposition with wild enthusiasm.

From that moment I felt like a newly discovered Frohman star. The glamour of a theatrical career absorbed by body and soul to such a degree that I immediately had all my suits pressed —my face massaged, my nails manicured, and spent so much money on hair pomades, cosmetics and cold cream that I was obliged to subsist on one meal a day for nearly a week.

Then followed days of the most laborious rehearsing in the privacy of my room. I worked in black crayon and powdered colors on large sheets of paper pinned to the wall. With the floor strewn with paper, and the walls and the bed and the chairs—in fact, every possible vacant spot covered with fantastic sketches, my room assumed the appearance of a futurist landscape. I lived in a kaleidoscope of powdered colors; my face and hands were smeared with all the hues of the rainbow. I went to bed in green and woke up in red; I washed in yellow and shaved in heliotrope, and the room with its entire contents reposed beneath a layer of powdered colors as thick and as bright as an Oriental rug.

At last the day of days arrived. With a bulging suit case in my right hand and my left arm encircling a gigantic roll of papers (for my act), I eventually joined the company at the depot, and we departed for St. Augustine. The company, by the way, consisted of three people, including myself and a child in arms. There was Mr. M——, my actor friend, who was managing director and "star," "Miss" S——, an attractive, young married girl with an infant, and myself—billed as *"The* Famous New York Cartoonist." Miss S—— was a professional toe-dancer and singer, having met with success in a production of Ben Hur in New York.

We reached St. Augustine about noon, and drove immediately to the theatre for a rehearsal. The theatre was quite a fair sized house, and was showing motion pictures, with occasional "high class" vaudeville. When



"I felt like a newly-discovered Frohman star."

I saw the bill posters (which I had designed) standing in the lobby, a thrill of tremendous importance suffused my being. After the rehearsal I sat in the drug store adjoining the theatre lobby and just *gloated* over the people as they stopped before the bill-board, gazing at my caricatures and passing various remarks which I naturally interpreted as being in reference to *"The* Famous New York Cartoonist."

Finally the hour of the first performance arrived. The evening suddenly turned unusually cold and developed a bitter frost which rather dampened

our prospects of a full house. I spent over an hour in my dressing room busily engaged with my make-up and rehearsing before the mirror in an ardent endeavor to acquire professional ease, with a bow and a smile that would bring immediate applause. My "cartoonist costume" consisted of a new shirt, carefully rolled at the sleeves, and displaying a dark tie caught with a modish abandon by an attractive pin. My trousers were pressed to such perfection that I never sat down during the whole evening, while I preserved the brilliant polish of my shoes by wearing slippers until a few moments before my act. Beneath the weight of countless applications of cold cream my face became almost rigid. Every time I blew my nose I was obliged to hurry back to the dressing room and repair any possible damage with a fresh layer of powder.

Then the curtain went up, and a two reel drama began on the screen, accompanied by an outburst from the orchestral regions. The orchestra consisted of a pretty girl and a piano. Having lost its tone in the early eighties, the instrument had recently become paralyzed in several keys, and the player was one of those typical motion picture accompanists, whose repertoire is chiefly composed of a continuous farrago of ragtime, lachrymose popular airs of the Mother's-sad-grey-eyes calibre and tragic selections from the operas.

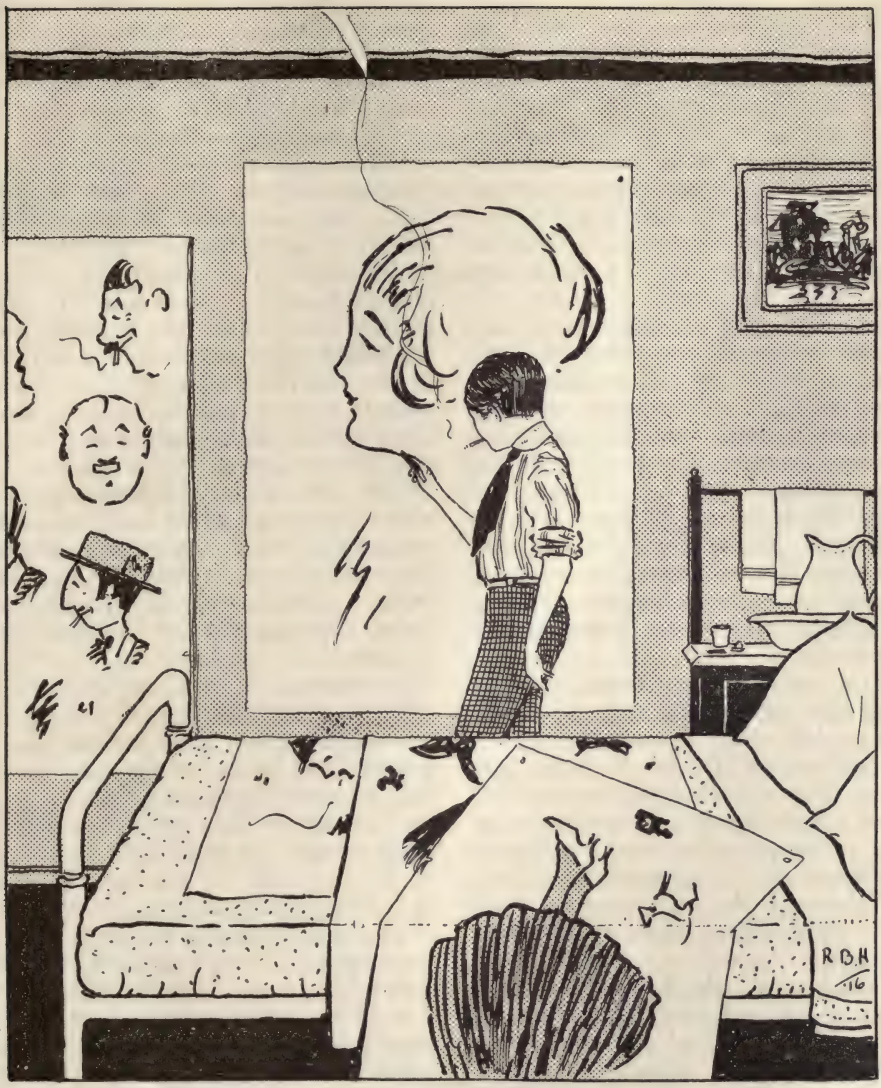
The picture soon came to an end, and down came the curtain. In five minutes the vaudeville was due to commence; the stage was suddenly suffused with light, and everything was excitement. Through a hole in the curtain I eagerly scanned the audience. On account of the frost there was a very poor house, but I was satisfied—in fact, rather glad. Almost in the front row, in the most expensive seats, sat two elderly ladies engaged in the most animated conversation. They would talk excitedly, study the program with great concern, and then relapse into a pensive stare at the stage. For a moment I trembled with the thought that they might be critics from the local paper, and attracted by my name had come to "write me up."

I was in the middle of this horrible contemplation when Mr. M—— suddenly grabbed me by the arm and informed me that Miss S—— wanted to see me at once. I hurried to her dressing room and found her in a dilemma. The nurse girl had disappeared and left Miss S—— alone with her child, and so I was given the ponderous task of keeping the child amused while her mother was doing her act.

Mr. M——was the first on the program, then Miss S—— and Mr. M—— together, after whom came my act, followed by a toe dance by Miss S——. Mr. M—— opened the vaudeville with a few songs in which he was later joined by Miss S—— in a popular song with the usual patter between verses. In the meantime, I was being initiated into the awful art (or *artful awfulness*), of nursing. I had refused to sit on the floor and disturb the perfect crease of my trousers. The child apparently noted this and decided to make the best of me at all events; so she quietly sucked her fingers for a while, contemplating me with wide-eyed innocence, *and then deliberately smeared them over my brilliantly polished shoes.* Ye Gods! . . . I had had at least seven shoeshines that day, and now . . . ! Well, the language I used was most unnurse like, though it greatly amused the child. Fortunately, Mr. M—— and Miss S——were encored, and I just had time to regain a polish.

At last my "turn" came. "It's a poor house," said Mr. M——, as he ushered me into the wings. "But do your best," and then the curtain arose and I found myself facing the audience.

Hardly had I made my bow when the two elderly ladies in the front seats leaned forward and deliberately began scrutinizing me, one with lorgnettes and the other with opera glasses. For a moment I felt like a microbe under a microscope, but quickly regaining my equilibrium, bowed with all the grace I could sum-



"Then followed days of the most laborious rehearsing."

mon, and with a studied smile at my persistent critics, began with the usual "Ladies and Gentlemen." My first "effort" would consist of three caricatures depicting the feminine styles of three centuries. The first, entitled "1814," featured the picturesque hoop skirt and bonnet, the second "A 1914 Languid Type," followed by a forecast of styles for "2014," with a sprightly damsel in masculine attire. I had hardly made the announcement when the two elderly ladies started an enthusiastic applause, which was as unexpected as it was encouraging.

Now the funny part about the whole act was the fact that in my ecstatic enthusiasm I drew so fast that my sketches were ambiguous beyond recognition. In fact, when looking them over after the show, I could not for the life of me recognize some of them at all. The "1814" sketch, most difficult of the series, was so grotesque a contortion that it looked very much like a medical color plate of an inflamed lung.

Whether the audience had taken me for a futurist exponent or an eccentric prodigy far beyond their understanding I shall never know; but whatever their impression, the situation was entirely controlled by the two mysterious ladies, whose zealous response kept the audience in a continuous applause.

Imagine my consternation when at the second performance I found myself again confronted by those two ladies, sitting in the same seats, and still as appreciative as ever. I began to feel dreadfully concerned about their identity; an uncanny mystery surrounded them. Did they really admire my act, or was it my make-up that had captured them? . . . Great Scott —had I become a matinee idol in ten minutes? Whoever they were, and whatever their intentions, I owe them a debt, for the second house was worse than the first, and again they saved the situation.

After the second performance was over and the theatre had closed, we gathered in a cafe and enjoyed a well-earned meal. Mr. M—— warmingly assured us that the intense cold had been the cause of a poor house and that the morrow would surely bring better results. I begged of Providence that it would, for my funds were gradually diminishing into very small change.

Then came a night of horrors. For hours my face itched from excessive make-up. I writhed in a thousand nightmares and megalomanias. I traveled the Orpheum circuit until all the bed clothes fell on the floor, and awoke with a start at noon just as those two mysterious ladies were about to embrace me on both cheeks.

And the most remarkable thing about the whole adventure was that they *did* embrace me on both cheeks. But let me continue the story.

When I got down to breakfast the next morning the office clerk handed me a note and said that it had been left by a lady in black. I gasped. Another woman in the case? . . . A woman in black . . . A widow! Really, this theatrical cartoonist business was beginning to get on my nerves with its mysterious romances. If I could enrapture three women in St. Augustine what fate inconceivable would await me in New York!

The note was more mysterious than ever. It was a request, in fact almost a command, that I call as soon as possible at a certain house in Charlotte Street, and bore the signature of a "Mrs. Florence F——." Then it was a widow!

Determined to solve the mystery, I scrambled through breakfast and hurried out in search of Charlotte Street. I found the house; it was very small and modest, and surrounded by a pretty little garden. For a moment I stood outside to gain my breath and prepare myself for the next chapter of this brilliant adventure.

But hardly had I knocked at the door when I found myself face to face with the two elderly ladies who had so enthusiastically welcomed my theatrical debut. Then, behold, the great mystery came to an end, *and it turned out that the ladies, God bless 'em, were my own cousins!*

(*To be continued.*)



National Advertising

By N. C. Kingsbury

Vice-President American Telegraph and Telephone Company

THE growth, the development and the necessity of national advertising depend primarily upon the number of things which are of national importance. In a primitive state of society it made little difference to an individual or to a community what was happening to some other individual or in another community; but with the advance of civilization came co-operation between individuals and communities, and co-operation developed the necessity for a more extended knowledge. Civilization to-day might be very well estimated and measured by the degree of co-operation, and the number of things which are of national importance depends entirely upon the degree of co-operation

There is co-operation between the producer of manufactured products in Philadelphia and the consumer of those products in Kansas, and there is likewise a similar co-operation between the producer of farm products in Kansas and the consumer in Philadelphia. There is co-operation wherever there is more produced of a commodity by an individual, by a corporation, or by a community than can be consumed by the producer. This over-production makes distribution necessary, our wonderful systems of transportation and of merchandising make it possible, but in order to effect distribution there must be a widespread knowledge of the product, and advertising is the only method for enlightening the consumer as to the nature and value of the product.

From the above it logically follows that advertising is a system of education, and it is a very important branch of education. Its importance is measured by our needs. Until within a comparatively short time, the real necessities of the people on this earth were limited to a very few things. In so recent a period as medieval times there were comparatively few commodities which people actually needed. The complexity of our modern life makes education through advertising an absoltue necessity. We need a tremendous amount of information concerning things which we must have, because of the requirements of our present civilization. Our lives touch so many and so varied interests at so many points of contact that without this form of education we cannot have the knowledge necessary for existence on the plane on which we now live. Every day we must have greater knowledge in order to keep up with the times. We may all start in on the system of education brought to us by advertising; none of us may ever hope to finish the course. It is easy to matriculate, but impossible to graduate.

If we are to consider advertising as a system of education—and this we must do in the very nature of the case—then there is an immense responsibility upon all who are connected with advertising. He who buys the advertising, as well as he who sells it, should consider himself as a member of a great faculty, as a real leader and instructor of the people. If the textbooks studied in this great university of advertising are calculated to mislead the students, if promises are made which cannot be fulfilled, if courses are offered and pursued which

unfit the student for the practical things of life, the entire institution will be brought into discredit and disfavor and the business of educating through advertising will decrease rather than increase.

In a general way, perhaps, we may consider that the schools and colleges and universities are educating the young, and that the education derived through advertising is directed more especially to those who are older. This classification, of course, is far from exact, but as a broad generalization it is correct; and when we come to compare the cost of the two systems of education, one for our youth and one for our adults, we may note some rather striking things. For instance, magazine advertising in the United States costs almost exactly as much as private elementary schools, and all the public high schools of this great country do not cost as much by $10,000,000 as that classification of advertising best described as farm and mail order advertising. The billboard advertising of the country costs twice as much as the amount spent in all the normal schools of the United States. There is nearly as much spent each year in the United States on theatre advertising as is spent on schools for the feeble-minded—although I draw no other comparison between the two. The reform schools of all the United States cost only about one-third of the amount spent on electric signs. And when we come to foot up the entire bill for educating the youth in the United States we find, according to the report of the Commissioner of Education for the year ending June 30, 1914, that it costs $748,736,864. I am not going to pretend to say how much was spent during that year in the United States for educating the grown-ups by means of advertising, but I think you will agree with me that it cost quite as much to teach the old idea how to shoot as it did to teach the young idea how to shoot.

Following our analogy a little further, there are many courses of study which our young students do not need to pursue. Latin and Greek are being forced out of the curricula of many important educational institutions, on the theory that they will not be required in the life work of the student. And so in national advertising, there are many things which are not of national importance. The grocery store on the corner in Philadelphia would waste money in advertising outside of its immediate environment. A railroad running between two points a hundred miles apart has no need for national publicity. A telephone company doing business in one city or in several cities would be foolish indeed to invest in national advertising. These are, of course, very obvious examples, but there are many lines of business where it is more difficult to determine the extent of interest in a particular line, and it is with respect to such things that the mistakes are made, and the history of national advertising records many instances where large sums of money have been thrown away in attempting to gain national recognition for something which had no national importance.

That national advertising requires large sums of money goes without saying. The publications employed must have national circulation, and in order to support such circulation their charges must seem high. But there are other elements which must be observed in order to accomplish results in national advertising.

It takes time to be known all over a country as large as the United States; it takes persistence, determination, tremendous force behind an advertising campaign, and it also takes a willingness on the part of the producer and the advertiser to be known for just exactly what he is. As Lincoln well said: "You can't fool all the people all the time."

I sometimes regret the necessity of what may seem almost boastful statements in advertising. I do not refer to statements which are untrue, but to statements which are true, and which we national advertisers must continually put out if our advertising is to be

a success. There is so much of the sensational placed before the general reader that we do not have a fair start; we are handicapped, and are forced to continually extol our virtues as an antidote for the poisonous lies which any sensationalist can give wide circulation. Shakespeare revealed an understanding of this very same tendency in human nature when he made Marc Antony say: "The evil that men do lives after them."

But even this necessity in advertising has a great value. It helps to keep us up to a very high point of efficiency. Almost every advertisement which we put out calls forth expressions of criticism. A man out in Missouri or Oregon or some other place reads that advertisement. He remembers some experience wherein he considers our performance has not lived up to the promise in our ad, and he writes in and calls attention to what he considers is our insincerity. He usually winds up with some such remark as this: "If you would pay less attention and less money for advertising, and more attention to your service, it would be better."

We welcome just such letters. We need to know when our product is falling below the standard we claim for it. Unfortunately, we are not manufacturing a product which can be inspected when it is finished and before it is placed upon the shelves for sale. We cannot see it, we cannot measure it with calipers to know that it comes up to the specifications, and therefore we welcome an honest statement from the man who knows that something is going wrong.

It has been said a good many times, but I must repeat here, that the corporation which I have the honor to represent and which spends large sums of money each year in national advertising, does not do so with the direct object of inducing people to subscribe for telephone service. Our President, Mr. Vail, has said to me over and over again: "You must keep out of your advertising anything in the nature of an invitation to purchase telephone service; get away from the commercial idea." Well, that is a pretty hard thing to do, but we have conscientiously tried to do it.

We advertise in a national way because we serve a nation-wide public, and we want that public to know all about our business. We have intricate problems; we want the people to understand them. We have lofty purposes, and we are entitled to have them known. We have high ideals as to civic service, and you can readily understand that a corporation doing business in some 70,000 places in the United States needs some measure of sympathy from the public it is trying to serve, with its tremendous difficulties. We believe in some great fundamental principles as applicable to our business, such as the necessity for one policy as regards the general use and protection of every telephone in the United States. We believe in one system, because we cannot conceive of a nation-wide service being performed by numbers of unrelated companies. We believe in universal service, because the ultimate benefits incident to telephone service obviously cannot be given or received in a restricted territory.

Perhaps the one great test that can be applied to our national advertising is to consider whether or not it has made these problems, purposes, ideals, difficulties, principles and policies known throughout the United States. If it has made them known, and to the extent it has made them known, our national advertising has been a success, but if we have spent these large sums of money without that result, our national advertising has not accomplished the purpose we have had in mind.

Our national advertising campaign began in June, 1908. We will assume that the advertising has affected only the number of Bell telephones as shown in the annual reports of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The stations of our connecting companies, private line stations, etc., have been omitted in mak-

ing up these figures.

For the 5 years of 1904 to 1908, inclusive, we gained 1,690,078 subscribers, and this gain was 1.72 telephones for each 100 of the total population of the United States. That was before our advertising campaign began.

Now let us take the period from 1909 to 1913, inclusive, omitting, as you will note, the years 1914 and 1915 in order to avoid the effect of abnormal conditions due to the European war. During these five years, while our advertising campaign was in progress, we gained 2,199,964 stations and that gain was 1.95 telephones per 100 of the total population of the country, so that during the period covered by our national advertising the gain in telephones was .23 of a telephone in every hundred of the total population of the United States greater than during the period when we were not advertising. If you will apply this .23 of one telephone in every 100 to the total population of this country, you will notice it represents a large number of telephones. And this gain was made in spite of the fact that the possibilities for new business were considerably less in the latter period than in the former period.

Suppose we consider a moment a comparison between the gains in Bell telephones during the five-year period contemporaneous with our national advertising, and the gain in telephones in the more important systems in Europe having government ownership during the same period. Let us take the years 1909 to 1913 inclusive. During that five-year period France gained 133,947 telephones, or .34 of a telephone per 100 of the population of the country. Switzerland in the same period gained 27,502 telephones, or .61 of a telephone per 100 of the total population of the country. The German Empire gained 568,781 telephones, or .75 of a telephone per 100 of total population of the country, while, as we have seen, in the United States the gain in Bell telephones alone was 2,199,964 telephones, or 1.95 telephones per 100 population, the gain in Bell telephones in the United States was over two and one-half times the gain in the German Empire, over three times the gain in Switzerland, and almost six times the gain in France.

Now, you may account for this difference in any way you choose. It would probably be impossible for anybody to assign all the causes both for the difference in the gain in the two periods which we have noted, and also for the differences in the gain between this country and the countries in Europe.

I am going to venture to add just one more line of statistics to those I have already given you. All of you have probably been made aware that we have built a transcontinental telephone line extending from New York to San Francisco. It has been advertised in a national way by many different mediums, and this has had a very remarkable result on our long distance telephone business. In the past year the average length of haul of all the messages carried over the lines of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has increased nearly twenty-five per cent. Is this not a truly remarkable result of the education which the people of the United States have received through advertising the invention and development of the necessary facilities for long distance telephony? There are probably few national advertising campaigns wherein it is as difficult to trace direct results as in that conducted by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, but the above facts speak for themselves.

Not only is it true that every article offered for the consumption of the human race must be advertised, but every great cause in which we are interested demands that same treatment. The intricate modern methods of production, transportation and communication and consumption have brought men closer together in mutual interests than ever before in the history of the world, with the result that that which affects one class of men or one nation or one locality of the world also af-

fects every other class of men, every other nation, every other locality, and this makes necessary an accurate, complete knowledge of great causes and great events, no matter how far they may seem to be separated from our immediate environment.

We are in trouble in Mexico. It is necessary that some policy be adopted which will protect the people living along our southern borders in life and property. What shall that policy be? It is the duty of our national Administration to advertise the reasons for the decision as it is to make the decision. We are so closely bound together in this country that we have the right to know the aims and purposes of the forces which are chasing a bandit, and it is necessary to advertise those aims and purposes in order to secure our cooperation.

What have the warring nations in Europe done in the last two years to convince their own people, the rest of the world, and God Almighty that the individual causes for war in each nation were the only just and righteous ones? It has been a matter of great moment to each of these governments to convince the people of the United States that each of the several national causes is the righteous one.

And how have they each tried to do it?

These governments, as you very well know, have all advertised. They have bought newspaper space, they have inspired magazine articles, and have sent out news-slips to individuals. Could there be a more striking example of the universal need for advertising? This certainly is national advertising, with the accent on the "national."

One of the objects of national advertising is the formation of public opinion. There is no autocratic government to-day. No government on earth would dare to enter upon war without feeling sure it could in some measure justify the act in the court of public opinion, and that is the reason for the tremendous investment which has been made in the advertising propaganda of foreign governments in this country.

National advertising secured the Panama-Pacific Exposition for San Francisco after all other methods of persuasion had been tried and a rival city had practically grasped the coveted honor.

National advertising has secured hundreds of manufacturing plants for cities which have made known in this way their advantages as manufacturing centers.

National advertising has improved methods of doing business in hundreds of different ways. It has taught many firms to know more about their own business in order that it might be intelligently advertised.

It is high time that the people of the world came to a realization of the tremendous scope of the advertising business of to-day. No longer is advertising to be considered as a superficial gloss upon business. It rather has to do with the very fundamental principles of every business. There is co-operation in this age—yes—but in order to share in the benefits of co-operation, every business man must cooperate. He must join this great university. He must adopt your method for the diffusion of knowledge. He must embrace your ideal—TRUTH.



The Church's Hope---The World's Hope

By Pastor Russell, of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles and New York Temple

"That by two immutable things (His Word and His Oath), in which is was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the Hope set before us; which Hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."—Hebrews 6.18, 19.

THERE is but one Hope set before the Church, says the Apostle in our text—the Hope presented in the Gospel of Christ. It is very important, then, that as Christians we understand what Hope is. Once we had such confused ideas respecting our Heavenly Father and His glorious Plan that we could not understand what constituted our Hope. Many supposed it was a Hope set before a few and a threat set before everybody else—the threat of endless torment. How we misunderstood "the God of all Grace and the Father of Mercies!" Now we can see that there is a glorious Hope for all who will come to love righteousness and hate iniquity, although the world's hope is not the Christian's hope.

The Hope set before the Church is the hope of reigning with Christ, as His joint-heirs, His Bride. (Romans 8:17, 1 John 3:2; 2 Peter 1:4.) It is the hope of attaining the Divine nature. This hope has been held out in advance of the blessings which will be proffered to the world later. The Church has no part in the hope of the world. But we have the admonition of our Lord and of His Apostles that we "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." We are enjoined to put off the works of darkness—anger, malice, hatred, strife and all other works of the flesh and of the Devil—and to put on meekness, gentleness, patience, brotherly kindness, love—the fruits of the Spirit of Christ, the Holy Spirit.—Hebrews 12:14; Galatians 5:19-23.

First Intimation of Church's Hope.

The first intimation that God would raise up a class who would roll away the curse from Adam's race was given to Abraham. God said: "Abraham, I will call you My friend because of your faith." He could not call Abraham His son; for there could be no sons of God amongst the fallen race, because all were condemned to death in Adam. Not until the death sentence should be lifted from Adam's posterity could any of them become sons of God. Therefore, there were no human sons of God from Adam's day until our Lord Jesus came to earth a Man. He was the first human son of God after Adam. But since the time when our Lord died a Sacrifice for human sin, a special class of humanity have been given the great privilege of becoming sons of God, as St. John tells us.—John 1:12.

But God said to Abraham His friend: "I have a Plan by which to bless the world." The Almighty was the very One who had placed the condemnation of death upon the world. The great Judge had determined that man was not worthy of everlasting life. Two thousand years after He

had pronounced that curse, the Eternal One declared that it should be rolled away; for when He promised that a blessing should come to mankind, He implied that the death penalty should be removed.

It required great faith on Abraham's part to believe God in this matter. But he felt that in some manner God would roll away the curse. Put yourself into Abraham's place, and you will realize how remarkable this was. He knew that the death penalty was upon the race. After God had said that mankind should die, it was not easy to see how He could reverse His own sentence and declare that man should live! Would He say one thing at one time, and then two thousand years later say another? For a time there must have been great perplexity in Abraham's mind. But he appreciated God's promise.—Genesis 12:3; Romans 4:3.

And now, four thousand years after Abraham's time, we are proclaiming that same great Promise; for it has never yet been fulfilled. God promises to bless the whole world through Abraham's Seed. That Seed, the Apostle Paul assures us, is Christ and His Church. (Galatians 3:8, 16, 19.) The hope of being this Seed is the great Hope to which St. Paul refers in our text and its context.

Abraham's Two Seeds.

This Hope is based upon a comprehensive Promise; first, that the world was to be blessed; second, that this blessing was to come through Abraham's Seed. God showed that there would be two different seeds of Abraham; for He said, "Thy seed shall be as the stars of heaven and as the sands of the seashore"—a Heavenly and an earthly seed, though the Heavenly was to be the Seed of blessing. —Genesis 22:15-18.

Four hundred and thirty years later, God said to the children of Israel, in substance, "You know that I promised your Father Abraham that through his Seed I would bless the world. As his natural seed, are you ready to have that Promise fulfilled in you? If I bring you up out of Egypt, will you appreciate My will and do it?" And they replied: "We will." Then the Lord said: "I will give you My Law. If you cannot keep My Law you cannot be proper teachers and blessers of the world. I have promised to bless all mankind, and I will do it. As the children of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, are you ready to be heirs of that Abrahamic Promise?"

You remember that Moses read the Lord's Message of the Law to the people; and that they heard the blessing that should come upon them if they would keep the Law, and the condemnation that should come upon them if they failed to do so. Then the people said, "All these things will we do."—Exodus 19:1-8.

God designed that the whole world should come to a knowledge of the fact that no fallen human being could possibly keep the letter of the Divine Law; for it is the measure of a perfect man's ability. But He dealt with the Israelites just as though they could do it. They had typical sacrifices. For sixteen hundred years they tried to keep that Law; yet year after year they failed to do so, and hence they failed to be the Seed of Abraham which was to bless the world. As St. Paul shows us, "By the deeds of the Law shall no flesh be justified in God's sight." (Romans 3:20.) God was merely teaching them, and through them all of His intelligent creatures, that it is impossible for sinners to justify themselves in His sight. Therefore, it was impossible for any of them to bless the world.

Then, in due time, God sent forth His First-Begotten Son, the Logos, His great Mouthpiece. To Him the Father had made the proposition that if He would become a man, live awhile on earth amongst sinners, and accomplish a great work for mankind, He should afterwards be received back to greater glory than He had before He undertook this mission.

The Son knew that if the Father

had anything to make known in His Plan, it must be for good. So we read that "the Logos was made flesh," and "for the joy set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame." (John 1:14; Hebrews 12:2; Philippians 2:8-11.) Jesus was born a descendant of Abraham, through the Virgin Mary. He kept the Jewish Law inviolate, and thus proved Himself worthy to be that Seed who would bless the world. He died to redeem the race—"the Just for the unjust." He rose again, qualified for the great work of the world's deliverance. To Him is given all power in Heaven and in earth.—Matthew 28:18.

The Bible tells us that the salvation of the world is waiting until our Lord shall take unto Himself His great power and reign. God has been holding this salvation in reserve for over 1800 years, during the selection of the Church, the Bride of Christ—the work of the Gospel Age. Before the Church He has set this great Hope of being associated with our Lord Jesus, of constituting with Him this Spiritual Seed of Abraham, which is to bless all the families of the earth. For this reason our Lord is first delivering the Church class. This hope of being the Seed of Abraham is "the hope set before us in the Gospel," of which our text speaks. "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's Seed, and heirs according to the Promise."

God has still in reservation the work of blessing the world, and this great work of a thousand years. But it is now almost due to begin. The promised Spiritual Seed is about completed. Under them the earthly seed—the faithful worthies of previous ages, who will be raised from the dead, and Natural Israel, who will be restored to divine favor—will ere long be ready to cooperate; and then the world's uplift will begin.

Our Anchor Sure and Steadfast.

In the dream which God gave to Nebuchadnezzar, there was a stone taken out of the mountains without hands, and it became a great mountain that filled the whole earth. (Daniel 2:31-45.) This stone represented Christ's Kingdom. The power which has taken this spiritual Stone out of the mountain—the world—is simply the hope inspired by God's Promise to Abraham. Some of us have heard the Call to follow Christ, and have responded. (Matthew 5:6; 11:28; 16:24.) The Word of Christ has entered into our hearts. Our minds, our aims, our ambitions—everything—are being transformed, are being set on Heavenly things.—Romans 12:1, 2; Colossians 3:1-3.

How precious is this Hope! It is indeed "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast." By this expression St. Paul suggests the picture of a ship at anchor during a storm. So in the storms of life the child of God has a firm anchorage. This Anchor of Hope takes hold even upon the things within the veil.

The basis of our hope is the Word of God. If we let go of our Hope, we are letting go of everything. The "hour of temptation" is now upon the whole world; and a still greater stress is coming. (Revelation 3:10.) All the more, therefore, shall we need our Anchor of Hope, of faith. Through the Prophet the Lord points out that He is about to "do His work, His strange work, and to bring to pass His act, His strange act." (Isaiah 28:21.) The world will not be able to understand it. As they see the trouble extending everywhere—to all governments and institutions—and realize that it will terminate in anarchy, they will say, Where is God? What is coming to this Great Babylon that we thought was about to bless the world? What is about to happen to us?

The Unsanctified Heart Selfish.

We are now living in the Day when the light is shining more brightly than ever before, and when the darkness is gradually disappearing. We whose eyes of understanding have been opened to see the hope for mankind, see that blessings are soon to be showered

upon the world during the Messianic Kingdom.

More and more it is impressed upon my mind that the numbers of humanity who love righteousness and who prefer it to unrighteousness are very considerable. The major part of the world would rather do right than wrong, provided it did not cost sacrifice to do right. If the world were in a healthy, normal condition, it would not cost sacrifice to do right. It should be easier to do right than wrong, and it would be if things were as they were originally. When God created our first parents, it was easier for them to obey than to disobey; and when the Divine Kingdom shall introduce the New Order, it will become easier to do right than to do wrong.

As the days go by, we see still more clearly the glorious hope of the groaning creation, groaning now in weakness, sin and bondage to death. After the Church is delivered, the groaning creation is also to be delivered, set free from the bondage of sin and death into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. (Romans 8:19-22.) Mankind will have the same opportunity for life that Adam had at first. But they will have the advantage of Adam, in that they have had six thousand years' experience under the degradation of the fall, during which the world has been learning the exceeding sinfulness of sin and their need of Divine assistance.

The Present Outlook.

Yet with all the experience of six thousand years behind us, the world to-day is plunged into the most terrible war ever known. Each nation imagines that God is with it. The spirit of anger, bitterness and hate is spreading everywhere, notwithstanding there are blessings, comforts and conveniences to-day such as the world never even dreamed of before. These blessings are coming because we are living in the dawn of the New Dispensation. But the fact is apparent that people are being injured by the wealth and other favors of our day. We have an increase of education far above any previous time. And what is the result? It is being used to defraud and overreach fellow-men. It is being utilized to destroy men's lives. In another century, if present conditions were permitted to continue, it would be worse.

Light and knowledge entering the heart that is unsanctified, unconsecrated to God, merely increase the power to do evil. Through sharpened intellectual perceptions the increase of ability operates along the lines of selfishness. The only ones ready to receive aright God's favors and to profit by them are those who have yielded themselves to God, who have renounced their own wills and have accepted his will. Upon these the blessings of God have a sanctifying effect. Increased knowledge adds to their power for good.

We are glad that we have given our hearts to God, and that our eyes of understanding have been opened to see more and more the lengths, breadths, heights and depths of God's Justice, Wisdom, Power and Love. How refreshing this is to our hearts! It is good to be so near to the ushering in of the New Dispensation; for our Anchor of Hope is grounded firmly in God. Soon He will deliver Zion—"when Morning appeareth!"

Trouble Precursor of Coming Glory

Upon the battlefields of Europe there is now being sacrificed the flower of the strength of every country embroiled in war; and the war spirit is spreading. In every country engaged in this mighty conflict the death list is piling up prodigiously. Homes are being devastated; wealth is being consumed. Revolution and anarchy will be sure to follow. Of this time our Lord Jesus declared, "Except those days be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the Elect's sake they shall be shortened." (Matthew 24:21, 22.) Then "the desire of all nations shall come." Through Messiah's Kingdom

shall be granted the peace, prosperity and blessing for which the poor world have so long hoped, and striven in vain to bring about through their own efforts.

Thank the Lord that He has given His people to know what is to follow this dark night of trouble. What a blessing He has granted in the knowledge that there is a golden lining to the black clouds now gathering thick around humanity! Let us not dwell too much on the coming trouble, however. Rather let us point men to the time beyond. Let us tell them that God has a great blessing in store for all the families of the earth. Let us show them how comprehensive is the Bible Hope. It will be a sad day for the world when the plowshare of trouble shall go in deep; yet the experience will prove to be a blessing. When mankind shall see everything beginning to collapse, then they will begin to realize that there is no hope except in God, then they will be willing to be taught. Then they will say, "Lo, this is our God! We have waited for Him, and He will save us!—Isaiah 25:6-9.

THE STEVENSON HOUSE

The tooth of Time is gnawing ruthlessly
At this decrepit house in Monterey,
Wherein the Master tarried for a day.
As yet the ancient shell stands steadily,
But one more little span of years will see
Its gaunt form fall in ruin and decay,
And crumbling to a little heap of clay
Become a legend and a memory.

The cities built of tears and brick and stone
Will pass like this, new races rise and die,
And still the heart that weeps and is alone
Shall find new brighteness in the murky sky
And face with braver smile life's bleakest morn—
Because a man named Stevenson was born.

JOE WHITNAH.



High Prices---Causes and Remedies

By Obed Calvin Billman, M. P. L.

PRICES are affected by the rapidity with which money circulates. They are affected by the use of supplementary devices, such as bank checks. They are affected by competition and the per capita production of the soil. They are affected by the faith, hope and charity in the realms of speculation and enterprise; but mastering all these factors of prices are the actual amount of gold coin and bullion in sight, and the amount in annual output of the mines.

The former financial stringency and present unsettled conditions occasioned in this country by the war in Europe serve to exemplify the above. The excessive and continued importation of gold at this time is an exceedingly grave and growing menace to the orderly and safe progress of business in this country. There is a normal status, or equilibrium, between countries of the world, in industry, in gold holdings, and in all relations with each other. That status is not fixed, and cannot be changed violently without *reaction.* It is being so changed now, and the prudent man will beware of *the reaction.* The United States is obtaining more than its share of the world's gold, as gold is distributed under ordinary conditions, and when the war is over it will not be able to hold the excess. It is impossible to use additional credit made available by further increase in gold reserves without raising costs and prices in this country, and the war is not going to last long enough for us to get far on a career planned only for war conditions.

It is believed that when the leading nations of the world are drawn together in conference for the restoration of Peace, and for what is believed will result in universal and permanent Peace between all nations, consideration will necessarily be given to the determination and establishment of a stable International Standard of value and other appropriate remedies.

The primary causes of the increasing cost of living, the remedies, and some of the proposed methods of applying these remedies are here outlined:

THE HIGH AND INCREASING COST OF LIVING

CAUSES.	REMEDIES.	METHODS.
(a) The enormous and constantly increasing production of gold resulting in a "gold standard" of constantly depreciating purchasing power, i. e., a constant appreciation of the price of the things which the standard coins will buy.	An international standard of value, i. e., "a stable monetary yardstick."	By all the nations of the world getting together and gradually increasing the amount of gold which the standard coins REPRESENT; thereby doing away with the constant depreciation of the purchasing power of these coins, and VICE VERSA if reverse conditions demand.
	Increase of wages.	Industrial warfare; i. e., strikes, and labor legislation, i. e., Old Age Pensions, Minimum Wage Laws, Industrial Insurance, Conciliation Boards, etc.

(a 2) Monetary inflation. (1) Expanding credits in use as "token" or "paper money;" banking credits in the form of deposits subject to check. (2) Concentration of population in cities, facilitating the more rapid utilization of "Token Money," check, etc.	Monetary reform.	A return to basic or hard money.
	Banking reform.	Currency reform, guaranty of deposits, etc.
(b) The breaking down of competition.	Trust regulation.	Dissolution, government control, tariff revision downward on trust controlled commodities. Patent law revision.
	Control of middlemen.	Abolition of middlemen's agreements. Cooperation.
(c) The declining per capita production from the soil.	Increased available acreage.	Reclamation, i. e., irrigation and drainage projects. Conservation, i. e., Federal and State preservation of vast territories.
	Increased production per acre.	Scientific and intensive farming, i. e., reclamation, fertilization and conservation of the soil. Vocational education; farm financing.

The Increasing Production of Gold.

The primary or master cause of the high and increasing cost of living throughout the world is the depreciating purchase power of money through the world's enormous and constantly increasing production of gold. In 1900 the world's production was $254,556,000. In 1913, $455,345,423, or almost double what it was in 1900.

A Dollar Buys Less.

The weight of the gold dollar remains unchanged, but its value or purchasing power does not. It is generally recognized that as the production of gold increased the value of gold must necessarily decrease, but as gold is the standard of value, its depreciation is displayed in its decreasing purchasing power, or in other words, in a constant appreciation of the things which the standard coins will buy. During the last fifteen years, although the gold dollar has remained the same in size, its purchasing power has fallen during this period to perhaps two-thirds of its former purchasing value. This depreciation in the value of the respective standards of value, or this shrinkage in what Professor Fisher terms the "Monetary Yardstick," has injured all those who have received a fixed number of dollars, such as wage earners, salaried men, savings bank depositors, and the like.

As a remedy, reference is here made and indorsement given to Professor Fisher's plan for an "International Standard of Value," to be fixed and regulated by an International Monetary Commission. As a method of carrying the proposed remedy into effect, I cannot do better than to quote the words of Professor Fisher relative to his plan:

"My own plan virtually amounts to restoring the seigniorage on gold, that seigniorage to be annually readjusted according to the statistics or index number of the price level. This plan would tend to restrain the coinage of gold through the mints. It would not destroy the gold standard, but merely stabilize it. Gold bullion would still be the ultimate concrete basis of every dollar; but instead of

the bullion being fixed, and varying in purchasing power, it would be fixed in purchasing power and varying in weight. The plan would not be subjected to the danger of political manipulation, which has been the weak point in most proposals for producing a monetary stability. It would work as automatically as the mint works."

Monetary Inflation.

Closely allied with the first mentioned cause of the increasing cost of living, and in fact a mere species or result of it, is Monetary Inflation. The precise extent to which these new supplies of gold, entering for the most part the bank reserves of the principal financial centers, and thus becoming the basis of credit, have affected prices cannot be definitely determined, as the influence is an intangible one, but it is generally conceded to be one of the universal factors. There can be no doubt, however, that in place of the former fear of the scarcity of gold, such a redundancy has arisen that swollen bank reserves have stimulated loans at a low rate, manufacturing plants have been extended, and the prices of commodities have advanced with a rapidity which has lessened the purchasing power of wages, and has brought the world under a true "Cross of Gold." Furthermore, statistics show that, during the last ten years in this country, there has been a very great and unusual increase in the amount of business transacted by check. In fact, in large cities, bank checks perform from 90 to 95 per cent of the transations and settlements of business. Furthermore, the concentration of the population in cities has facilitated the rapid utilization of such form of "Token Money."

The present financial stringency occasioned in this country by the war in Europe serves to exemplify the above. At the beginning of the last week in July the business world was moving along as usual. By the end of the week, the Great War in Europe had demolished all the vast machinery of credit and exchange by which modern business is transacted. The headlong effort everywhere was to convert paper into gold and far-off credits into credits at home. The former period of financial inflation and seeming prosperity was being replaced by a period of liquidation—a return to basic or hard money—and gold is the unit of ultimate redemption.

Two primary remedies have been proposed in connection with the subject of Montetary Inflation, to wit: 1. Monetary Reform, and (2) Banking Reform. Briefly stated, the first reform may be carried out through a return to basic or hard money, etc., and the second through Currency Reform, Guaranty of Deposits, etc.

As the increase in wages has not kept pace with the constantly depreciating purchasing power of money, or in other words with the constant appreciation of the price of the things which the standard coins will buy, it has been proposed to offset this appreciation in the prices of commodities through an increase of wages. Two primary methods of securing the desired increase of wages are recognized, to wit: (1) Industrial Warfare, or in other words, Strikes, such as have typified past policies of Labor Organizations, or (2) Labor Legislation, in the form of Old Age Pensions, Minimum Wage Laws, Industrial Insurance, Conciliation Boards, etc.

The Breaking Down of Competition.

The second great cause of the increasing cost of living is the Breaking Down of Competition. Two primary remedies have been proposed: (1) Trust Regulation, and (2) Control of Middlemen. As a means of regulating the trusts, a number of remedies have been proposed. One is to dissolve them and re-establish competition, and the other is to reorganize them and put them under government control. A method which might at least curb the great growth of trusts would be Tariff Revision downward on trust controlled commodities. Still other reformers propose to revise the Patent Laws.

Another remedy for restoring competition is the Control of Middlemen, who have in many cases done away

with formerly existing competition. One method proposed in this connection is the Supervision of Middlemen's Associations, while others propose the Abolition of all Price Agreements. Another method is for the people themselves to furnish competition with the middlemen by means of cooperation among themselves.

The Declining Per Capita Production From the Soil.

The third great cause of the high and increasing cost of living is the Declining Per Capita Production from the Soil. The tendency of the times is for the people to aggregate in large cities and to devote themselves to manufacturing, commercial and distributing occupations, rather than to agricultural and farming development. The result is that there are proportionately fewer people raising the necessities of life. Between 1890 and 1910 the average number of wage earners in manufacturing pursuits in the United States increased 55 per cent, while those engaged in agriculture increased 40 per cent. The remedies proposed are Increased Available Acreage—and this may be carried out through Reclamation and Conservation; and last, but by no means least —Increased Production through Scientific and Intensive Farming.

From the foregoing it is clear that a stable International Standard of Value must be adopted, together with such uniform currency and banking systems as are best calculated to prevent the recurrence of money panics and financial disturbances. Competition should be restored through trust regulation and the control of middlemen, and the per capita production of the soil still further encouraged and extended by reclamation, conservation, vocational education, farm financing, and other effective methods.

ONE DAY AT A TIME

We only live one day at a time—
One fleeting day.
No matter if gold be the sandy shore—
Or shadows loom gray.
The hours that lengthen 'neath sorrow's prick,
Vanish, when joy draws nigh—
And friends that bask in our merry mood
Flee, when we sigh.
The cup that is fullest of pleasure's froth
Is quickest drained,
And time dries eyes that blistered hot,
When teardrops rained.
Yes! Laughter is measured in one short span,
So fades the sigh,
For, we only live one day at a time:
You, dear, and I.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

Does Drunkenness Follow Prohibition?

By Harry David Kerr, LL. B.

Author of "Prison Reform," "If the People Could Own What They Use," "The Farce of Trial by Jury," "Price Maintenance—The Salvation of Business," etc.

WHAT is true temperance? It is as far removed from prohibition as it is from drunkenness.

In the past fifty years, temperance has increased to a wonderful degree, not, however, because of the work of the prohibitionist, but in spite of it. Man's morals never have been and never will be changed by legislation. To pass a law prohibiting the sale or use of any alcoholic beverage, is a farce, for no such law will ever be obeyed, but, instead, is only held up to ridicule. Whisky, which is half alcohol, and strong spirits packed so as to be inconspicuous, will be smuggled into the State, into the city or town, and finally into the home, where it will do more physical injury in ten days than beer or light wine could do in ten years.

Travel through the State of Maine, Kansas, Arizona, or any of the other "dry" States. You will see a workingman lying beside the road drunk to stupefaction, his pockets empty except for the drained whisky flask. Compare this sight with the workingman of Germany or France, or any of the German sections in New York City: On a Sunday or any other day, you will see him taking his glass of beer, or the Frenchman his glass of wine, temperately, with his family, wholly unmolested.

You don't reform a man by hanging him. Nor can you reform the liquor traffic by passing a law eliminating all alcoholic beverages. The great thing that prohibitionists lack is common sense. They also lack knowledge of their subject. To accuse the earnest prohibitionist of being insincere would be wholly wrong. Of course they are sincere, but so were the men sincere who once tried to make people religious by the thumbscrew and the rack. Fanatical prohibitionists state that the world would be infinitely better if the "curse of drink" were removed. To this we surely agree, for the "curse of drink" is intemperance, and we are all as anxious to do away with that as the most radical teetotaler.

Just because a man has had a son turn out a drunkard, does not by any manner of means indicate his right or capacity for making laws to regulate the drink traffic. On the contrary, it proves that the father did not understand the drink question, or his son would not have turned out a drunkard. Statistics prove that three-fourths and over of sons who are drunkards at twenty were born of fathers who were prohibitionists. The boys had to drink in secret, so they became drunkards as soon as they got the opportunity. If this is true of prohibition families, it is likewise true of prohibition States. Any effort to make entire communities total abstainers against their will, increases drunkenness and demoralizes those communities.

In Russia there are two kinds of drinks: Vodka (which is about the same in alcoholic strength as whisky), and beer or wine. From sundown Saturday to sunrise Monday the sale of Vodka is prohibited; the sale of beer or wine is not interrupted. No drunkenness whatever is ever seen on Sunday.

Beer and light wines are the temperate drinks that not only do not harm physically, but which are a substantial benefit as a mild stimulant.

Ninety-five per cent of all men drink some form of stimulant. A law passed which makes it impossible for them to get the mild stimulants openly will only tend to make them get the violent drinks secretly, and you, who pass such a law, make them drunkards.

A hundred years ago, our forefathers got periodically drunk. It was a matter to brag about, even among the greatest men, the statesmen of our nation. "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now" was the most popular song of the day. The farmer went to town with his crop, and came home in the bottom of the wagon. Many a time court would be adjourned so that the judge and the jury could "take a nip." It was a common sight to see men dead drunk in the gutters and alleys of every town.

What a wonderful change in that hundred years. Drunkenness is tolerated nowhere. The man who to-day becomes dead drunk is not only not admired, or taken as a matter of course, but he is made the most disgusting object of abject pity.

Has prohibition had anything to do with this change? Not one scintilla. Maine, one of the first prohibition States, suffers more from drunkenness than any other State in the Union. She harbors an army of secret drunkards. In Maine, per capita, there is ten times more drunkenness than there is in France or Germany. Maine prohibits the sale of *all* alcoholic beverages. In France there exists temperance, but no prohibition. The French government publicly denounces the use of highly alcoholic drinks. It at the same time encourages and even subsidizes the sale of light natural wines. In Maine or Kansas, our most distinguished "dry" States, there are 12 drunkards to every one in Germany, where prohibition has never been heard of. There is more drunkenness and there are more crimes and disorders due to drunkenness in any one of our southern "dry" States than in Germany, France and Italy combined, three countries which are temperate, and where beer and light natural wines are used.

The chief factor which has brought about this change from drunkenness to temperance in the last hundred years is the influx of Germans, French and Italians who have migrated to this country and have practiced and handed down to their children the habit of indulging in beer and light wines which are their native beverages. American families have been strongly influenced by the sane and reasonable habits of their foreign brothers, and have imitated them in this respect.

There may come a time when man will abstain from eating meat, but it will be a different man. There may come a time when man will abstain from the use of wines and mild stimulants, but it will be a different man. The desire of stimulants is one of the strongest implanted in the breast of man. It is written in the earliest legendary records of the most ancient races. It has been termed, that which lends the highest zest to life; the chief author of social happiness; that which fortifies the body of man against the approaches of age, and the visitations of calamity.

It is irrational to legislate as though for all time, without knowledge of the nature or the force of the instincts against which the legislation is directed. The drinking of alcoholic beverages is characteristic of strong and dominant races. Crude virtues can be transformed and polished, and even vices may be utilized and may furnish the basis and need of control and law; but where there is no force there can be no growth and no culture. Everywhere since the beginning of the world creative spirit and alcoholic spirits have gone hand in hand. Alcohol and its kindred have been of great importance in fostering those social characters upon which our present civilization rests. The greatest of obstacles to social amalgamation, to treaties, to

intercourse among tribes, were overcome by passing the festive bowl. Alcohol favored common meeting ground of thought and feeling and broadened the whole social horizon. That alcohol is physically harmful, does not determine its place in man's evolution. Much that is in itself harmful or unhygienic has been utilized and turned to advantage. The fatigue products of the body are to a high degree poisonous, to the tissues, yet their presence seems necessary for the complete development of the powers of the organism; and the harm they have caused may be more than compensated by increased activities of important functions. An abnormal degree of exhaustion or poisoning will bring into action new powers and the resources of the organism are marshalled and organized in a way that could never be accomplished by moderation.

As to the effect of mild alcoholic stimulants upon the mind, one has only to glance at history's pages to discover that perhaps ninety per cent of our great builders, statesmen, jurists, artists, musicians and poets, have been mild drinkers; and in literature one may mention Burns, Byron, Coleridge, De Quincey, Poe, and an indefinite number of others.

It has come to be an established fact among those who have given the matter study, that beer and light wines are two of the most important foods that nourish the body. Beer is a powerful aid in the digestion of starchy foods, and by a peculiar combination and proportion of carbohydrates, phosphates, alcohol and carbonic acid, is most valuable. No less an authority than Dr. Wiley, recognized as the greatest food expert in the United States, writes: "Beer is a veritable food product." The famous Professor Gaertner says that one quart of beer is equal in food value to three-tenths pounds of bread as to the quantity of carbohydrates and to two ounces of bread, or nearly one ounce of meat, as to the quantity of albumen. Dr. Henry Davy, President of the British Medical Association, says that a meal of cheese, bread and beer is infinitely more scientific than the food most of the children now get of bread, tea and jam. The "Hospital" (London), one of the leading journals of the world, says in an editorial:

"It is time that the erroneous view that beer has no nutritive value in itself should be exposed and discredited. The results of our commission show that beer is par excellence the nutritive alcoholic beverage. When a man drinks beer he drinks and eats at the same time, just as when he eats a bowl of soup. Our commissioners point out that a man might more properly be said to eat beer than to eat certain kinds of soup, or indeed watermelon. Our commissioners properly drive home the fact that when a man drinks beer habitually he is not only drinking, but eating. This beverage contains all the elements of a typical diet with the exception of fat, and in proportions approximately physiological."

It is a significant fact that up to the beginning of the present war in Europe, Belgium, which was recognized as the thriftiest and most provident country in the world, consumes the greatest quantity of beer per head; three times, per head, as much as we do, and double as much wine.

The great Thomas Jefferson, father of democracy, wrote in 1813 that "no nation is drunken where wine is cheap, and none sober where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage."

The man who has a strong constitution and leads a strictly normal life, not overworked or underfed, may get along without alcoholic stimulant, but the overworked, underfed, physically weak, broken-down, sedentary man, needs his light beer or his glass of light wine daily as a stimulant.

Prohibition drives out by law the bulky, harmless drinks of temperate people, and compels men who will drink, to take the concentrated stimulants, which are easily secreted and of which a very small amount will produce drunkenness.

Over a dozen of our States have passed prohibition laws and after "seeing the light," repealed them. Instead of prohibition being a benefit, they learned that it was a serious harm. Such laws, they learned, tended to degrade morals by refusing to recognize natural laws. They learned that it fostered illicit traffic, which increased the drink evil. They learned that the habitual disregard of the prohibition laws tended to create and foster disrespect of all law, both civil and criminal. Such law intensifies political dissensions, incites to social strife and abridges the public sense of self-respecting liberty.

Let us look back and see how the States have fared that have accepted prohibition.

It is an established fact that wherever prohibition laws are passed the results are increased taxation, decline of prosperity, and general stagnation. Maine, the oldest prohibition State in the union, had, when she adopted prohibition in 1860, a population of 21.2 to the square mile. Thirty years later it was 21.7. What do the prohibitionists think of this wonderful growth in population? The "dry" States have ever been conspicuous for loss of population, pauperism, economic ruin, crime and discontent. Prohibition States lose the enormous revenues by which many charitable and educational institutions are maintained, which, in turn, works a hardship to the people who have to finally pay the bills. In 906 towns in thirty-three different States, 644 of them under prohibition laws, the average tax rate on each $100 of valuation in 1902 was $2.43 in the prohibition towns, and $1.59 in the towns where liquor was permitted. The average was 59 per cent higher in the prohibition than in the licensed towns.

The 1910 United States census proves conclusively that prohibition cities, towns and localities run far behind the natural growth in population as compared with like places where there are not these restrictions. And while the prohibitionists have for years insisted that where the saloons disappear, savings bank deposits increase, the United States Treasury report shows that the two principal prohibition States, Maine and Kansas, have lower average savings bank deposits than any State not dominated by prohibition, and North Dakota, another prohibition State, *has no savings banks at all!*

Does the prohibitionist realize what it means to wipe out from this country the beer industry, which ranks sixth in reference to the amount of capital invested? Do they realize what effect it would have on agriculture? That the production of beer consumes annually seven hundred and twenty million pounds of corn and forty-five million pounds of hops? And that the brewers consume, all told, over one hundred million dollars worth of American farm products? Do they realize that, even aside from distilled spirits, there is no industry which directly contributes more to the cost of our government than the brewing industry? An annual revenue of over $65,000,000.

The State of California has over 130,000 acres of wine grapes containing over 90,000,000 vines, more than all other States in the entire United States. It represents an investment of $150,000,000, which returns an annual income of over $20,000,000. Over 100,000 people are dependent upon California viticulture. In 1913, the State produced 42,307,600 gallons of wine (this does not include brandy or distilled liquors.) The grape industry about equals the orange industry in the State.

The brewers, distillers and allied industries pay in revenue to State and Federal governments more than $320,000,000. At the beginning of the Spanish-American war, at the time of the nation's need, when $380,000,000 of war revenues were collected, the brewers alone paid one-third of the total sum required, without a single protest against the increased tax.

Prohibitionists proceed on a theory that those who patronize saloons or

take a drink are weak or irresponsible and need a guardian. If they are given their way, will the next step be to tell us what we must smoke and eat and wear? Where is our free government? Must the workingman who stands for the decent saloon be placed in the custody of the prohibitionist? The rich and well-to-do may indulge themselves at their clubs and at the sideboards of their homes, but the poor man may not indulge himself at the corner grocery. The rich man would supply his own demands in his own way, but would enforce upon his fellowman less fortunately situated a policy which will compel him to a mode of life to which the rich man will not submit himself.

It is not the purpose of this article to defend the saloon as the present day saloon is managed, where distilled spirits are sold. With a State law, however, abolishing the manufacture and sale of distilled spirits, and allowing the manufacture and sale of beer and light natural wines, the saloon would, more than any socializing influence of the present time, represent a greater attraction than any other force in bringing men together in intimate relations.

Gladstone once said, in speaking about the saloon, when he was asked to join in a temperance propagandism: "How can I, who have drunk good wine and beer all my life in a comfortable room and among friends, coolly stand up and advise hard-working fellow creatures to keep away from saloons and take the pledge?"

The saloon is the great meeting place of common men. It is a place where the free flow of ideas and ideals is exercised. Personal contact of man and man produces and sustains ideals of home, of country, of humanity, of party and of cause. In such a place the common possession of ideas is favored, and the world is made a coordinated world.

The saloon may be called a school of rough virtues, wherein a man may acquire self-control and learn standards of conduct which surely are better than none at all. The social spirit is awakened and made to expand, carrying him out of the narrow individualism of the home and his daily work. It keeps him in touch with the common funds of custom and belief, all of which contribute to the making of national life. Closing the saloon takes away the social life of a great number of people, removes the most important factor in the recreational life of the lower classes, or puts it under the ban of the law, and to this extent, increases the evils of monotonous specialization of labor, of narrow outlook and routine and sterile emotional life.

The German saloon stands for beer drinking, not a place of inebriation. If it were but this, would the self-respecting German take his wife and other female members of his family there? The saloon provides the only place in which sociability can be obtained for a nominal price by thousands of Germans who are sober and thrifty.

The failure of the abolishment of the canteen in the army is a fitting example of what happens, only on a greater scale, when the saloon is abolished. It was the chief cause of giving our army the worst hospital record of any army in the civilized world.

The prohibitionists claim that diminishing the number of saloons lessens inebriety and resultant crime. Let us see if it does? The United States census (1903) shows that prohibitory Portland (Maine), which has no saloons and a population of 53,000, had one arrest for drunkenness for every twenty-four of the entire population, while Milwaukee ("made famous for its beer"), having a population of 315,000 and 2,145 saloons, had only one arrest for drunkenness out of every 142 of its total population.

The motto of the prohibitionist is abolition or nothing—rule or ruin. The disreputable saloon is far more to their liking than the decent saloon, for the more disreputable the saloon the more ammunition for the campaign. If all saloons were made de-

cent and allowed to sell only light wines and beer, the bottom would soon drop out of the prohibition movement.

If those interested will read the newspapers printed throughout the State of Oregon (one of our last States to go "dry"), they will be awakened to the fact that prohibition is the forerunner of evils that were never dreamed of. Over half the drug stores have a "blind pig," or a "bootleg." Opium and cocaine are in such great demand that the supply cannot meet it. Oregon, like Maine, is mobilizing its army of secret drunkards, fed, nurtured and harbored by a well meaning but puerile population of prohibitionists. The good citizens of Oregon who were loudest in their clamor for prohibition are now loudest in their prayers for its repeal.

Should drink be abolished because it is abused? One may become blinded by fixing the eyes too long on the sun. Would you, therefore, despise the sun? The railroads kill about eight thousand persons each year in the United States. Would you abolish the railroads? The stock exchange brings misery to countless homes. Should we abolish the stock exchange? Thousands of our youths commit crimes, bring disaster, ruin and disease upon themselves through women, yet no one doubts that women are the greatest blessing of life. Water may refresh or it may drown. Fire may warm and it may burn. And so it is with drink. It may be abused and cause countless evils, or it may be used with moderation and healthful and beneficial results.

If more arguments were needed to convince that drunkenness follows prohibition, let the friends of prohibition consider this:

The first State-wide prohibition movement began in 1907, with the adoption of a State-wide law by the State of Georgia. The last report of the United States Internal Revenue before Georgia went "dry" shows the nation's production of 150,110,197 gallons of distilled spirits. The report ending June 30, 1913, seven years later, shows a production of 193,606,258 gallons, or an increase of 43,496,061 gallons in that seven years. During that seven years, seven States went "dry." So that, as each State went "dry" each year, there was produced in this country an additional 6,213,723 gallons of distilled spirits. Can the prohibitionists give any other reason why this additional six million gallons of distilled spirits was produced, as each one of the States went dry, except the only sound and sensible reason that must be conceded by every unbiased mind that drunkenness follows prohibition as consistently, as unerringly, and as surely as death follows life.

There has been steady progress in France, Germany, England and America, all countries where mild alcoholic stimulants are drunk by the leading men. There has been stagnation among the Mohammedans, Asiatics and other teetotal nations, for example, India and Turkey. Rome did not fall on account of wine. It was gluttony, not drunkenness, that killed Rome, as is shown by the writings of Tacitus, Sentonius, Juvenal and Petronious. It is an historical fact that the nations who have been liberal consumers of wine, beer and ale have always been in the vanguard of human progress, and have made the greatest sacrifices for liberty. From the days when the English Barons, supported by generous jugs of mead, forced the grant of Magna Carta, down to the present war in Europe, where the beer-drinking Teutons have astounded the world with their valiant and brave fighting ability, strength and endurance, this fact stands prominently forth.

Would the prohibitionists be surprised to learn that seven signers of the Declaration of Independence were brewers? George Washington, the father of our country, had a brew house in Virginia, and Patrick Henry of "Give me liberty or give me death" fame was a bartender. Who have you among prohibitionists to equal Glad-

stone, Bismarck, Moltke and Goethe?

Prohibition is not needed to sober the world. The world sobers itself. The necessity of temperance is by economic consideration forced on every individual. The man who drinks to excess fails. One loses trust in him and he loses his job. He sees about him the men who are at work, the good workers are not the drunkards. No prohibitory law is necessary. The eyes of every young man more quickly grasp the situation than all the laws in Christendom could instil. Tear down every saloon and brewery and anything and everything outside the man that you argue is a temptation and cause of defection, and you will begin a campaign of destruction that will practically empty manhood—for the will of the supposed victim remains untouched. Your work will have been in vain, for a man cannot escape from himself. It is inner control through organized interests that is the ideal of an education of the individual and the same ideal must be maintained in the education of society.

It is temperance through inner control that we must work towards if we wish to live in moral freedom, and not in a stage of development in which a large part of the energy of one group must be expended in controlling the actions of another, thus using two sources of energy with a wholly unproductive result.

Of all forms of drinking, none is more ruinous than the solitary drink. As soon as the feeling of repugnance has been overcome, there is no limit and no inhibition. It is, in most cases, an easy thing to cure the social drinker of the large cities, but very hard to break the lonely drinker of the "dry" towns.

Let us discard our fanatical blue glasses, and let the blessed sunshine throw the light of common sense on the subject. Every decent person today is a believer in temperance, but every decent person is not a prohibitionist. We all recognize excessive drinking as indecent and a curse, but let us be quite fair and recognize what is lawful. Prohibition will never prohibit. Where it has been tried it has proved farcical and morally corrupting in the artificiality of life and morals it has no doubt fostered. If the legal traffic is absolutely suppressed while the appetite remains, it merely runs into illicit channels. And illicit traffic aggravates the evils of drinking enormously.

Our prohibitory statute-makers, working from a benevolent motive, have debauched politicians, corrupted legislatures and soiled the processes of the courts. The evils of drink exist, and to neglect their cure would be criminal, but to rush on to the conclusion that every vineyard ought, therefore, to be devastated, that every brewery should be razed, that the will of man, who lives in a free country, should be forcibly bent to the ground like the twig of a sapling, to satisfy the insane desires of a minority of the brains of this country, is unworthy of the logic of a self-governing nation.



AFTERWARD?

Why mourn they o'er my mortal clay,
The prison of a soul now free,
Or eulogize what is decay—
Bedeck my bier with flowers sweet—
With voices hushed and silent tread
Approach my corse? They think me dead!

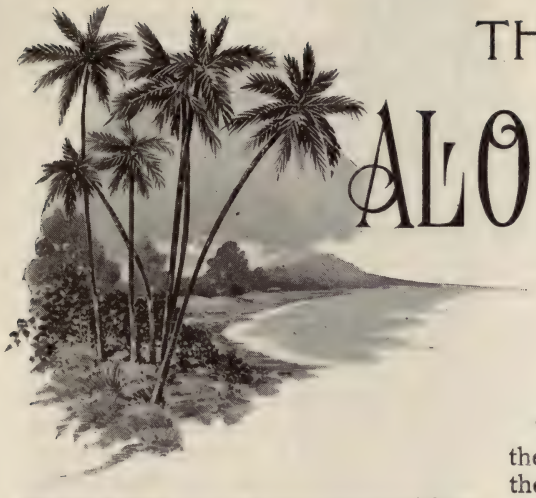
Why shed those reminiscent tears
Upon a thing beyond recall?
I am not there and am not dead!

'Tis Nature's law since Time began
That all things turn to earth again,
Each in allotted time.
Then why do they bewail my fate?
All pass, *must* pass, through Nature's gate.

Alone, the forest monarch falls,
And granite, Time disintegrates.
Gigantic torrents sink to earth,
Sweet flowers bloom and fade away.
The seasons come and go.
'Twas ever so, will ever be;
Then 'tis not right, 'tis not just
That mortal man return to dust?

No mortal mind has e'er conceived
The wonders that are now perceived.
As swiftly as the meteor's flight
My soul conceives Eternal Light.
There is no day—there is no night—
Nor heat, nor cold do I now feel.
All pain and sorrow seem unreal;
No sound I hear, except it be
Sweet paeans of my victory
As I approach Infinity.
I have no fear, I know no dread,
For God is here—I am *not* dead.

WM. E. BRODERSEN.



THE LURE OF ALOHA-LAND

WITH the unfortunate conditions throughout Europe precluding all thought of pleasure travel across the Atlantic, the ever increasing throngs of tourists are scrutinizing their maps in search of an alternative which will not only provide the usual and ever delightful ocean voyage, but also as many of the travel worn attractions of the Old World as possible.

Of the many places on the map upon which the eye may rest none, probably, is more appealing than—"The Isles of Peace"—delightful, fascinating Hawaii.

The Hawaiian Islands to-day enjoy the distinction of being "the only safe insular tourist resort in the world." A glance at any war map will show how directly Uncle Sam's latest annexed territory comes within this meaning, and will also indicate that Americans who have adopted the slogan of "See America First" must naturally include the Hawaiian Islands in that category.

Lying in the North Pacific Ocean between 18 deg. 48 min., and 22 deg. and 14 min. North Latitude, and 154 deg. 48 min. and 160 deg. 13 min. West Longitude, about 2,100 miles S. W. of San Francisco, these islands are geographically and sentimentally the "Heart of the Pacific."

There are eight inhabited islands, the largest being Hawaii, from which the group takes its name, with an area of 4,015 square miles. The second is Maui, 728 square miles; and then comes Oahu 598, Kauai 547, Molokai 261, Lanai 139, Nihau 97, Kahoolawe 69 square miles, or a total area of 6,449 square miles. Outlying islands to the northwest, which are properly considered as in the group, may have a combined area of six square miles.

The Hawaiian Islands have long been removed from the classification of being old fashioned and unmodern, and are totally unlike the Samoan, Tahitian and Marquesas groups of islands in the South Seas. They are typically American in their development, and there is little of the old time Hawaiian life to be found anywhere in the



The Sport of Kings. Surf riding at Waikiki.

Islands. Every island is criss-crossed with macadamized and oil-bound roads particularly designed for automobile traveling and up-to-date hotels are to be found even in the remote places.

Honolulu, the capital city, has a population of about 90,000, a good portion of which are Asiatics, Spaniards, Portuguese, Russians, and other foreign peoples. It has a splendid electric street car system, the cars having been built in St. Louis and Philadelphia. Its hotels are of a palatial character, and are as up-to-date as those found in the large mainland cities. As the capital city of the old monarchy, it contains an executive building for the territorial officials, a building erected in 1886, as the palace of King Kalakaua; opposite is the Judiciary building. Both are architectural works which would be creditable to architects at the present day.

Hilo, on Hawaii, is the second city and a place of considerable importance, with a very bright future as the principal port of the largest island of the group.

The Hawaiians are a stalwart, healthy race. They are generous, pleasure-loving, natural musicians and orators, usually well educated. They never were cannibals. They welcomed the earliest visitors gladly, and speedily embraced religion.

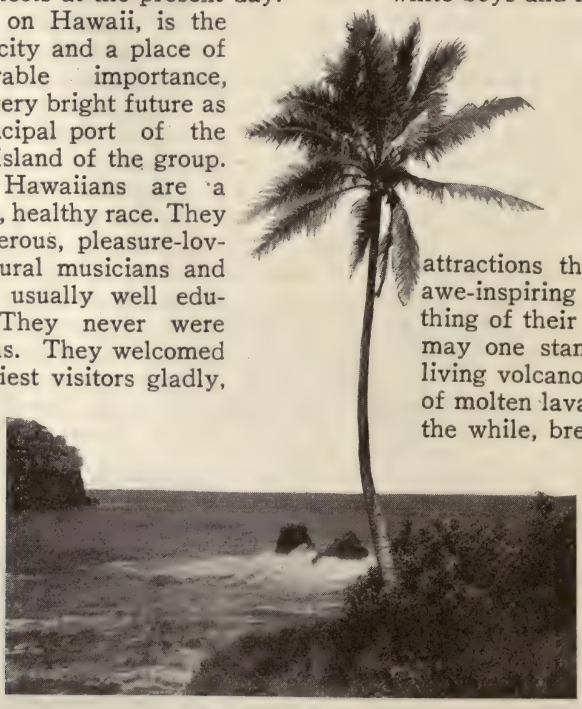
Hawaii offers much to the "wanderer." With its tropical climate, picturesque scenery, world renowned bathing beaches, natural wonders and various other alluring attractions, it is a veritable paradise for the tourist.

Conjure up a memory of the most perfect May Day, when sunshine, soft airs and the fragrance of buds and smiling nature combine to make the heart glad, multiply it by 365, and the result is the climate of Hawaii, world-excelling in its equableness.

Honolulu has the most perfect bathing resort in the world. This is a broad statement, but none of the thousands of visitors who see Waikiki Beach ever go away disputing the claim.

Only at Waikiki Beach may one witness and partake in the remarkable sports of surf-canoeing and surf-board riding, the most exhilarating and fascinating sports in the world. The native Hawaiians have practiced surfing since prehistoric times, but at present white boys and men, and even women, are close rivals for the honors of first place with them, and daily an animated crowd of surfers seek this lovely beach.

In her volcanoes Hawaii possesses attractions that for sublimity and awe-inspiring grandeur eclipse anything of their order. Nowhere else may one stand on the brink of a living volcano and gaze into a lake of molten lava, the waves of which, the while, break in fiery billows at the base of the cliffs upon which you stand; or witness the unguessed forces of nature working beneath that awful fluid mass, ever and anon forcing upward to a startling height great fire-



The Sentinal of Aloha-Land.

fountains, which rise and fall and pulsate as some living thing. Thousands of persons make long pilgrimages every year to gaze at a smoking mountain in Italy, or in Mexico, a few of the more rugged making the heart breaking pilgrimage to the summit to look into a smoke obscured chasm. In Hawaii other thousands are riding up the mountain slopes in automobiles to within twenty-five yards of Kilauea in perfect comfort and safety. Kilauea has been continually active as far back as tradition traces, and never disappoints. By reason of its ease of access, as well as on account of its superlative importance, Kilauea is the most visited spot in the Islands.



Native Pa-u Rider.

Service to the Islands is exceptionally good, there being several steamer lines operating regularly between the mainland and the islands.

The Great Northern Pacific S. S. Company will shortly inaugurate a four day service to the islands, which is expected to do much to assist in relieving the congestion due to the heavy influx of tourists to the island paradise owing to close of other meccas.



In the Realm of Bookland

"Four Things There Are," by May Stanathan.

There is a passage in John Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy," in which he tells of seeing, after his conversion, a camp of gypsies, and speaks of gypsy souls who prefer to remain outside rather than give up their freedom. So these poems have been written outside of any model or precedent, and without any known influence or convention either of style or matter. They might well, therefore, have been entitled "Gypsy Verses." They range in subject from "To a Picture of Lucifer" and "Helen to Hector—Slain" to "Little Sam" and "Ole Mister Peters." Some of the poems are based on personal experiences, and some, as may be inferred from the first two titles just given, on experiences of the imagination only.

Cloth, 12mo, $1 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Chimalman and Other Poems," by Grace Ellis Taft, author of "Cayuja Notes," etc.

The foreword by Rose de Vaux Royer best describes this idyllic story as unique among Indian myths, being absolutely native to Mexican folk-lore, from their genesis about the year 700 A. D. When the conquest of Mexico brought the Christian fathers into this field they were astonished by the similarity of this story to that portrayed in the life of the Virgin Mary. Their belief was that the "Chimalman" myth was a grotesque perversion of some Biblical narrative taken from the lips of an educated white captive. Later investigation proves it to be an original Mexican idea nearly a thousand years old at the time Cortez invaded Mexico. All the characters introduced in the present version are the creation of the author, except of course the general idea of "Chimalman" and the deities portrayed from the Aztec pantheon. The plan of this series of tiny plays is to introduce a single scene in the life of the god Quetzalcoatl in each one; and a further series of plays, already begun, will complete this Quetzalcoatl cycle in a dozen playlets, with connecting lyrics to complete the idea. Three only of these plays are included in the present volume.

Price $1.00. Published by The Cameo Press, N. Y.

"Dances, Drills and Story Plays, For Every Day and Holidays." By Nina B. Lamkin, Director of Normal Course in Physical Education, School of Oratory and Physical Education, Evanston, Ill.

Through a varied and extended period in directing the dances, drills and games of young folk the author has discovered the principles that exercise the imagination and develop the initiative through these forms of recreations. The best results are brought about by becoming their leader rather than their director. Through this change in the conception of directorship stereotyped gymnastics is translated into dramatization, recreation and health training combined, for children of all ages. This type of work reaches its true development in the new wonderful pageants. The rythms, drills and dances in this little book for the use of boys and girls, and even grown-ups, will prove most valuable to those who desire proven delightful effects for such outdoor dances, drills, story plays, costumes and aesthetic dances.

Price 75 cents. Published by T. S. Denison & Co., Chicago.

"America Kelsey: A Romance of the Great San Joaquin Valley," by Dave S. Matthews. Illustrated with reproductions of San Joaquin (California) Valley scenes.

This is a fictional story of life in the great San Joaquin Valley based on actual historical facts. The heroine is

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IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly if not wholly, by your "*looks,*" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper* "TRADGS" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night.





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FOX TYPEWRITER COMPANY

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America Kensey, the first white girl to live in the section of California now known as San Joaquin County. Indians and early settlers naturally fill the background. The book furnishes a well rounded idea of the early pioneers who settled in the State during the period when the Indians were plentiful and wandering trappers were seeking beaver and otter pelts along the Sacramento and San Joaquin river. The thread of romance running through these descriptions are diverting.

Printed by the Stockton Record Print, Stockton, California.

The Century Co.'s September publications are as follows: "Wilson and the Issues," by George Creel; "The Private Secretary: His Duties and Opportunities," by Edward Jones Kilduff; "Society's Misfits," by Madeleine Z. Doty; "The Camera Man," by Francis A. Collins; "On the Battle-Front of Engineering," by A. Russell Bond, editor of the Scientific American; "The Dark Tower," by Phyllis Bottome; "Olga Bradel," by Stacy Aumonier; "The Keys of the City," by Oscar Graeve; "Gulliver the Great, and Other Dog Stories," by Walter A. Dyer; "The Sapphire Signet," by Augusta Huiell Seaman; "Boyhood Stories of Famous Men," by Katherine D. Cather; "St. Nicholas' Book of Plays and Operettas: Second Series."

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through," by H. G. Wells.

It could hardly be doubted that some author would write a great war novel. And what is more logical than that it should be H. G. Wells? "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" is a work of profound interest and appeal which seeks to show what the gigantic conflict means to those who are in the midst of it. It is not a tale of terrible conditions at the front, of the horrors of actual warfare, but is something deeper in its analysis of life than that. The scene is Matching Easy, an Essex country village, in which is typified the old England. Here Mr. Britling lives, and here he sees the changes which the war brings, which are again typical of the changes, social and economic, which are being wrought through the empire. All of this is set forth in as dramatic and fascinating a story as any Mr. Wells has written, a story of varied incident and striking characters.

12mo., $1.50. Published by Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Turtles of Tasman," by Jack London, author of "The Sea Wolf," etc.

Here are brought together some of Mr. London's best short stories, stories of adventure, of character, of unusual experiences in unusual places. Here will be found "By the Turtles of Tasman," a tale of two brothers as different in nature as it is possible for human beings to be, and raising the old question as to which got the most out of life, the one with possessions or the one with rich memories; here also "The Eternity of Forms," a mystery story dealing with a crime and its expiation; here again "Told in the Drooling Ward," a masterly bit of writing which gives a human insight into the life of the inmates of a home for feebleminded people. Among the other stories are noted "The Hobo and the Fairy," "The Prodigal Father," "The First Poet, Finis," and "The End of the Story."

12mo., $1.25. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

The great war now raging has produced very little poetry that ranks with the best of the war verse put forth by northern and southern writers during the conflict of 1861-5. This fact is made evident by a reading of the late Francis Fisher Browne's standard anthology of Civil War poetry, entitled "Bugle Echoes," which after thirty years is about to be reissued in an attractive new edition by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. This new edition should find a wide audience in thee days of war.



The Word

By John Masefield

My friend, my bonny friend, when we are old,
And hand in hand go tottering down the hill,
May we be rich in love's refined gold,
May love's gold coin be current with us still.

May love be sweeter for the vanished days,
And your most perfect beauty still as dear
As when your troubled singer stood at gaze
In the dear March of a most sacred year.

May what we are be all we might have been,
And that potential, perfect, O my friend,
And may there still be many sheafs to glean
In our love's acre, comrade, till the end.

And may we find when ended is the page
Death but a tavern on our pilgrimage.



Pacific Ocean breakers on a Southern California beach.



Land's End, on the Southern portal of the Golden Gate.



Along the hill slopes of the Coast Range.



Winter in the high Sierra Nevada Mountains.



Bruin snapped in a forest thicket



A stretch of the tule lands which form the delta of the two big rivers of the State.



Azule Spring, Santa Clara County, California.

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BRET HARTE

VOL. LXVIII San Francisco, November, 1916 No. 5



Papoose being carried on its mother's back.

The Hoopas Then and Now

By

Agnes Shea

IT WAS noon when the "F. A. Kilburn" blew the signal for departure from one of the most picturesque and perhaps the greatest land-locked harbor in the world—the beautiful bay of San Francisco.

The day was lovely! Turning toward the Golden Gate, with Mount Tamalpais in full view on the right, to the left, hilly San Francisco, making a background for that wonderful Jewel City, the most brilliant Exposition in history! The Tower of Jewels flashed all the colors of the rainbow, and the eye rested on the pale pink and green of the many harmonious palaces of art and industry. Leaving the guns of the Presidio and the harbor behind, our vessel headed north.

Next morning the Eureka sand bars, so frequently a barrier to ships attempting to enter that harbor, were on their good behavior, and seven o'clock found the "F. A. Kilburn" at the wharf of the biggest lumber shipping point in California.

Every foot of territory in and around Eureka holds a sad tale of the early days. Upon Indian Island occurred one of the most tragic stories of the Indian wars in the Northwest, the massacre of February 25, 1860. A League of one hundred and twenty-five "Citizens" were responsible for this blot on the honor of the white man, and that they must have had



A Weitehpec girl.

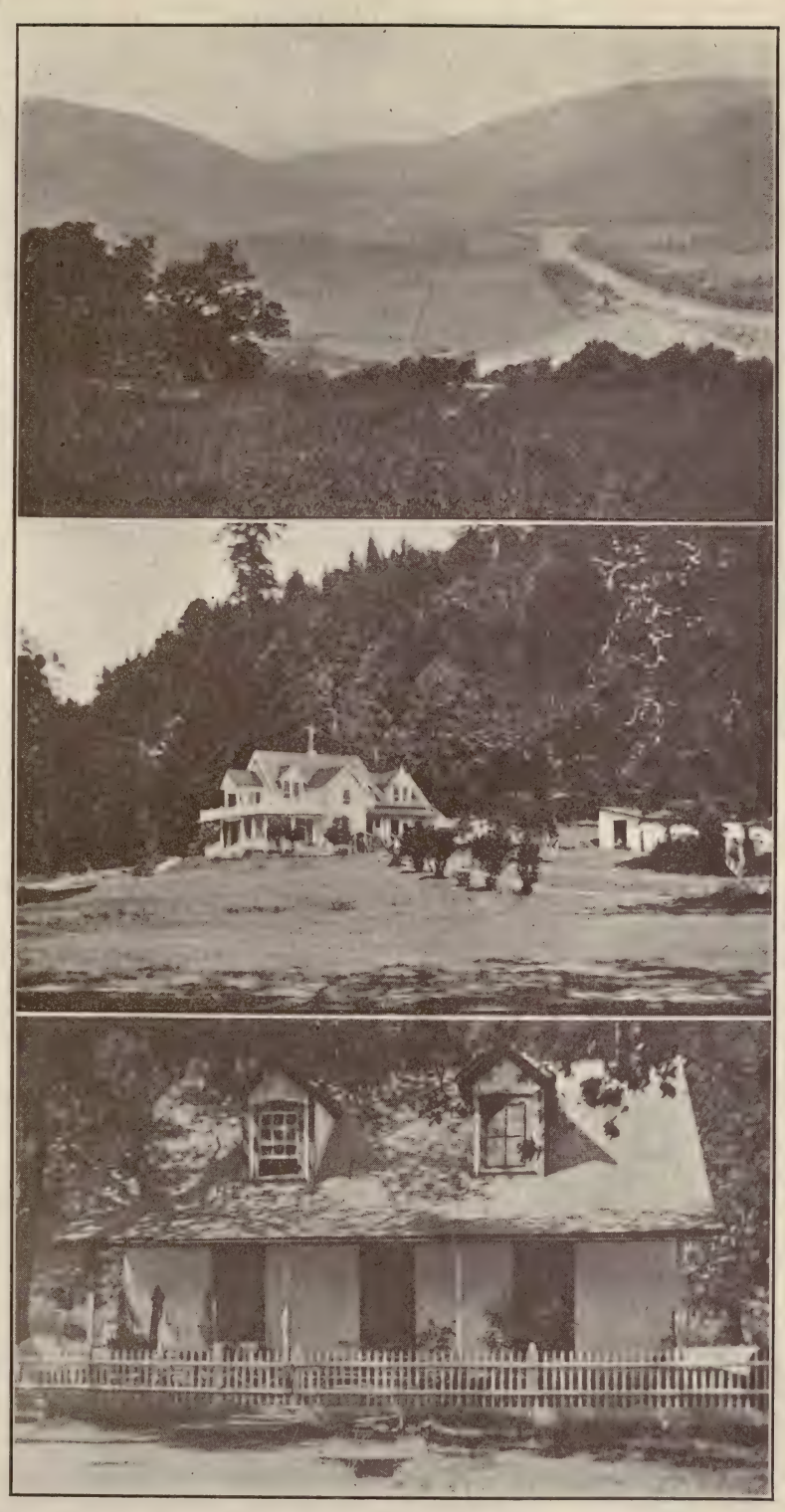
some sense of shame about them can be judged from the fact that not one has ever allowed his name to be associated with it. That night more than three hundred Indians were surprised during a ten day dance celebration, and nearly every one massacred. Of this number more than half were women and children. A few men escaped by jumping into the bay and swimming to safety.

Leaving Eureka, the auto stage followed along the bay over an excellent road, passed through Freshwater, Bayside, Indianola, and the thriving little town of Arcata. Reaching Alliance, it turned eastward, crossed the Mad River that derives its name from the disagreement which arose among the members of Dr. Gregg's party, one of the first overland exploring expeditions of the white man, and on through Blue Lake, Riverside and Korbel. Korbel's redwood mill is the only excuse for a town in this picturesque little valley, shielded on all sides by mountains stripped almost completely of their timber. Great stumps tell the tale of the mercilessness of the wood chopper and man's greed for gold. The hand of industry has played havoc with the giant trees that had withstood the storms of centuries. The barren hills and the burnt stumps plead for the protection of our forests.

At Korbel's unique hotel, the big logs crackling in the wide fireplace sent out a tempting invitation to linger, but the Hoopa Indian Reservation was two days by horse, and the start was made early in the morning. Climbing steadily upward around and around the mountains for nine miles, a lone steer, two automobiles and the four-horse mail coach were the only travelers encountered. Before reaching the summit of Bald Mountain, where a stop is made for lunch and a rest, one gets a splendid view of mountains, canyons and ocean, the eye carrying far out to sea. Leaving Bald Mountain at about four in the afternoon, and winding down the trail through groves of great sugar pine and spruce, Redwood Creek was reached about dusk. Here there is a modern and artistic resort, with all the comforts of a city hotel.

Next morning, following the steep trail for more than sixteen miles up and down and along the sides of the high Coast Range of the Sierra Nevadas, through the tall pine groves and along the canyon ridge, Hoopa was reached. In some places the trail is as narrow and quite as perilous as Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Along that narrow winding trail, in one of the densest parts of the forest, familiar to every mountain traveler, was heard a cowbell—the road warning! Shortly a mule put in his appearance, then another, and another, until the tenth of the pack train arrived, with an Indian riding him. Further along the trail a train of twenty-



1. Bird's-eye view of Hoopa Valley from Bald Hill. 2. The superintendent's home at Hoopa. 3. Captain U. S. Grant's headquarters when he was serving in that locality in the '50's.

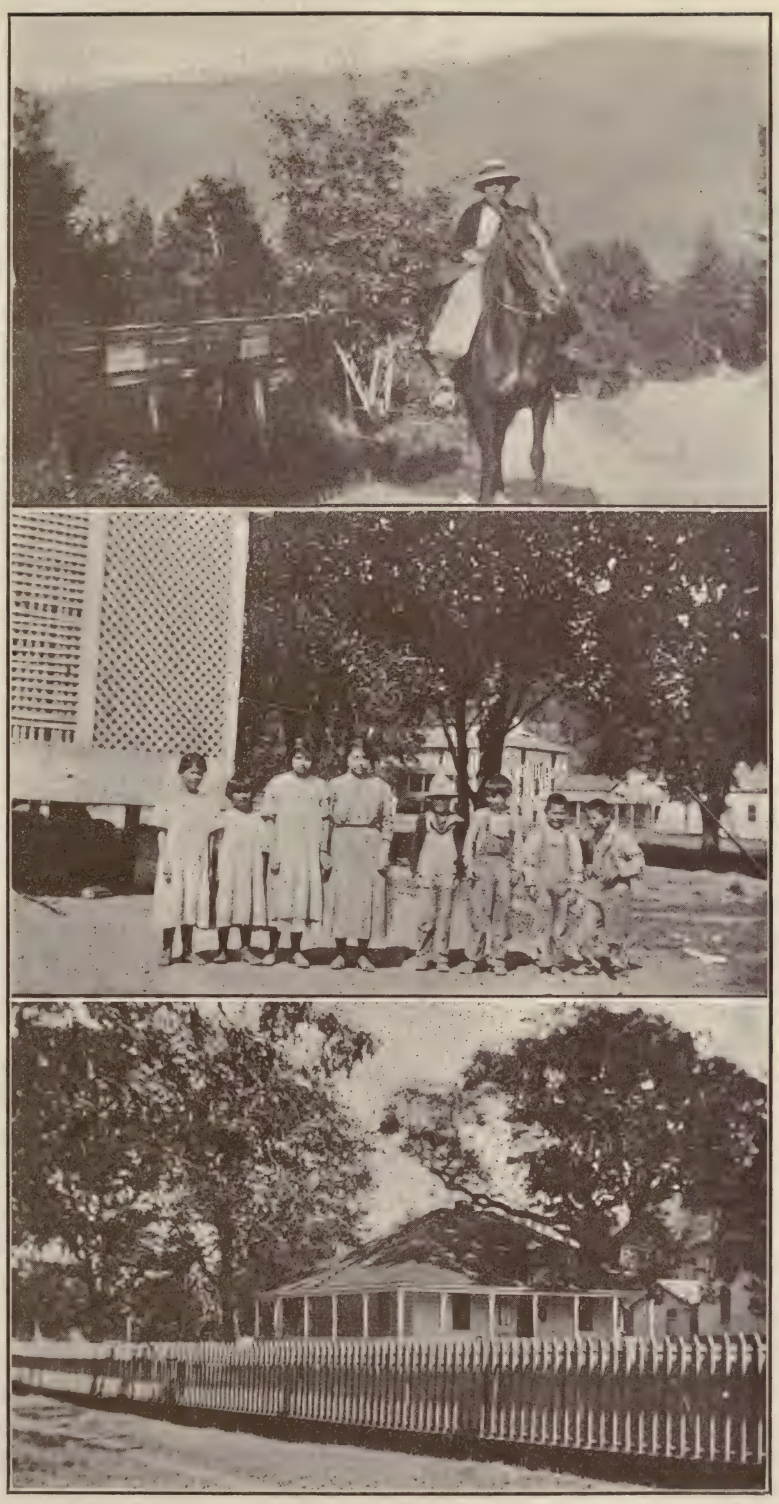


The church at Hoopa

three mules was encountered. They were led by a young Indian boy on the "Bell Horse," and brought up in the rear by the lad's father, Bob Pratt. Bob has been in the employ of the Government for more than forty years, leading the pack train that brings supplies, flour and groceries into the Reservation. He is a half-breed Indian and a very trusty fellow. His two sons accompany him on journeys for supplies. One is a young man and the other a boy of about fifteen years.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, over this same trail, the United States mail carrier brings the mail from Korbel. He uses a four-horse stage as far as Bairs, and saddle and pack horses the remainder of the way. Parcel post is brought in over the mountain road around through Willow Creek. The mail goes out the following day, leaving Hoopa at four o'clock in the morning. This method has been pursued for more than fifty years. It is certainly a remnant of the old life, and brings a picture of the early days vividly to one's mind, making stories of the Indian wars seem quite real. It is also easy to understand how well the Indians were able to hide their guns in the dark canyons, deep and overgrown, which even to-day are inaccessible to the average white man. One can understand, too, why the trained soldiers coming from the East and more settled parts of the country were not as useful in fighting Indians as the pioneer volunteers, who not only knew the Indian warfare, but the country as well. Lieutenant Grant, later the famous General, had his headquarters at Hoopa in 1858. The abode house is still standing. The walls are eighteen inches thick and the house is very comfortable. It is never too cold in winter, nor too hot in summer. Two chairs used by General Grant still stand on the piazza.

The Reservation was established in 1865, at the close of the Indian wars in Humboldt County, when permanent peace was made. Writers differ as to the number of Indians on the Reservation at that time, but it is safe to say that there were about two thousand. The management was not always a success! there were many disturbances and some dissatisfaction in which the Indian did not always receive justice. A goodly part of the trouble with the Indians, in the beginning, was brought about by the white men stealing the squaws. The pioneer, that is the worthy one, frequently bought a squaw in much the same manner that the Indians themselves bought their mates. He treated her well, and they reared a family. Quite a number of white men married their Indian women. One man, living not far from Eureka, bought his squaw, lived twenty years with her, reared a large family, at the end of which time he married her. She is now dead, and he has raised a fine monument over her grave with a place beside her where he is to be buried. These early settlers got along nicely with the Indians. Many of them employed the Indians in various ways on the farm, and found them



1. Hoopa Indian woman on her way home. 2. A group of Indian children. 3. The school house.



Saddling the pack . train for service.

apt and willing workers, very quick to learn.

After the arrival of the rough, adventurous miners, and men who would be lawless in any community, the peace existing between the two races was at an end, and the Indian women suffered much.

The soldiers on the Reservation, long after peace had been established, had a very demoralizing influence upon the Indians. Perhaps one of the best things that could happen for its improvement was their removal in 1892, when the military post was abandoned.

The Indians contracted many loathsome diseases from association with the white man. The health reports to-day show that thirty per cent are tubercular, twenty per cent of the children have tracoma, three per cent of the cases are fatal. Poor food and lack of funds make recovery from these diseases difficult.

The Reservation, twelve miles square, lies in one of the most fertile and picturesque valleys of California. The mountain sides are covered with sugar pine and the Douglas spruce grows everywhere. Cedar is found along the creeks, and a few yellow pine on the hillsides; redwood grows in one spot on the western side, but the Indians go out of the valley for the redwood used in canoes. The ancient Yew tree, so useful in the making of bows, grows on either side of the valley at an elevation of from three to four thousand feet. The syringa and huckleberry, used for arrows, and the maul oak, tan bark, Pacific post, and black oak, are frequently seen. The beautiful madrona with its thin, red-peeling bark, decorates the forest everywhere. The manzanita is also found, and a few cottonwoods. Alders and willows grow along the streams.

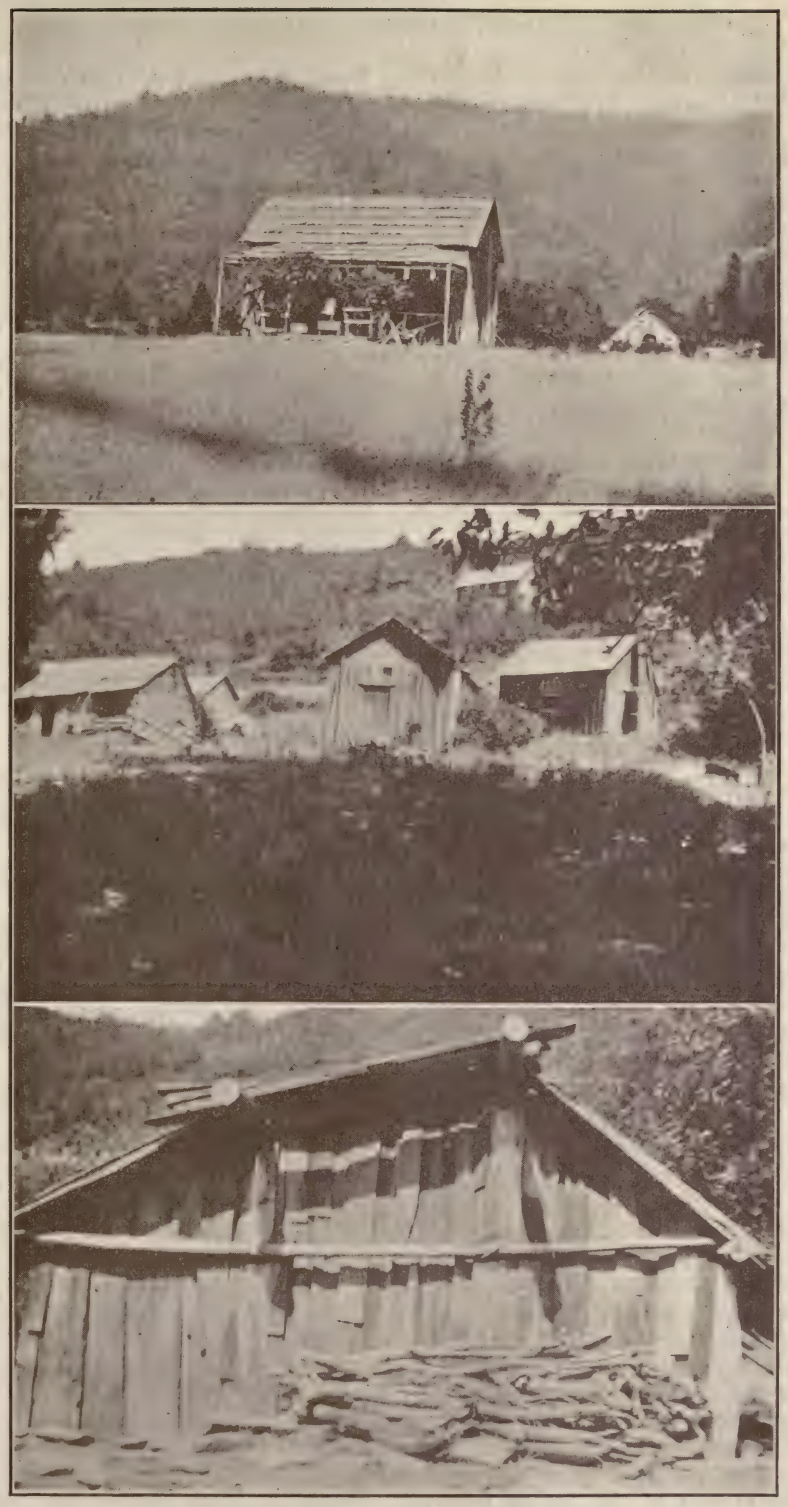
At Hoopa, on the lower Trinity, the valley is about six miles long and two miles wide, rising to an elevation on either side of from two to four thousand feet. Not only is it rich agriculturally, but is one of the best hunting grounds for deer, bear and other game. The coyote, panther and cougar are found in the dark canyons, while the otter, fisher, mink and quite a variety of birds are found along the creeks. Quail are plentiful.

The rivers and stream abound with eels, and trout, salmon and other small fish. Before the days of placer mining, Trinity river was a clear, silvery stream, but now is as muddy as the Potomac.

The game laws do not apply to the Reservation, and fishing and hunting may be indulged in at any season.

The Indians are scattered in little villages over the Reservation. There are about 435 at Hoopa, 546 at Klamath river, and 264 on the Lower Klamath. More than half of them are full blooded, but the number is rapidly decreasing.

Eighty years ago the Indians of this peaceful valley had not heard of the white man. Now many of their old customs have died out entirely—and the customs of the white man have been largely adopted. The Tailyuw, or Indian sweat house, is now rarely used. During a seige of la grippe several years ago, the Indians learned that the treatment was not a cure for all diseases, many of them dying from lagrippe following a "sweating" in the tailyuw and a plunge in the icy waters of the creek.



1. A modern home on the Hoopa reservation. 2. A group of Hoopa cottages. 3. Indian shack, a relic of earlier days.

A number of the women still have the "111" mark on their chins—marks of varying widths extending from each corner and from the center of their lower lip to the chin. The tatooing was done by pricking in soot with a sharp flint or splinter of bone. Nothing can remove it. The girls were tattooed in this manner soon after maturity. Many of the younger women would give much to have the marks removed, as they mar their beauty.

The custom of burying the clothes and personal belongings with the dead is still kept up among the older members of the tribes.

One old Indian woman at Hoopa carries a scar on either cheek—received from her father, so the story goes—who slit her mouth about an inch on either side because she persisted in speaking the name of the dead. This is forbidden among the Hoopas.

The dances are dying out. The Brush Dance and White Deerskin Dance are celebrated still, but not observed with the strict religious feeling of the past.

Superstition is rapidly disappearing in the younger generation.

A boarding school for boys and girls was established in 1893. It has an attendance of one hundred and fifty, the grades ranging from the first to the seventh. Half the day is devoted to academic work, the other half to domestic science and manual training. The girls are taught the art of housekeeping, while the boys receive instruction in woodwork, in the nearby mill.

Were the Indian free to go about and mingle with the white man, meeting him in the competition of life as a free man, he could unquestionably hold his own. He is not as free as the negro, yet he is more intelligent. Under the present system, the education of the Indian is ineffectual, for what man or race of men can advance with his field of endeavor limited as is that of the Indian to-day? Regulated to the Reservation, they lose their ambition and retrograde. Many of them, particularly those with white blood in their veins, have made a success, cultivating the land alloted to them by the Government, into fine gardens, fruit orchards, or stock ranches.

United States Commissioner, Cato Sells, in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Washington, D. C., is making some splendid improvements in regard to the education and health of the Indians. There is a strong and practical movement toward the saving of the Indian babies. Mr. Sells is also working for the prevention of the too frequent changes of the Government employees on the many reservations.

The aged Indians are given their portion of rations every fortnight, but the younger ones are obliged to earn their way.

An effort is being made to-day by the United States Government to survey the land, mark off the allotments scientifically, and, after the Indians have given proof of their ability to develop the land and care for themselves to give them a title to it, which has not been done heretofore. The land has always been kept in trust for them by the United States Government.

The Indians still speak their own tongue among themselves. Children seldom address their parents as "father" or "mother," but use the given name of Bob, John, Daisy, Annie, or whatever it may be.

The Art of the Hoopa women—basket making—is of quite a considerable commercial value to them. The women go to endless pains in gathering and preparing the material for the baskets, the foundation of almost all of them being the hazel. From a patch which has been burned over, the slim round twigs are selected for the upright ribs; the pliable material for twining around horizontally, and the dyeing material which makes these baskets of superior beauty, is gathered the first year after the burning. The second or third year after the fire, the shoots for large baskets are gathered. For small, fine baskets the shoots of willow are used, the result being more

shapely, but less durable.

A serviceable material for baskets made to hold water is obtained from the roots of coniferous trees, as well as the white coloring material for ornamentation.

For decorative work, the leaves of bear grass give a clear white, and the stems of maidenhair fern furnish a glossy black. These leaves are gathered in late summer when the tips begin to show white. The ground is frequently burned over and the spot visited the second and third year afterward. The maidenhair fern is very common on dry ridges at an elevation of from two to four thousand feet. Stems of this fern are gathered when full grown, pounded with stone until the black outside sheds off. The stems of the giant fern furnishes material which takes a reddish brown color from the bark of the alder. Small strands are stripped from the inside of the stems.

The woman chews the alder bark, then draws the strand through her mouth. In this way a permanent color is imparted to the strands. Some dye the fern stems by boiling them in a decoction of alder bark, but the color thus obtained is said not to be so uniform or so permanent.

The leaves of the bear grass are dyed bright yellow with lichen, that grows abundantly on trees at high elevations. This is boiled for some time and the material is immersed in the liquid until the proper color is obtained. The root of the Oregon grape is sometimes used to dye the leaves, a similar shade of yellow resulting.

Porcupine quills, which are often interwoven with the basket are dyed with lichen, which gives a very bright and glossy yellow.

The Hoopas twine their baskets, the Mendocino County and Southern California Indians coil theirs, whereas the Indians of the East plait their baskets.

The Hoopas formerly used baskets extensively for storing fish, carrying burdens, collecting seeds, carrying the papoose, and for cooking soup. They also made baskets for hats which were worn by the women, and twined saucer shaped pans of various sizes for many different uses. One was to lay the papoose on after birth before it was old enough for the basket. Others were used to catch the sifted acorn meal, which in turn was used for making bread.

Peace and harmony prevail generally in the Hoopa Valley. There are Indian police, but their duties are about as laborious as are those of the police of a New England village of similar size.

A more ideal spot for recreation or for the artist would be difficult to find.

INTUITION

God will not trust us with the power to sound
The depth of other hearts, unless we learn
In such unfailing mercy to abound
That we will not despise nor proudly spurn
The patient souls of those who reach and yearn,
Though stumbling many times—still yearn to climb
To where the stars in white compassion burn
Their purity through murk of haze and crime;
But if, discerning clearly all the time
The weakling flaw within the hidden parts,
We *love*, God grants to us the art sublime
Of understanding others' inner hearts.

For this is like our Father God above:
To comprehend the sin and yet to love.

RUTH E. HENDERSON.



"You pass up the broad way between the two colonies of tents to the main building."

A Fort in the Tuberculosis War

By Cecil Fairfield Lanell

ABOUT eleven miles northwest of Colorado Springs, tucked comfortably away in a fold of the Rocky Mountains, looking out towards the prairie on the east and bounded on the other three sides by the everlasting hills, stands an institution maintained by a million men, the Modern Woodmen of America, for the benefit of those of their number who are stricken with tuberculosis. There one hundred and eighty men sit, eat, lounge, sleep and "chase the bugs." Every day new patients arrive, weary with the deadly struggle against the inplacable foe that has struck them down. Every day old patients go forth with new life and hope to take part once more in the world's work.

It is no part of our present purpose to discuss the M. W. A. as an organization. It is sufficient to say that in 1908 the happy thought occurred to the directors to build and maintain a place in Colorado at which any member of the order might be treated for tuberculosis without cost. Ground was purchased, and in January, 1909, the first patients were admitted. Since then something like twenty-five hundred men from every State in the Un-

ion have come here for treatment.

Each member of the society pays three cents a month towards the maintenance of the sanatorium. A million times three cents would seem to yield thirty thousand dollars per month, from which no deductions need to be made for profits or dividends of any kind. For it is not a money-making concern. Nor, in a sense, is it philanthropic. It is purely fraternal. And having founded it for their own members, the Modern Woodmen of America, composed in the main of men by no means overburdened with riches, have yet never seen reason to grudge the hundreds of thousands of dollars that have been spent there. It has saved lives by scores and hundreds. And to do this costs no man more than thirty-six cents a year.

No evidence is needed beyond the most ordinary observation of the men as they are seated at dinner to show that they do not belong to the wealthy classes. The majority seem to be outdoor workers, bronzed and hard-handed. Many of them, despite their illness, still look like powerful men who have done their full share of physical labor. But the white plague has gripped them, nevertheless, and their one good fortune was their membership in the M. W. A. To the average man of small means in Michigan or Illinois, the verdict "Colorado, Arizona, California or death," means only one thing. The expense of travel and maintenance for six to eight months at least in a distant State is out of the question. But the magic name of Woodman means that the sentence is reversed, or at any rate suspended. If the sufferer can get to Colorado Springs, the car of the Sanatorium will meet him there, and inside of an hour he is ensconced in a snug little tent, with bed, board, nursing and medical attendance guaranteed him for six to nine months.

The word "tent" may convey an image not quite accurate. These tents are really tent cottages, originally part wood and part canvas, but now all wood. The two colonies—A and B—which harbor the patients look from a little distance like an orderly array of large beehives, octagonal white huts with conical red roofs. Each contains one room about twelve feet each way as to size, and severely, yet withal attractively, simple as to furnishing. The doors and windows let in as much air as a real tent could, and of course they are both warmer and more durable than if they were made of army duck. It is no part of the fresh air treatment to freeze the patient, so these tents are heated by steam from a central plant. And the net result is cozy enough, with all the air and sunlight that is compatable with being sheltered at all.

Naturally some of the men, men who come from country and village homes where windows are kept hermetically sealed the year round, cling stubbornly to old prejudices. Such men, in spite of watchful nurses, seize every opportunity to close all apertures, turn on the heat, and sizzle comfortably in foul air to the vast relief of the microbes that nestle in their lungs. Every soldier serving in the great war against tuberculosis knows the type. But if a patient has reasonably average good sense he may keep his little dwelling as airy and fresh as a mountain top.

A mountain top is perhaps just about the right expression. Of course, there are mountains of varying height looking down on the Sanatorium from all sides, or all sides but one. But the colonies are themselves seven thousand feet above sea level, several hundred feet higher than Mount Washington, and purer, more invigorating air would be hard to find anywhere. Now and then a patient finds the altitude troublesome at first. But the notion that high altitude increases the susceptibility to hemorrhage is quite exploded. Usually the men adapt themselves quickly to the rarer air, and begin to show an improvement that is sometimes almost startling. You hear them boasting of gains in weight of from twenty to forty pounds, and in some cases one seems to see the change almost from day to day. Fresh,



Chasing the hours away.

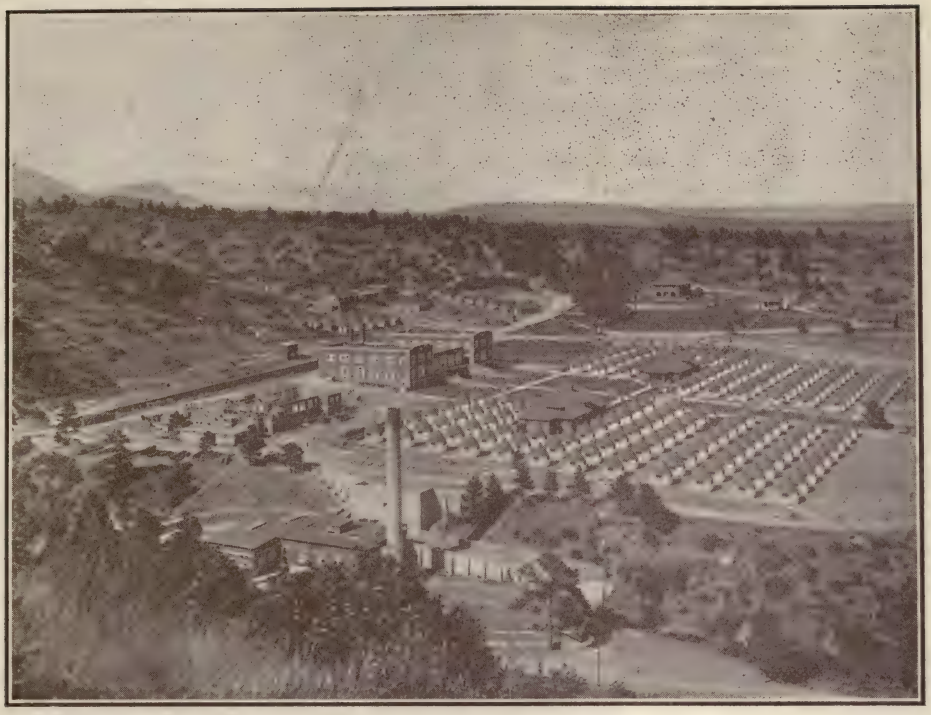
dry, pure air, plus rest and good food, form a combination that the "bugs" find it hard to resist.

This use of the unlovely word "bugs" may seem curious to some. It is simply part of the vernacular in a place of this kind. So terrible a disease could hardly inspire levity, one might think; but the men never refer to their enemy except under the two names of bugs and TB's. At a barbecue luncheon last Labor Day one of the doctors was haled before the Kangaroo Court on the charge of "killin' our bugs," and to an onlooker it seemed strange then that they could make a jest of so grim a thing.

But it is natural enough. So do the British and French soldiers in the trenches make jest of the German shells. So doubtless did the Florentines of Boccaccio's day make jest of the Black Death. In any case, to reflect always on the terrors of the disease would be virtual surrender to its power. Part of the armor of defense is the whole hearted laugh of defiance.

If you arrive at the Sanatorium as a patient you pass up the broad way between the two colonies of tents to the main building, enter the Superintendent's office, and there confess your sins to the "big Doc," so called partly because he is the chief. Then you are given your supper and put to bed. There you remain until the doctors consider you sufficiently rested up for your first thorough examination—perhaps the morning after you arrive, perhaps not for a week. Then if the result of the examination is fairly favorable, you are permitted to go to the main dining room for your meals and to stroll about much or little according to instructions. For part of each day you must rest, such rest being known in the vernacular as "chasing the bugs," or more briefly, just "chasing."

The food served in the dining room is good without any qualification—nourishing, varied, well cooked and



The Sanatorium, view from Mt. Rose.

tempting. Every care is taken to avoid the encouragement or exchange of microbes, for while in some cases the disease is almost or wholly arrested, in others it is still active, and if no care were taken a comparatively well man might acquire a whole colony of bacilli from one of his neighbors. A tubercular patient may cough up something like four million "bugs" a day. A pack of ten or twenty—a fraction of those shot out in one cough—may be considered rather more dangerous than a hungry tiger, so no precaution can be too great. The dishes are sterilized after each meal. No coughing is permitted in the dining room. If a patient feels a spasm coming on he leaves the room and returns when it is over. All food taken into the dining room, even if it has not touched any individual plate, is ruthlessly thrown out. Any infection is made as nearly impossible as even the most cautious could desire.

If you need greater rest and care you may not be permitted to go to the dining room at all. In that case your meals are brought to your tent from the diet kitchen, where a cook and four helpers are maintained for the sole benefit of the bed patients. The idea is a good one, and it works out very well, but it has its difficulties, especially in winter. It is one of the sights of the place to see the white clad men carrying the trays to the tents on a windy day. For they each carry two trays on the palms of their hands, and if the wind happens to catch one it is doomed. Even if the wind is not troublesome it is a joyous and absorbing sight to watch a new man holding two trays and trying to open a tent door. But usually the waiters attain considerable skill, and the patients get their meals with a comparatively small percentage of disaster. A new building now in process of erection will eliminate all difficulties. The patients who are confined to their rooms will be housed

under one roof directly under the eyes of doctors and nurses.

We have called the Sanitorium a fort in the war against tuberculosis. It would be even more pertinent to regard it as an entrenchment. A fort is primarily a means of defense. A trench is also a means of defense, but its defenders are ever hoping to gain ground —to move onward from trench to trench until the enemy is conquered. This is emphatically the attitude of the men in command at Woodmen, which is, by the way, the legal name of the settlement. They know that the war will be a long one, that the list of killed and wounded will tell its melancholy tale for years to come, that every new case will add millions to the remorseless legions of the enemy. But they know, also, that every patient who is persuaded to use a sputum cup and to refrain from coughing into the faces of wife and children, means a cutting down of the foe's reinforcements, a real and vital success. And they know that every case in which the disease is arrested means ground actually won.

Demonstrably incurable cases are not admitted. What is the use? If a man is going to die, he might better die at home than in a strange land. Sometimes, by reason of defective reports as to a patient's condition, a hopeless case does come. He will receive the best care that doctors and nurses can give, but once things have gone past a definite point the energy spent in the conflict is wasted. Indeed, in such a case there is no conflict, only a humane effort to give such relief and comfort as is possible. But of course sometimes there is a real defeat. A man whose condition is deemed far from hopeless will suddenly take a turn for the worse and die. Such cases are few and due to very special causes, but they are bound to occur.

A careful record is kept of every man who has entered the institution from its inception, and it is easy for the superintendent to answer the question: "How about results?" About thirty-six per cent of those discharged from the Sanatorium showed the disease as apparently arrested (no symptoms of the disease for a period of three months) or as quiescent (no symptoms for two months.) About thirty per cent are reported with the cautious verdict "improved," which means just what it seems to mean, no more and no less. The majority of those who make up this sixty-six per cent have been saved, provided they continue to obey orders regarding air, sunshine and diet, and are reasonably careful. Of only a small number does the stern accuracy of the official statement dare to use the word "arrested" —the term that signifies that as far as human judgment can tell by observation during six months the patient is victorious in the struggle. Even if this condition lasts for two years of ordinary civic life and labor, it is reported only as an "apparent cure." The fighters have learned not to be over-confident, optimistic as they are regarding ultimate victory.

The two things upon which the superintendent and his staff never tire of insisting are the need of care in regard to the discharge of the bacilli, and the need of treating the disease in its inception. As to the need of care little comment is necessary once the facts are pointed out; but one curious point has been demonstrated that is worth notice, i. e., that children are particularly liable to infection, and that tuberculosis contracted in childhood may not begin its evident activity until the victim has attained mature years. So that a tubercular father holding his child on his knee may by one cough give over the unsuspecting little one to a grim, silent foe who will wait twenty years before proclaiming possession. The second point is demonstrated very clearly by the Sanatorium's figures. According to its last report: "In five years' work we have apparently cured twenty-two and seven-tenths per cent of the incipient cases, and seven and three-tenths per cent of the moderately advanced cases. In other words, a case that has been al-



First examination of an applicant to the institution.

lowed to drift into the moderately advanced class has lost fifteen per cent of its chance of obtaining an apparent cure." Well may the Superintendent, knowing how mighty an ally his foe has in simple neglect, add the somewhat bitter but awakening remark that "we sometimes think that it would be a good thing if the first symptom in every case of tuberculosis were a slight hemorrhage." But the disease has its own way of working. Many a man knows for perhaps two years that he is not well, shows occasional temperature, has no appetite, gets tired too easily, suffers from a slight, obstinate cough, and never dreams of the real truth until he is shocked to its realization by a hemorrhage.

Taken all in all, the Sanatorium quite justifies the support of the million men who pay for it. It is a unique little community, one of the most unique in America. It is governed by a despot who is guided solely by the duty demanded by his office, but who is withal benevolent. Every effort is put forth to make the members of the little village happy and healthy. The cleanliness of the whole place is striking. Kitchen, dining rooms, tents, laboratories, farm, dairy, powerhouse, and gardens will all stand the test of a visit at any moment. Every detail is an evidence of the all-seeing eye of the "big Doc" and the efficiency of his subordinates.

Nor are less material things neglected. An excellent little library supplies reading matter to both patients and employees; and incidentally every book returned is carefully sterilized. Every Friday evening there are "movies" in the south dining room. There is a green house which supplies flowers to the dining rooms the year round, and by the care of the Superintendent's wife, flowers are sent to every patient who celebrates a birthday during his sojourn at the Sanatorium. The patients have their utility

buildings, with baths and sitting rooms —and the employees have a less pretentious but entirely adequate building for cards, dances and gatherings.

Altogether, the institution is a lesson in efficiency. Its main function is to restore the sick to health. Its secondary function is to investigate and teach, to carry on its part of the relentless, never ending war against the most potent, the most insidious, the most widely spread malignant disease in the civilized world. Both of these it does and does well. The lives it saves, in most cases, could be saved in no other way. And it not only saves the lives of hundreds, but it gives them rest, rest to tired nerves as well as to sick bodies, in this lovely nook of the Colorado Rockies.

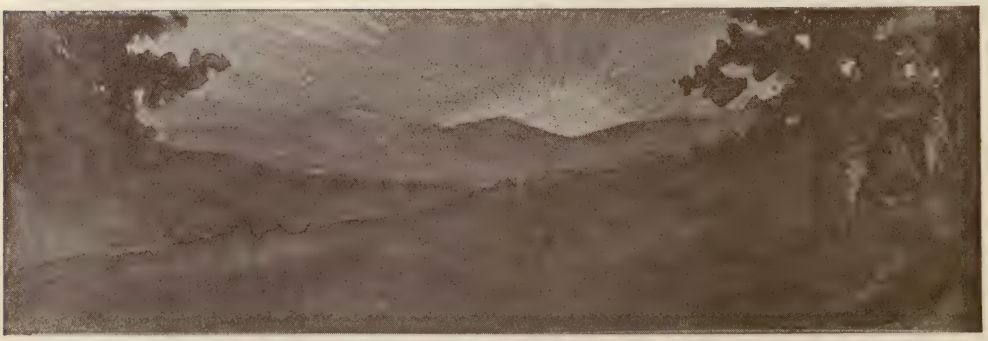
THE VALE AFAR

There is a vale with sunshine ever smiling,
With silver brooks that sing the glad day long,
With dewy winds on fragrant errands wilding,
Where speech is ever woven into song.

There twilight comes so softly and so lightly,
From out the deeps of night a quiet tide,
With stars in golden net entangled brightly,
No sound is heard where its hushed waters glide.

Faint o'er the miles the distant music winging
Recalls to pilgrim hearts a memory,
And then they know the winds old songs are bringing
From out the vale of years that used to be!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.



Coyote O' The Rio Grande

A Thrilling Novel of the Texas-Mexican Border

By William De Ryee

Author of "Lois of Lost Lagoon," "Stabbed," "Whirlwind Wally Takes a Wife," "His Dream Girl," "The Genuine Article," "Pansy," etc., etc.

Continued From Last Month

XI.

The Sidney ranch lay in a wide, deep basin facing the Rio Grande. Some, who have seen this strange, bowl like formation of the earth believe it was caused by the river changing its course ages ago, and that here there was once a waterfall, which, in grandeur must have rivaled even Niagara. Be this as it may, the high, curved cliff to this day forms an inaccessible barried on three sides of the treeless, grassy level below. At the time of our story, the bluff, stretching in a semicircle, and so precipitous as to furnish no footing for either man or beast, would, apparently, have discouraged the approach of an enemy on the east, north or west sides of Sidney's retreat. The rustler's ranch house was a dilapidated shack of three rooms. In the rear, two small sheds leaned for support against the main corral. There were six pens in all, while scattered about, with no pretense of system, were a dozen or more jacals of mud and mesquite construction. Save by water, there was but one entrance to the place, and that was a rupture in the eastern bluff some fifty feet in width and close to the river's edge. But whomsoever entered by this natural gateway must, of necessity, appear in full view—and close range—of the houses.

Winding for a distance of sixty-two miles, from Cotulla, the seat of La Salle county, to Spina, a small town on the Texas side of the river, Mescal Trail, at one particular point, lay scarcely fifty yards from the edge of Sidney's northern barrier. And it was along this dim path that, just as a full moon rose above a distant hilltop and shed its silvery halo on the waters of the Rio Grande, a band of cowboys, riding single file, passed slowly and silently. An unseen observer might have counted fifty-three in all. Five minutes later, another band of horsemen, also riding single file, passed over the trail deliberately and quietly. An unseen observer might have counted sixty-nine riders in this last lot. At the head of the long line, astride a sturdy sorrel mustang, rode a great, strapping man. Instead of the usual short ducking jacket, he wore a vest over his dark-colored shirt. His shoulders were stooped; his Stetson pulled low over his eyes. But presently he straightened, and, turning in his saddle, addressed his next-door neighbor, a tall, lean party mounted on an iron-gray horse.

"Here they are, Noxon," he said in an undertone. "Give the signal."

"Whoo-oo-oo-oo-oot!"

The column came to an abrupt halt; only the two advance riders moving on. Simultaneously the sorrel and the gray broke into a canter, and presently came up to the other band of horsemen.

"Hold on, thar. Don't shoot."

"Thet yuh, Chub Steel?"

"Yeah, hit's me, Spike. Whar's Mr. Carlton?"

"Right here, Mr. Steel."

Carlton and Spike moved forward, meeting the sheriff and his companion in an open space a few yards off the trail. The moon, peeping over the tree tops, shone on the heads and shoulders of the four horsemen, revealing Carlton's face, white and haggard. The young rancher had tasted of the dregs of soul-anguish in the past two hours.

The Crescent O punchers were separated into groups now, some quietly waiting, others talking in undertones. The scene was suggestive of adventure: heads under broad-brimmed Stetsons silhouetted against the moonlit sky; an occasional glint of blued steel; the dark butts of saddle-guns protruding above the shoulders of the mustangs. The ominous murmur of subdued conversation; the dull stamp of a hoof; the soft jingle of a spur—these sounds spoke of something afoot; something "in the air." Not a few of the boys longed for their usual dose of nicotine; but as the boss had decreed that no matches be struck, cigarettes were not in order.

Sheriff Steel greeted Carlton warmly; then with a wave of his hand he introduced his friend.

"Captain Noxon, o' the rangers—Mr. Carlton, o' the Crescent O."

There are men who carry an air about them more impressive than fine clothes. The young rancher was aware of a forceful character in this tall, lanky horseman—even before he felt his hand gripped and held as in a vice of iron.

"I'm glad to make yer acquaintance, Mr. Carlton."

"The same to you, sir. But what does this mean? I——"

"Hit means," replied the sheriff, "thet hit's a durned good thing we caught up with yuh. The Captain, heah, has some inside information. Tell him, Noxon."

"Wall, I've got the dope on Valtram at last," drawled the ranger-captain. "He's figgerin' on raidin' Spina to-night. Dont know whether Sidney's gonna take a hand or not. But Valtram's down yonder in them shacks with two hundred greasers, and I intends wipin' out the hull dirty mess."

"Two hundred!" echoed Carlton and Spike simultaneously.

"Shucks!" snorted the sheriff. "Yuh ought to see what's waitin' down the trail—*rangers*, fellers!—sixty odd o' the damndest, fightin'est devils thet ever hit the pike—better'n a hull army o' tenderfoot-soldiers."

"Good God!" Carlton exclaimed, vehemently. "We can't fire a shot until we find out which one of those huts Coyote is in! You know what Sidney did, don't you? He took her from the Capitol by main force."

"Yeah, I had hit from Sadie while she was a-bawlin' over Gotch on Maguey Hill. Poor Lumsey—he's gone over the last trail."

The sheriff sighed.

Spike shifted in his saddle.

"How did it happen?" queried the young rancher.

"Sidney's men fired on us at *Agua Dulce*."

"Too bad." John's regret was sincere. "Too bad—poor old Gotch."

"Wall, Mr. Carlton, we figgered on yer suggestin' some plan. Of course, we couldn't fire without knowin' whar Coyote was."

"We better hustle up a bit," advised Noxon. "Them fellers might be a-leavin' anytime now."

"Here's my plan," said Carlton. "You take the rangers around to the cut and wait there for my signal. We'll leave our horses here, tie lariats together and get down the cliff. We'll approach the houses from the north. They won't be expecting that. You see, I know the place pretty well. I used to come over here quite often when a kid. That was before Sidney came to this country. But I don't suppose the place has changed much. I'll leave my men lying in the grass, as close as safety will permit. Spike and I will sneak up and try to locate Coyote's whereabouts. Now here's my

signals: three shots in quick succession means Coyote's safe, charge and shoot anywhere; six shots in quick succession means a fiasco, charge, but don't shoot into the houses; knock the doors in and make them stampede. Is that clear?"

"Clar enough. But yuh better take our ropes."

"Yes, I'll want every one. What's the height of that cliff, do you know?"

"About a hundred feet."

"That will easily allow twenty men to go down at once. We'll be over there in no time. Come on, boys."

Five minutes later the muffled thuds of horses' hoofs sounded again as the rangers filed on down the trail. Over on the cliff, hardly fifty yards distant, a score of cowboys simultaneously descended the long ropes hand under hand. Carlton, waiting with the rest on the edge of the precipice, listened for the signal. To his overwrought mind it seemed an age of suspense. Then—a low whistle came from below. Another twenty slid over the ledge and went down. Another age; then the last lot, Carlton among them, descended. Once he had his men on the level, grassy floor of the basin, Carlton struck out in a brisk walk. Instead of making straight for the first and largest of the three lights that glimmered in the distance, which was his destination, Carlton bent his course to a semi-circle in order to take advantage of the deep shadow cast by the cliff. A little further out, the moonlight played on the waving grass, showing up here and there a low patch of sage-brush or runted cactus. Silently, and ever in single file, their bodies bent forward, carbines clasped in right hands, the band of cowboys moved like a writhing, monster-snake along the foot of the bluff.

Five minutes later, his men ensconded along the shadowy foot of a corral-fence, Carlton and Spike, lying flat on the ground, were wriggling toward Sidney's ranch-house. The house, like most Texas "haciendas," was set upon mesquite posts about two and a half feet off the ground, and, not being boarded in, it was this advantageous spot toward which the two men were working. But there was a dangerous stretch of moonlight between them and the coveted darkness beneath the house, and both Carlton and Spike had already detected five or six men doing sentry duty not far away. Gaining the welcome shade cast by a small mesquite, Carlton motioned his companion to stop. He had seen what Spike had failed to notice —a man emerge from the shadow of one of the huts off to the left. As they watched him, the fellow paused for a moment; then, after turning slowly on his heel, stood quite still. It was as though he was undecided which course to take, or he may have been studying the premises. He appeared supernaturally tall in the moonlight; wore a high-peaked Mexican sombrero, a cartridge belt about his waist, two more slung over his shoulders in such a way that they crossed over his breast, and a six-shooter at each hip. Suddenly, to their consternation, the man swung round and started directly toward them. Carlton's mind raced. The fellow was evidently going to one of the corrals. Detection was almost a certainty. If he didn't see them lying in the shade of the mesquite, he was sure to stumble upon the cowpunchers out at the corral. There was only one thing to be done—get the "drop" on him, command him to be quiet under penalty of death, relieve him of his weapons, and then leave him with Spike while he (Carlton) pursued, alone, the task of rescuing Coyote. Then, as suddenly and unexpectedly as the cause of their alarm had appeared, he now vanished, for, turning abruptly, the fellow strode out of view behind a corner of Sidney's house. With a deep sense of relief, they heard his high-heeled boots thump up the steps; a door banged, then all was quiet. Whether the man had detected their presence or not, they weren't sure. But Carlton realized that the hazardous undertaking of locating and rescuing Coyote must now be done speedily and boldly, if

it was to be accomplished at all. Delay was dangerous, and time precious. With this thought in mind, he rose, and, motioning to Spike to follow suit, raced across the intervening patch of moonlight to the friendly darkness beneath the house. Scarcely had they gained this new vantage point when a thick, stentorian voice from within burst forth drunkenly:

"Que triste sere manana,
Que triste sere mi ranchita;
Que trieste sere manana,
Cuando sehue mi Juanita."

There followed loud hand-clapping, punctuated by cheers and Mexican exclamations.

"Viva Senor Valtran!" a voice cried.

"Otra vez, Don Carlos!" seconded another.

It was evident to Carlton that *mescal* must be flowing pretty freely in the room above. However, after this outburst, the listeners waited patiently for some time without hearing more than an occasional laugh, clink of spur, and the dull, sporadic murmur of unintelligible conversation. Carlton was beginning to think that Coyote must be hidden elsewhere, when suddenly something happened that made the young rancher's jaw set and his right hand reach for his Colt. Some one crossed the room heavily; then the voice of the singer, modulated now, came again:

"So thees ees the leetle *senorita* of the Senor Sid, eh? *Dios!* She has the face of the Madonna. What ees your name, leetle flower?"

"Tell him your name." Carlton recognized Sidney's voice.

"Coyote." The small voice hinted of a stifled sob, and Carlton restrained with difficulty an impulse to rush out, smash in the door and kill Ben Sidney, even though he paid with his own life for the act. He waited, however, his lips pressed together in a straight line.

"Coyote?" the Mexican was saying. "Coyote! *Valga mi a Dios!"* And the speaker laughed harshly. *"Bueno, dulce mio,* weel you not tek a leetle dreenk weeth me? I weel put eet ver' weak, weeth leetle water and shooga—no? Ah, but you must—eh, Senor Sid? Eeet weel put the roses een her cheeks, weel eet not?"

Carlton waited to hear no more. His face was convulsed. He clutched Spike's arm.

"Come on!" he whispered between clenched teeth.

The foreman gasped, but, nevertheless, scrambled out in the wake of his employer.

Although possessed of a healthy temper, Carlton was no fool.

Grasping his gun in his left hand, he mounted the rickety steps with a cat-like tread, and laying firm fingers upon the door-knob, turned it slowly and noiselessly to the right. Then, with a sudden, tigerish leap, he was into the room.

XII.

"Hands up!"

"Hands up!"

The two commands came almost as one. Both Carlton and Spike held their six-shooters in their left hands, well down by their hips, their left index fingers pressing back the triggers, their right hands held stiff, with fingers extended, just above and at right angles to their guns, ready to "fan" the hammers.

Not one of the ten men in the room failed to throw up his hands. The movement was simultaneous. Excepting Sidney, who half rose from his chair, his face wreathed into a diabolical grin, and Valtran, the bandit, who whirled to glare at his captors, his lips drawn back like a wolf at bay, there was no action made other than the instant raising of arms. Utterly lawless, trained to the use of firearms from childhood up, not one of these ruffian-adventurers failed to recognize and respect the deadly "fan trick"—not one but was aware that the two men before them could fire twelve shots in the flicker of an eyelash, and that any suspicious move-

ment on their part would mean certain death. With the use of this trick, which can only be done on the old "reliable," six-action Colt six-shooter, the expert gun-man can deliver six bullets with uncanny rapidity—in less time than it takes to empty the modern automatic.

For a full minute no word was spoken. Sidney sank slowly back into his chair, his small eyes glittering feverishly. The circle of rustlers about the room, some of whom lounged against the wall, others sat upon dry-goods boxes or rawhide-bottom chairs, seemed to have become obsessed with the one idea—that of remaining motionless. Over in a far corner, Coyote crouched upon a stool, her hands tied behind her with a silk bandana. Her face was white, yet it held a hint of relief. Her eyes, fixed upon John Carlton, were expressive of pride and love. Near her stood the bandit, cunning, treachery and cruelty revealed in every line of his swarthy face. In the center of the room stood a coverless table littered with cigarette-stumps, burnt matches and cups of every shape and composition, while its central ornaments consisted of two quart bottles of *mescal*.

It was Spike who broke the silence.

"Shall I gather in the arsenals, Mister Carlton?"

"Yet, but untie Coyote's hands first. Coyote, come here."

The girl rose and crossed over to them.

"Did that brute hurt you, baby?"

"Naw, Jack—but I hates him just the same. He said as how he war a-gonna git a license and marry me to-morrie. He tried to kiss me, and I punched him one in the jaw; then he tied my hands up like this. Hit shore be a good thing he didn't git me fer no wife, 'cause the fust time he'd come a-mushin' round I'd a-wiggled a butcher-knife through his gizzard."

Having removed the bandana from about Coyote's wrists, Spike proceeded to relieve the rustlers of their six-shooters.

"Throw the cartridges on the floor, Spike, and dump their guns over here in the corner. I'm going to give the devils a fighting chance. It'd be too easy to take them along. They'd only be hung anyway, and, besides, we didn't come here to be bothered with prisoners."

As Spike emptied the cylinders, he handed the guns to Coyote, who disposed of them in a corner near the door. And it was Coyote who, after the last rustler had been disarmed, drew their attention to three Winchesters hanging from pegs on the walls. When the foreman had pumped out the last shell, Carlton addressed the bandit in Spanish.

"Where are your horses, Valtran?"

The Mexican grinned.

"Quien sabe, senor."

"Well, you'd better sabe—and you, too, Sidney. Neither one of you is wanted in Webb County. So if a good bullet don't find you to-night, you'd better make yourself scarce, if you want to keep healthy. Take your greasers and go, that's my advice. We've stood for enough rustling in this district; enough raids and outrages. To-night we're going to give you some of your own medicine in the hopes that it will either kill or cure. Adios."

Still "covering" the group, Carlton backed toward the door.

"You take Coyote, Spike," he said. "Go on, and run fast."

"Aw, Jack——" Coyote began; but he interrupted her.

"Please go. Dont waste time arguing. They never could get to their guns and insert a cartridge in time to shoot one of us. I merely want to be on the safe side. Hurry, now."

Spike grasped Coyote's hand; and without a further word, they bounded through the door and were gone.

Closing his right hand over the knob, Carlton stepped quickly over the sill, slammed the door, and was off for the corral. This time he paid no heed to the moonlight, running with all his might, straight as the crow flies. And as he ran he fired his gun six times in quick succession—

the signal for the rangers.

Scarcely had the echoes of the reports died away, when, from the west, came the ominous rumble of many hoof-beats. The sound grew in volume until, like the onrush of stampeding cattle, the basin resounded with the thunder-like noise of violently running horses. Then, just as Carlton reached his men, a howling chorus of fiendish yells rent the air. This was followed by the almost simultaneous discharge of over a hundred guns—and pandemonium was turned loose. With wild shouts, the Crescent O boys ran forward, their carbines emitting almost incessant streams of flame.

Tearing round and round, Indian style, the rangers, whooping and shooting at every bound, poured a steady rain of lead into the houses. Groups of men were seen to emerge from the shacks, only to run for cover under a withering fire. Every jacal window was spurting red; but Mexicans are famous for their poor shooting, and as a running horse and rider is anything but an easy target for even an expert, there were few white men hit. Carlton had ordered his men to concentrate their fire upon the big house, and the effect was not long in arriving. Some one blew a fog-horn. Then out of every shack poured the Mexicans, running in every direction, shooting nowhere in particular, only to be headed off by the rangers. Some forty or fifty of the rustlers succeeded in gaining their horses, which were tethered under the shadow of the east bluff, and forthwith there ensued a running fight.

Both the volume of firing and the shrieks and whoops of the rangers and cowboys increased until the clamor was fairly deafening and the basin rang and echoed with the din of the battle. Only a detachment of rangers had pursued the mounted Mexicans, the balance remaining to harrass the stampeding pedestrians. During a momentary lull in the conflict, Carlton bawled at his men:

"String out!—twenty feet apart!"

Just then the sound of a rushing cavalcade came from the north. Carlton knew what had happened. The rustlers had been cut off from the river and were circling the basin. A volley of shots, followed by wild shrieks rent the air. The string of punchers, now a quarter of a mile long, answered with blood-curdling yells. Again the valley reverberated with the roar of firearms. But the long, piercing screams of the horsemen and cowboys rose above the general uproar.

There is something strangely appealing about the yell of the cowboy. Fiendish, savage-like, the long-drawn-out, weird, piercing cry sets the blood tingling and the pulses racing to an extent that is fairly intoxicating. Carlton felt this now. He was seized with a feverish desire to join in the race. His fingers itched for the reins; he craved the reckless dare-deviltry of the mad running fight.

"Oh, for a horse!" he shouted. "I want a horse!"

By the merest chance, at this moment a horseman raced past.

"Give me your horse!" Carlton shrieked after him.

To the young rancher's glee, the fellow whirled and galloped back.

"Heah yer be, Mister Carlton," he said, dismounting.

Without touching the stirrup, Carlton leaped into the saddle.

"Now your gun!" he cried.

The ranger complied, but before Carlton could spur away, Coyote sprang forward with a startled cry.

"I'm going too!" she screamed, and with the agility of a squirrel, scrambled up in front of him. With a shrill "Yip-yip-po-e-e-e-e!" Carlton set off at a furious rate toward the west cliff. The girl, born to the saddle, and to whom the very thought of fear was a stranger, threw out her arms ecstatically, and "yipped" at the top of her strong young voice.

"Gimme the gun!" she cried. "I'm a-gonna kill a greaser fer supper." And without waiting for him to object,

she snatched the carbine from his hand.

As they sped on over the level plain the whoops and shots of the pursuers and the pursued grew louder and louder. Gradually, through the haze of smoke that now hung over the valley they made out the racers skimming along near the foot of the bluff.

Five minutes later they were in the race. His brain in a whirl, his fighting blood up, Carlton rushed on, whooping and yipping with the rest. He saw Coyote raise the carbine to her shoulder and fire; saw a Mexican's sombrero shoot to the ground as if struck by some invisible hand. Then for the first time he realized what he was doing.

Coyote laughed hilariously up at him.

"Jimminy!" she exclaimed. "Did yuh see how near I comed to bustin' thet tonk's punkin?"

Then, turning, she raised the gun again.

"Watch me, Jack!" she cried. "Watch me crack his bean!"

Leaning forward, Carlton wrenched the carbine from her grasp, then pulling on the reins, brought his horse down to a slow pace.

"What in the world are you doing?" he demanded.

Coyote gazed up at him wonderingly.

"Why, wha-t——"

"Don't you know that it's not right for *you* to try to kill men like that? Don't you know it's—it's *murder?*"

The rest had thundered on past them and were far ahead now. They were entirely alone, and Carlton was glad of it.

Coyote was speechless from amazement for a moment. But presently she found her tongue.

"Wall, ain't the boys a-murderin,, too?" she retorted. "And I ain't no better'n they be. Aw, shucks! I don't see no harm in killin' greasers."

Carlton was nonplussed—at a loss for a ready argument.

"Well," he said at last, "men are the natural protectors of women, and the preservers of peace and justice. Sometimes they are compelled to kill a few bad people for the benefit of the many good people. But women and girls should never want to kill their fellow creatures, unless, of course, in self-defence. Why, do you think I want those little hands of yours stained with human blood?"

But Coyote was still unconvinced.

"Aw, Jack, I don't believes yuh be a-knowin' much about greasers. Say, does yuh know thet Valtran raided Cactus the day a-fore yuh come, and killed five wimmin and sixteen men? And does yuh know thet he burnt one o' them men at the stake and *made the man's wife stand by and look on?*"

Carlton weakened at this. He had not heard the details of the Cactus raid.

"Ye-es—er—that must have been terrible; but——"

"But nothin'!" Coyote's small fist clenched tightly, while her eyes narrowed into gleaming slits. "Hump!" she snorted. "Id like to git 'em all in a line, shoot 'em in the guts and watch 'em double up like jack-knives."

Carlton gasped. Then he thought of another tack.

"You love me, don't you, Coyote?" he said.

"Yeah."

"And so you want to please me, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"Then promise me that you'll never again shoot at a human being, unless in self-defence."

"I promises."

Their horses stopped suddenly, and they realized that they had come to the bank of the Rio Grande.

A faint sound of "yipping" came to them from the east; they looked and saw that the last of the rustlers were being escorted into the river.

"Can they ford it there?" queried Carlton.

"Yeah, they'll git across all right—yer can't drown a greaser."

The distant yells suddenly ceased, and then their attention was drawn in another direction. From across the



Bessie Love and Douglas Fairbanks (Fine Arts Film Company) as Coyote McAll, and John Carlton, in "Coyote o' the Rio Grande." (Coyote: "I wants to drink in yer love, Jack. Gimme a long—long—long 'un.")

water came the faint sound of band-music.

"Well!" exclaimed Carlton. "Where are they playing?"

"Hit's the cadets in Lavira. Listen; they're playin *La Paloma.* Thet's my fav'rite piece."

They waited, listening. Quiet reigned for a space, save for the wind sighing in the mesquites. The moon flung a silvery trail across the waters of the Rio Grande. Presently, borne to them on the fickle breeze, came, sweet and distinct, the beautiful, rhythmic notes of the famous Mexican song. Gradually, it grew fainter and fainter until it was lost again in silence.

"That's what you are," said Carlton, softly—"my little *Paloma.*"

"No I ain't. I'm yer lil' tonk-shootin' Coyote—Coyote o' the Rio Grande. I guess yuh'll have to tame me, 'cause I'm arful wild—a reg'lar lil' savage. But if yuh likes me tame, then I'm agonna try and larn, 'cause—'cause yer're my great big, handsome, eddicated man—and—and I loves yuh."

Suddenly, she leaned back against him, and putting up her arms about his neck, looked long and lovingly into his face.

Her changing moods would ever be a source of wonder to him, he thought. Her present depth of feeling, revealed in her dark blue eyes, thrilled him.

A sense of her dependence upon him, her child-like confidence in him, the exquisite beauty of her small face, now white as ivory beneath the moonlight, the trusting nearness of her warm little body—these things lifted Carlton to a dizzy height of ecstasy that was as intoxicating as it was divine. Gently, as though she were some lovely, precious flower that might be despoiled by a rash touch, he put his arm around her and pressed her closer to him. Slowly, their lips drew together.

"I wants to drink in yer love," she whispered. "Gimme a long—long—long 'un."

THE END.

THE OAK AND THE SAPLING

The giant oak to the sapling spoke:
"Lift not your head too high;
Your slender form can't breast the storm
Nor tempest blast as I.
My trunk is strong, my roots are long,
Deep down in earth their hold;
King of the wood, I have withstood
The might of storms untold"

The sapling said, as he bowed his head:
"When the Storm King rushes by,
I'll straightway bend, and not contend
With a greater power than I.
You did not fall when you were small,
Whatever fierce winds blew;
We little trees can stand the breeze
As bravely as did you!"

The Storm King laughed as the proud oak chaffed
The sapling lithe and frail;
And through the grove two steeds he drove:
The Cyclone and the Gale.
The oak was proud, the sapling bowed—
How like to trees are men—
The oak was rent; the sapling bent
And straightway rose again.

By Fred Emerson Brooks.



The Little French Woman

By Lyle Wolf

WE GERMANS had nearly captured Verdun. For several days we had bombarded the fort. My ears ached from the deafening roar of the canons. By a series of charges we had been able to take the first few French trenches. We had suffered great loss, but were confident of success. Then came our last charge. The cannonading ceased, and word was passed along the lines to be ready. The call was given, and we jumped from our trenches and dashed towards the French. With terrifying, buzzing bullets whizzed past me, my comrades fell groaning on all sides. I, myself, was severely wounded in the shoulder before I had gone twenty feet. I was obliged to fall out of the charge, as I was suffering from loss of blood. But the rest rushed on until they were about thirty feet from the last French trench, when the French rose, and with lowered bayonets, swooped down upon our men. We were forced to retreat.

I closed my eyes and awaited my fate. I could not crawl to our trenches —and I well knew what would happen to me if I were found by the French. Finally one of my trench mates came to my aid, and with his help I reached our lines. The French came on, and we were driven out of all the trenches that we had gained, before they could be checked.

All that night I lay in the trench, cold and faint. With the little medicine I had, I washed and bound my wound. All around me were men, some dead, others dying. Their groans and cries tore my heart, for I could do nothing for them. I could not sleep for the cannonading had been resumed. I thought morning would never come—ages seemed to pass.

Finally the sky lightened and day came. With it came help. I was taken from the trench and my shoulder was dressed. I was then ordered to join the troop of men who were to start home. Those who were helpless went in wagons, but quite a few of us walked.

By evening we were several miles away. Along the road we saw many signs of the war. Here was an old French trench, and there an old shattered gun. Under several of the trees were new made graves, and the ground was discolored with blood. Most of the peasants' buildings were partly burned, the fences torn down, and the out-houses destroyed. Evidently the peasants had left and were safe behind the French lines. As we neared one house, however, a woman came out of the door. She was plainly of French descent, past middle age, perhaps fifty. In each hand she carried a large pitcher of sparkling water. She motioned for us to stop and gave us each a drink. Each man thanked her. When it came to my turn, I said:

"Madam, I thank you. It is seldom that we Germans receive kindness from a French woman."

"Yes, it is true," she replied, and a look of pain crossed her face.

"But you, Madam?"

"Sir, I am loyal to France, but love all mankind." A smile illumined her face, a smile strangely sweet, gentle, compassionate.

"Yes?" I urged gently.

"Sir, I will tell you. When the war began, I had two as honorable sons as ever bore their father's name—Jean and Joquin. When the war came, they were anxious to go, and I was proud

to have them serve their country. Then came a year of waiting, and then the news"—her eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, madam. I understand. Which went first?"

"My elder, Jean. And one month later Joquin. They are both buried there under the tree." She pointed to a spot where there were three fresh graves. "I was heart broken. My hatred for the Germans grew into a passion. I wished to kill one with my own hands. Then our troops were driven over this land. I was warned to leave and get behind Verdun, but I could not leave those fresh mounds. First, the French went past the house, and your shells whizzed past my window. Then you came. How I hated you! You had robbed me of my sons. I prayed for your death! Towards the first of the battle a young German, about the age of my own youngest, passed my window. He paused a moment, and was shot. He fell crashing through the glass at my very feet. He groaned and called for water. As he drank, he lifted his head and opened his eyes. 'Mother,' he whispered and died in my arms. At first I was exultant. Now some other mother would suffer, as I had. Then I came to see the horror and uselessness of it all. The terrible sacrifices of war! I buried him under the tree with my own boys, and wrote his mother. His name was in his coat. From then on I saw the truth."

Again her face grew radiant with that smile, so sad, so tender; and suddenly I saw in her face the dim outline of the Master's face, sweet, gentle and compassionate. She had met her Calvary.

"Vorwarts," came the command, and with bared heads we passed on. She stood before her humble hut, with one hand outstretched until we were out of sight. And I wondered how many of us would be like the little French woman, who had suffered so much, but still loved her enemies.

EVENING

A saffron veil across the distant hills
The sunset throws with rosy-fingered grace,
While every bloom its hoard of incense spills
Upon the lilies of the dead day's face.
Funereal shadows of the purple night
Fling forth their banners from the changing sky—
Gone is the golden halo from the height,
And winds of evening, sobbing, hurry by.

A lone star, herald of a million fires,
Sends forth the radiance of its tiny lamp,
The last faint vesper of the thrush expires,
And mists are rising from the river-damp.
Ah, but the pearl-like glory of the moon
White as the blowing rose you kissed in June!

R. R. GREENWOOD.

Not Up to Specifications

By Oscar Lewis

HOWLING Hallie Smith—the descriptive portion of whose baptismal name was a heritage of infantile days, and therefore is likely to be misleading, since at the opening of our tale he had entirely outgrown the form of vocal vociferation that had earned him the title—Howling Hallie walked into the offices of King & Kern, Wool Brokers, one afternoon in late September, and sold the fall shearing of his three thousand Merinos; the price being twenty-nine cents, which was considerably above the average. Kern himself made out the check; he was a young fellow who had married King's daughter, and he felt somehow that it was a shame to pay out some six thousand good dollars to an old duffer like Smith.

This wholly excusable feeling, however, young Kern managed to conceal tolerably well behind a polite smile, and, as he slid the slip across the plate-glass top on the mahogany counter, he even ventured a jocular prophecy to the effect that before nightfall their dunn-colored municipality would be painted a brilliant and unrelieved scarlet. Which was merely Mr. Kern's metaphorical way of referring to Howling Hallie's well known habit of putting his money to the use for which it was intended; a proceeding which he carried into effect with a dexterous celerity and an absence of any superfluous motion that would have won for him the everlasting admiration of an efficiency expert.

Slowly and with deliberation Howling Hallie folded and refolded the check into a small and compact cube which he dropped into the breast pocket of his flannel shirt.

"Son," he said, mildly, gazing through the faded blue eyes at the grinning Mr. Kern. "Son, across the street at the Empire, the biggest part of your fellow citizens, I take it, are foregathered with the intentions of biddin' me welcome, an' I sure would like to have you come along, too, for there's something I've got to say to them that you can't well afford to miss."

Mr. Kern, for reasons that were his own, agreed without hesitation, and arm in arm they left the office; an occurrence which was duly reported by the lookout on watch behind the leaded door of the Empire.

Howling Hallie's prophecy as to the number of those assembled to greet him proved entirely too modest, for, save for the hopelessly aged and the crippled, the reception committee was practically unanimous. Its collective greeting lacked something of its usual spontaneousness, for all those present noticed that he had come direct from the offices of Messrs. King and Kern, whereas by all the rules of logic and precedent, he should have sandwiched the two visits with a brief but important stop at the bank. A dozen rushed forward to remind him of the oversight.

Howling Hallie, however, insisted that first he would make a speech, and mounting to a moth-eaten green card table, he looked down upon the faces of these, his faithful subjects, with a benign smile upon his wrinkled old face.

"Gentlemen," he began, softly. "For seventeen years the population of this here town has had total and exclusive benefits from the annual difference

between my gross profits and losses. It's so, is it not?"

There was a puzzled, but polite, murmur of assent.

"An' during that time," continued Howling Hallie in the same gentle tone, "if there's any one of you that I haven't seen with his front feet in the trough, feedin' on the fruits of my industry, it must have been because he was totally lost in the crowd. A lot, I've noticed, has been pretty consistent repeaters; which I don't hold against you, of course. Indeed, it's these latter that have been the chief joy and comfort of my declining years; for unlike a dog, a hog gets smarter at each feedin', and I've only kept up my interest in life by wonderin' what schemes each one of you is going to cook up next in order to beat the others out of their rightful share when next feedin' time comes around.

"It's been an interestin' and edifyin' experience," continued Howling Hallie, sighing reminiscently. "But as the wise man says, the human mind must either keep going forward or else slip back. For the last seventeen years you gentlemen have been going steadily forward, there can be no mistakin that; each year your schemes to relieve me of my wad has shown marked an' encouragin' improvement.

The results show me now that you have done a lot of clear and original thinkin', while with each succeedin' season your technique has approached nearer an' nearer to perfection. Of course, all along I've understood that this steady improvement could not go on forever, and last year my worst fears was realized. Your schemes at last had reached the heights of human ingenuity."

Howling Hallie paused, sighed designedly. "Gentlemen, your methods are now beyond improvement; and it sure would break by old heart to see you forced to fall back on some of those ancient an' timeworn methods of takin' my money. No, I couldn't stand it; you mustn't expect it of me, boys —not at my time of life. My hope is that I may remember you always like you are now; at the height of your strength an' powers, as they say. It will be one cheerful ray to light my declinin' years, an' to cheer me up now that I am forced to go out among strangers when I want to spend my money.

"Gentlemen," concluded Howling Hallie, "these partings are sad, but as my time is limited, an' my emotion, I am not ashamed to say, is such that my self-control won't last forever. So, since we must, let it be farewell."

And out through the door and diagonally across the street to the bank shuffled Howling Hallie Smith. He emerged presently with a canvas sack half filled with twenty dollar gold pieces, and stood on the steps while he transferred a handful to his pants pocket, where it would be handy for purposes of ready change. And then he rolled what remained up tightly, tied it with the attached cord, and after a wistful glance at the assembled townsmen opposite, he put the bag in his hind pocket and walked down to the depot, arriving just in time to catch the Shasta Limited for San Francisco.

* * * *

"Gimme one of those twenty-cent near-steaks," decided Sadie L, putting down the greasy card with a sigh and totally forgetting to smile up at the waiter. "An' Wes," she added warningly across the table, "don't you go no——"

"Stutter," that gentleman commanded the waiter briefly, and fell into a thick and gloomy silence.

Thirty seconds later he sat suddenly upright in his chair, and Sadie L. looking into her husband's eyes thoughtfully, concluded that his interterest in life and in his fellow human beings had increased at one jump some 700 per cent.

Following their custom of recent days, he had chosen the seat facing the door, and now Sadie L heard him droning over and over to himself this optimistic bit of doggerel:

"The merry, merry harvest days are here "

Sadie L slid her foot expertly across under the table. "Can I look now, Wes?" she asked, when she had gained her lord's attention.

The other nodded briefly and after a moment Sadie L allowed her brown eyes the privilege of a slow circuit of the room. They returned to her companion in perplexity. "That wild and woolly looking nop?" she demanded, incredulously.

"He's your uncle," accented Wes. "Slip outside and turn around and come in again. He's your old uncle from up Lassen way."

Slowly Sadie L stuffed her handkerchief into her bag and snapped it shut. She glanced across at her husband and found his gaze dwelling pensively upon her. For just an instant they read each other's eyes, and their hand flew out across the table, gripping each other tight. And then, suddenly, they both remembered to laugh. "Don't worry about your order," he added as she got to her feet. "I'll eat it myself."

Howling Hallie Smith stretched his feet out under the table, slumped his shoulders, and groaned aloud in disgust.

"Three days," he muttered disconsolately, "seventy-two hours, an' nothing accomplished." He reached into his hind pocket, drew forth the canbas bag and helfted it consideringly. "At the present rate of progress it'll take me weeks—weeks! If somethin' don't happen soon, I'm goin' home and let Bart Wisbe sell me his oil well—I'm just that desperate!"

However, Howling Hallie was not destined to carry out his rash impulse, for at that instant there came a series of quick steps behind, and a pair of firm young arms curled about his shoulders in such an open and hearty hug that Howling Hallie's old heart warmed within him.

"At last. I've found you at last," came a muffled, joy-filled voice at his ear. "Oh, I'm so *glad!*" And as if to prove it, the strength of the hug was redoubled, and a pair of moist, cool lips implanted a resounding smack upon either of Howling Hallie's leathery cheeks.

Still a very incarnation of joy at this providential meeting the figure flitted into the chair opposite. Now, however, the merest suggestion of a puzzled and doubtful frown swept across her face. "Is it," she quavered, her voice a heart-moving mingle of embarrassed alarm and disappointment, "Can it be possible that I have made a—terrible—mistake?"

Howling Hallie leaned forward sympathetically. "You pore child you; tell me what's the trouble? Did you take me—pore old Howling Hallie Smith—for one of your friends? Did the back of my head remind you, by any chance, of your old Uncle Horace that you haven't seen since you was a wee baby?"

The embarrassed girl left off her blushing long enough to shoot a searching glance at him from beneath her modestly downcast lids, but Howling Hallie's face showed only grave and sympathetic concern, and she felt reassured.

"Oh," she was struggling bravely to keep back the tears of disappointment. "I—I thought, why, you looked so much like dear, dear old Mr. Gilman: the same gentle, honest face—I felt so glad and so thankful, those same kind and generous brown eyes—they brought back such—such—memories——" She paused here, unable to continue.

Howling Hallie wiped his faded blue eyes surreptitiously with a paper napkin. "What a terrible shame," he sympathized. "An' you went and mistook me for Mr. Gilman, who was your pore old daddy's best friend when you all used to live so happy together on the old farm back in Illanoy. For it was Illanoy, wasn't it, child, or maybe Vermont or South Dakoty."

"You had it right the first time," sighed the girl sadly. "It was Illanoy."

"No matter," proceeded Howling

Hallie in mournful tones. "The fact, though, is evident that you're sorry you ever left the old folks to come way out here after that job that did not pan out like you expected. I understand just how it is, you pore child you, bein' out here all alone among strangers and eatin' your heart away with lonesomeness for the old home, an' all the time longing for the sight of a familiar face. And then finally you come upon my worthless old carcass that happens to remind you of one of the dear home folks, an' your surprise an' joy and your thankfulness is so great that you squeeze all the breath out of my creaky old lungs and make me forget for a moment that I'm a degraded old scamp of a sheepman with neither kith nor kin to—but anyhow, child, I realize what a terrible disappointment it was to you, and from the depths of my heart I sure do sympathize with you in your sad plight."

"You're too kind," came a weak, muffled voice. "Too kind."

"Indeed, child, I'm not, though I can well appreciate the mental anguish that you must be sufferin'; for now, I take it, you're just on the verge of forgettin' the careful an' loving upbringing that has been yours, and have about screwed your pore, timid courage up to the point of askin' me, a total stranger, if I won't please be so kind an' so charitable as to lend you enough to pay your fare back to the dear old homestead in Illanoy, and thereby earn the everlastin' blessings of yourself and of your pore, overjoyed old parents; besides gettin' my money back—every cent of it, an' with interest too—the very moment you set foot across the familiar old threshold at home."

"And you," came a timid voice, into which there began to creep an eager note of gladness, "you will do this for me?"

Old Howling Hallie paused and sighed sadly. "No," he said, "I won't. It's not that I'm naturally heartless or depraved, child, or that I don't want to reach out a helpin' hand in succor to you in your distressin' position. Besides, in my attempts to get rid of this wad I sure have been reduced to sore straits. But this—no, I can't do it; all that's sensitive an' artistic in my nature rebels. Why even the boys back at home who are an ignorant bunch at best, and have never had none but the commonest advantages, haven't tried to spring that on me for years an' years. Why, it's way back in '98 since the last time I sent Sandy Sharpe back to his pore crippled old father in Dundee. However, if you care to call over your distressed lookin' friend across the way there, I'll be everlastin'ly grateful to the two of you for savin' me from the horrors of another lonesome repast."

Something less than an hour later Howling Hallie Smith paid the waiter and settled back in his chair, while Sadie L and Wes laid down their respective forks and breathed a simultaneous sigh of content.

"Sort of reminds you of the Sunday dinners back on the old homestead in Illanoy, does it?" suggested Howling Hallie, jocularly.

The two young people accepted the joke with rather surprising seriousness, but Howling Hallie hurried on unheeding. "It sure is an excitin' life that you two are livin', and an interestin' life, too, I don't doubt. It makes one almost glad he's alive merely to be thrown into your company, and I shouldn't wonder but that the good Lord Himself was not altogether sorry when He created you. 'There, now, perhaps that pair's not up to the specifications in all respects,' is probably the way He said it, 'but it sure is a relief to make 'em a little different now an' then.' And then He'd sigh an' roll up His sleeve an' turn out another five hundred thousand proper an' commonplace an' humdrum people like them you see crowdin' past on the sidewalk out there.

"Of course, I'm not denyin' that proper people has their uses, nor do I say that they're not necessary for the continued health and prosperity of the world at large; I myself hire

that variety exclusively. But I cannot help wonderin' if they get enough out of life to make it worth while. For instance, there's the proper young couple that I'm goin' to take back with me this trip as housekeeper an' range foreman. Compared now with you two rollickin' young spirits, what will they be gettin' out of the life that they're favorin' with their existence?

"Little of the light hearted pleasures that come to you will these two find. It's into a saddle on the back of a horse at daylight for him, with a ride of maybe ten miles afore breakfast, to prepare the which she will be rushin' since before five with the makin' of the biscuits an' the gathering and the fryin' of the eggs. As you see, there's no leasury saunterin' down for them for a bite o' breakfast at ten o'clock, for as like as not by that time he's off fifteen miles from home huntin' strays in the underbrush along the river bank, or else he's fixin' fence down along Presley's line, or in town with the spring wagon draggin' Silent Looey out of the Basque's saloon an' cartin' him back to his herd where he belongs.

"Nor in the meantime will she be sittin' on the front veranda with her feet on the railin' enjoyin' the view of Saucer Butte an' of the corrals an' mixin' vats in the foreground. Most likely you'll find her down a-shooin' a stray fly out of the dairy an' skimmin' the cream offen the pans an' pourin' the sour milk into a pipe so that it'll run down the hill to the trough for the squealin' pigs. Or else she'll be out in the vegetable garden pullin' up radishes an' lettuce an' green onions for dinner an' as like as not, abusin' the Armenian boy for hoeing out all the young corn and carefully preserving the weeds."

Old Howling Hallie paused, regarding his silent listeners for a moment without speaking. And then he sighed and continued. "So you two can see for yourself how uneven the good things of the world is distributed. Compared with the rollickin' an' joyful an' carefree life that is yours, what does life hold for these two young people that I have in mind? A healthy appetite an' a continual desire to sleep longer than the amount of work they've got to do will allow them; that's the only thing in the shape of a sure reward that they can expect. The future for you is one long sweet dream of ease an' enjoyment at the expense o' your fellow human beings. For them now, they can see nothin' ahead but hard and continuous work, and in the wildest and most extravagant of their dreams they can expect nothin' grand nor inspirin' at the end. A house of their own, a few thousand acres of winter range an' a herd or two to run on it, is the most that they can look forward to.

"A commonplace enough embition, to be sure, an' one not intended to stir the blood unduly; a cottage set out in the midst of a wind-swept plain and miles and miles as like as not from the nearest neighbor, an' with the land so honory that you have to nurse it along like you was expectin' it to grow Peruvian orchids before it will begin to bring forth a cabbage. An' as for rose bushes growin' on the front porch—well, constant and lovin' care will do most anything, but it's not easy by a very great distance. Surely, their life will not be a paradise, especially if the wife can't get reconciled to a husband that smells like sheep dip durin' the months of August and September of each year, or if she's nervous for the safety of their young son who climbs up on the back of the wildest cayuse in the stables, every time he gets a chance, and goes tearin' around and around the corral, as brown as a young Indian, and yellin' like one, too.

"But hold," broke off Howling Hallie, abruptly. "I sure had no intention of meanderin' along in this aimless style," he went on, in an apologetic tone. "If I wasn't gettin' old and childish, I'd have long since realized that you, my kind an' tolerant young friends, could not but be frightfully bored at my senseless verbosity.

I must admit though, that you've bore up under it remarkably well, which speaks much for your native politeness and for your early trainin' as well. Indeed, the two of you feigned your interest in so lifelike a fashion that for a time I thought that you was really interested in the plain and unromantic subjects of my discussion; which interest, surely, would be only natural, for all of us like to hear now and then how the other half, or, as it is in this case, the other nine-tenths, lives, since it's only by comparin' the lot of others with our own that the privileges and blessin's appertainin' to our station in life becomes visible to us.

"However," and Howling Hallie shoved back from the table and prepared to rise from his chair. "Tonight will find me bound again for home, a broken and disillusioned man, you might say; unable to lose his money in a way that he deems dignified and in keepin' with his self-respect—the victim, if you will, of his own too highly educated tastes—forced to the unparalleled extremity of returnin' home with the greater part of his money still appendin' to his person.

"My train leaves Oakland pier in half an hour. I'm due at the Ferry Buildin' in ten minutes, and somehow in the meantime I'll have to pick out that pair whose uninterestin' and unromantic future I've been outlinin' for your entertainment and amusement here this evenin'.

"And by the way," continued Howling Hallie, his faded old eyes looking gravely out across the table. "If you two young people should chance to know of such a couple, you'd sure confer a great favor by lettin' me know where they can be found. It's quite unnecessary for them to state where or how last employed, an' I will add also that the right kind of a handshake would sure be accepted as a suitable substitute for a stack of references."

Sadie L for ten minutes had been sitting on the extreme edge of her chair. Now she drew herself close over against her husband's shoulder. "Wes," she whispered, her lips close to his ear, "Wes, reach over and shake hands with the kind of a man our son is going to be!"

Which advice was really not necessary, since, as she spoke, he was already in process of carrying it out. Not, of course, that that makes any particular difference.

THE LAST HERO

We laid him to rest with tenderness;
Homeward we turned in the twilight's gold;
We thought in ourselves with dumb distress—
All the story of earth is told.

A beautiful word at the last was said:
A great deep heart like the hearts of old
Went forth; and the speaker had lost the thread,
Or all the story of earth was told.

The dust hung over the pale dry ways
Dizzily fired with the twilight's gold,
And a bitter remembrance blew in each face
How all the story of earth was told.

A. E.

Why the Convict Broke Parole

By M. F. Cunningham

"RODNEY Burke is gone!"

There was excitement in the little convict camp as this word went around. There was surprise—and disgust. These men from the penitentiary, out in the heart of the sagebrush desert, far removed from all other human habitation, were on their honor. Here they had cleared the ground, cultivated the soil and raised a great crop of wheat and oats.

In all the year Burke was the first man to violate his parole, and this violation came late in October, but a few days before the men were to be taken back to the penitentiary for the winter. He had slipped away in the night leaving no more trace than if he had taken wings.

After a hurried and fruitless search in the morning Tom MacLane, the chief guard at the camp, called the penitentiary 60 miles away over the telephone and laid all the facts in his possession before his superior officer, Warden Donevan. This was on Sunday.

Before noon on the following day Warden Donevan was summoned to appear before the state prison board in the office of the governor to explain. In the meantime he had sent notices of the escape and descriptions of Burke in all directions, and had rushed his bloodhounds to the convict camp.

"This is more of our pusillanimous 'honor' system," was Governor Harrison's way of washing his hands of the affair and fixing the blame on the warden and the other members of the board.

"I have been opposed to this nonsense right along," he continued. "You can't make a purse out of a sow's ear, and you can't make an honest man out of a crook. Right now I serve notice that if there is to be any more of this 'honor' nonsense it will be over my vigorous protest, and if I am outvoted on this board, I shall take the whole matter to the voters at the polls."

It is easy to conclude from this speech of the governor's that the other two members of the board differed from him in politics, and that he was already a candidate for re-election.

Less abrupt in reaching conclusions, and viewing the whole matter from a different standpoint, the associates of the governor on the prison board were loyal supporters of Warden Donevan in his efforts to make men of his convicts. Then, too, they argued that the state benefitted in a material way from the work done by the men on the public lands and on the roads.

"What's the record of this man Burke, anyhow?" demanded the governor, breaking in abruptly. "What's he in prison for? Tell us something about him."

"Burke is from Montour county," Warden Donevan explained. "He was sent up for a term of two to ten years for assault with intent to commit murder. He has served just a little more than one year and his prison record is good."

"A would-be murderer, eh? and running around the country on his 'honor!'" was the sarcastic comment of the governor. "Can you tell us anything about his crime?"

"Yes," said the warden, suppressing the fact that he was nettled by the words and manner of the governor. "As near as I could get at the facts Burke and his sister were holding

down a homestead. The sister they tell me was a pretty slip of a girl of 17; bright as a cricket. It seems that she was the innocent cause of the trouble. Jake Garsides who was running the Sullivan ranch in the same neighborhood over in Montour county took a violent fancy to the girl and tried to force his attentions upon her. She despised the man and so did Burke. He told Garsides to keep away and leave the girl alone. One evening he came in from the field and found Garsides in the house making himself especially obnoxious to the girl—he'd been drinking. A rough-and tumble fight between the two men was the result and Garsides got the worst of it. He had Burke arrested and tried for assault with intent to commit murder. He won in court and Burke landed in the penitentiary."

"There, governor," remarked Attorney General Peters; "there's more of your Montour county justice. It seems to pay to have a political pull with the district judge up there."

"That's not the point now," the governor retorted with a show of irritation. "What we want to know now is, How did this bird escape and how are we to get him back into his cage?"

"Burke's escape is hard to explain," said the warden. "I can't account for it. Neither can MacLane. Burke has been a model prisoner and we considered him absolutely trustworthy. He has never given the least trouble and out at the camp he could not have worked more faithfully if he had owned the place.

"Saturday night McLane gave the 'Right Wing' of his gang a little treat by taking the boys to a picture show at Triple Springs. He tells me it was one of those wild and woolly cowboy pictures—all chaps, bucking bronchos and crazy steers.

"Right at the most exciting point in the picture Burke jumped up and yelled out 'Pat! Pat!' The crowd gave him the laugh and he sunk down with his face in his hands ashamed of the break he made. A minute later he got up and went out excited. McLane followed and found him pumping the manager of the show about the picture. It seems it was taken by a special film company at the War Bonnet Round-up at Eagle Rock a short time before and that the company had gone on down the river to Gardena to work up other wild west pictures.

"Nobody could get a word out of Burke as to what had excited him. He shut up like a clam. He didn't speak a dozen words on the trip home. He went to bed as usual. In the morning his bunk was empty and he was gone."

Warden Donevan assured Governor Harrison and the other officials that there was not one chance in a thousand for Burke to make good his escape. He promised to have the man back in his cell in three days.

"Any man," he said, "would be a lunatic to try to cross the desert to the south. If he comes this way, he will be sure to be caught, and no man has ever gone down the Snake through the gorge called the Caldron Linn and lived to tell the story.

"The only way I can account for Burke's action is that he has gone out of his head. He is young—under 30—and apparently in perfect health. He might have been out in a year or so if he had not made this break. Now it is a cell for him, and solitary confinement for a time. I can't understand it."

* * *

Warden Donevan was right in saying that Burke would be back in custody in three days. Tuesday evening he received the following telegram from John Devore, chief of police at Gardena:

"Have your man Burke here. He is willing to return. What shall I do?"

Within an hour from the time he received the message Warden Donevan was on a train headed for Gardena. Chief Devore was at the station to welcome him on his arrival. He conducted him at once to his office in the city hall.

"Well, sir," said the Gardena officer when the two men were seated and smoking; "we had a big time today. It was as good as a show. You know we have a wildwest here this week and everybody was out at the fair grounds to see it. It was a big crowd. The grandstand was packed. My men and myself were all on the lookout for toughs. I was near the entrance to the grandstand myself.

"Well, sir, just as the big steer roping stunt was to be pulled off I caught a glimpse of your man Burke climbing the fence to the racetrack. I was about to yell to him to get back when a little girl who was doing the wild riding came dashing along on her cayuse.

"'Pat!' shouted the man who by this time was inside the fence. I saw the girl pull up short and look around like a startled bird. Then she caught sight of Burke and I thought she would tumble out of her saddle. He ran up to her and I heard him say, 'Don't you know me, little girl?' 'Rodney!' With that one word she sprang into the man's arms while the pony went flying down the track.

"Wait, man, wait!" said Chief Devore who seemed to take special enjoyment out of the telling of his story. "That was only the beginning. Before I could move a peg up rushed Jake Garsides on his big black. Jake, ye know, is boss of the whole show. I guess he recognized Burke from a distance.

"'There's an escaped convict!' he yelled so that the whole grandstand could hear him. Then he started for Burke with an ugly look on his face.

"'What do you mean, you!' he hissed at him. 'Get off this track and be quick about it!' He used some mighty nasty words, too, that I won't repeat.

"Well, sir, the little girl clung to Burke with her arms around his neck. 'I don't want to ride, Rodney,' she kept saying; 'please take me away.' I could see that Burke's eyes were blazing but aside from that he seemed to be as cool as a cucumber. He picked the girl up like you would a baby, lifted her over the fence.

"As he turned back Garsides came rushing up calling on all to help catch the convict. He was off his horse now. Here I pulled myself together and jumped the fence. I could see that Garsides meant murder. Well, sir, before I could get half-way to him he pulled an automatic and began shooting. He was wild. That's all that saved Burke.

"Well, sir, your man was game. Instead of running or trying to dodge he ran in with his bare hands and grappled Garsides who was still doing his best to shoot him. As Burke tackled his man they came to the ground with stunning force. I can't explain just how it happened but in the fall the revolver was discharged again. The whole thing happened in a flash. When I caught Burke by the collar and yanked him to his feet, Garsides was dying. The last bullet from his own gun had done its work.

"Well, sir, there was the biggest commotion you ever saw, but believe me or not, a big part of the crowd got the idea that it was part of the show program and sent up a cheer. I hustled Burke to the city jail here as fast as I could. Here he told me who he was and asked me to wire to you which I did. He offered to go back himself without a guard. Just between you and me I believe your man is made of pretty good stuff."

After getting fresh cigars Chief Devore continued his story, the warden listening alert but silent.

"I asked Burke what there was between him and Garsides and he told me all that had happened in Montour county last year. You know the story better than I do. There was a lot in the papers about it at the time. I believe he told me the truth, and I'll confess to you that I don't blame him for smashing Garsides under all the circumstances.

"Well, sir, after Burke landed in the penitentiary it seems to have gone hard with the little girl. She lost the homestead, of course, and she had to

live. She had learned to ride, and when the chance came to ride for the 'movies' she jumped at it. But here was Garsides again. She did not find out until after she had signed a contract for a year that Garsides was in control of the film company, that he was the boss of the show. He set himself to bring the girl down to his own level, and seemed in a fair way to succeed when the smashup came today.

"When I asked Burke how he came to jump your camp over in Owyhee and make his way here to Gardena he told me how Tom MacLane took a bunch of the boys to Triple Springs Saturday night. In the moving picture show he saw his sister under the control of Garsides.

"'It made me wild,' he said; 'I hated Garsides anyhow for railroading me to the pen, and now it seemed he had my sister in his power. You can't understand, of course, but when the old folks died they left me to take care of the girl; there were just the two of us. I lost my head thinking of all these things. I didn't count the cost at all. I slipped away from camp after midnight when all were asleep and made for the Snake river by the shortest route I knew. I made it before daylight. At Grim's Ferry I found an old raft. I patched it up as well as I could and by riding part of the time, swimming part of the time and climbing around the rocks in some places I got here.'"

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Warden Donevan; "that this man shot the rapids of the Snake river on an old raft, that he passed through the Devil's Scuttle Hole, and that he still lives?"

"That is what he told me, and I am convinced that he told me the truth. There was no other way for him to get here. He says he even slept part of the time on the raft, and he was so desperate, he says, that he did not want to live if he could not get through to Gardena and get his sister away from Garsides."

"Well," was the brief comment of the warden; "I am forced to agree with you, Chief; there must be good stuff in Rodney Burke."

* * *

Burke could not be held for the death of Garsides. The tragedy at the fair grounds had been witnessed by so many; it was such a clear case, that the coroner's jury could not hesitate a minute in reaching a verdict. The whole responsibility was thrown upon Garsides.

Later in the day Burke remarked to Warden Donevan and Chief Devore that he could return to the penitentiary contented and happy but for his sister, Patricia. He was still worrying about the girl and debating what was the best thing for her to do when there came another little episode as if to cap the program of the day.

Patricia who was present to see as much as possible of her brother before he left with the warden, buried her head on his shoulder at this point and whispered something that the others present could not hear. Burke caught her by the shoulders and held her off while she blushed violently.

"You don't mean it!" he exclaimed. "Dan Foley? Why Dan Foley is only a kid!"

"He is 22!" was the indignant response; "and he owns his own ranch, and horses, and cattle, and—and everything!"

"Well, I know Dan right well, and he is a good boy, but does he care anything about you?"

"O, he's just crazy about me!"

"And how about you, little girl?"

"I like Dan. He's been awfully good to me, and I guess that's why Garsides was so mean to him. If it hadn't been for Dan I don't know what I would have done."

All this time young Foley had been hovering near. He was now brought in and proved to be a fine, manly chap who had been riding in the company simply because of his love for the girl and his desire to protect her, but anxious all the time to get back to his ranch in Montour.

After a quiet conference between

Foley, Burke and the girl, Rev. John Mackintosh was introduced, and there in the little parlor in the city hall, with Chief Devore and Warden Donevan as chief witnesses, Mr. Daniel Gillispie Foley and Miss Patricia Alice Burke were made man and wife.

On the way back to the penitentiary later that night Burke told the warden that he was extremely sorry for having brought discredit on his honor system and promised to make amends in the future. He entered his cell and began his term in solitary confinement protesting that he had not been so happy in many a day.

THE GRAY DAYS

When God sends the gray days,
Just clouds, no sunshine and no rain,
All the joys which have grown
From out the sorrows of life
Come back and whisper to me.

The sweet lessons learned
Through bitter pain,
And sweeter from thus being taught,
Speak once again their message
To my heart on the gray days.

The friendships which have been made strong,
By misunderstanding—
Hours when there seemed to be
A cloud between me and my friend—
Seem stronger still, on the gray days.

Pleasures I have purchased by sacrifice,
Doubly precious pleasures
Because I paid the price,
Come drifting back
To lure me on the gray days.

The times that I have wandered, wondering,
Not knowing whence to turn,
Only to find the hidden path brought joy,
Make the gray days of life
Guide-posts of eternal hope.

The gray days of life,
The silent power of pearl-gray clouds
Which bring me rest,
These are the holy days
Of my soul!

VERA HEATHMAN COLE.

The Wedding of Margaret Van Lance

By Ida Alexander

EXCEPT for her brother's arrogant interference, it probably would not have come to anything, for Margaret was, above all, a woman of taste; but at his first sight of her escort, he had said words to arouse the latent spirit of contrariness which exists in the mildest member of the human race.

To be sure, there were other considerations. Margaret, looking out of her window at the squalid street, could not but admit that. It would be worth something to be away from it all; to have a home of her *own*, where no landlady would come tapping at the door, "An' could ye pay this mornin', Miss Margaret, my dear?"

Margaret resented the familiar address more than the tirade that followed, if, as was sometimes the case, the wherewithal to pay for their ramshackle flat was not forthcoming. For before anything else, doctor, medicine and comforts for the doddering old father must be procured. Health, reason, money, home—of every one the old man had been bereft. All that remained to him was a shelter in a land of strangers, and the dutiful, if unloving, care of the son and daughter fate had magnanimously spared.

The wooing of Margaret drifted on in very much the manner that one of the girls on the same street might have expected, she thought with a curl of her lip. Hurried meetings, clandestine walks and drives—oh, she despised it all!

"Do you intend to marry that fellow, Margaret?" asked her brother, sternly, one morning.

"Yes."

If he had argued, pleaded, even spoken a word of reproach! But he had not done so. He had raised his finely-marked eyebrows, as one might in polite surprise at the announcement of the marriage of a comparative stranger.

"I shall give up this place, and find a better one for father," he remarked at last, casually.

And that night Margaret had given the long-deferred "Yes," feeling very much that fate had played her a scurvy trick, and almost forcing a quarrel with the good natured bundle of flesh and stupidity to whom she had just pledged herself.

On the wedding morning, it rained—not a drizzle, but a hearty, drenching shower, that bespoke no abatement, nor chance of a stray sunbeam lighting the path of the bride-to-be.

As the empty carriage drew up at the door, and Margaret entered, unassisted, the same human, unreasoning anger at the fate that denied her one well-wisher on her wedding morning, flushed her cheeks and dimmed her eyes.

The carriage had not gone a block when it was hailed, and the bridegroom—florid, over-dressed, perfumed, quite impossible—got in.

"I'd have come for you, Margaret, only for the brother," he said, laughing. "But, Lord, he'll get over it, and be proud of the match you've made—they always do."

It was over in a few moments—Gregory Martin had kissed his wife, and the little, struggling minister was gazing with dazzled eyes at the goodly fee that had been presented—Margaret shuddered—unwrapped. There was an air of proprietorship about him that Margaret resented, as he buttoned her glove and assisted her to the carriage. And the voice spoke volumes, as he shouted to the driver:



Out of the wrappings Margare



drew a copy of "Locksley Hall"



Margaret Van Lance

"To my home, 326 State Street. Extra fare if you get there quick."

"It's a pretty nice feeling, little wife," he said, as they drove away, "not to begin in a rented place. We had twelve chances without that, if I turned my tenants out, that is. Did you tell your brother?"

"Yes."

In the gorgeously furnished living-room, the conversation was as one-sided, till at last it penetrated his obtuseness, and he exclaimed in contrition: "There! I've nearly talked you to death, you poor darling. And after all you're too tired to know whether the carpet or sofy or chairs is well matched or not. I'll have Mary bring you some tea in here."

"This came this morning, sir," the maid said, as she brought in the tray.

"Come," he said, joyfully, after she left the room, "this is better than tea. It's something for you."

"Oh, you shouldn't—"

" 'Tisn't from me. Them diamonds was all I gave you—and all my worldly goods," he finished, laughing.

The tone was sincere. It must have come from some one else. But who knew that she was to be married that day, or would have sent a present, knowing?

"Will you get me a pair of scissors, please," she said at last, after fumbling with the string.

"I'll untie it for you," he answered. "I never cut string. That is why my little wife is to wear diamonds."

She watched the hands, with their short, pudgy fingers, struggling with some clerk's intricate knots; the coarse, reddened hands, upon which recently applied gloves had had no effect, and again she shuddered.

At last he looked up, triumphant.

"There! Now guess what it is. No, you shall look for yourself. And wondering, out of the wrappings, Margaret drew a copy of "Locksley Hall"—an edition de luxe. He drew it from her nerveless fingers.

"Well, that's a beaut. Locksley's Hall—he must have had a darned fine hall to write a book about it. You read it, Margey, and if you like it, I'll have one like it put in the country place I'm going to have built next fall. Didn't know you was going to have a country place, did you?"

Margaret's white lips framed a smiling "No."

"Oh, yes, Lord bless you, yes; two, if you want 'em. And I'll tell you what, Margey," he continued, excitedly, "we'll have this Locksley write a book about the whole place, if you like his writing. Look it over."

Margaret shook her head.

"I know it by heart."

"Why, why," he observed, turning the leaves, "darned if it ain't poetry!"

"Yes," said Margaret.

"And it's from your brother. Look."

Margaret looked at the page upon which was written in a careless hand—yet withal a hand which separates master from man, whatever conditions arise—"To Margaret, from her late brother, James Van Lance."

He read it aloud.

"He's coming around already, Margey. I take that for an apology. You see he says he got there too late."

By the Aid of Tinker

By Lyman Seelye

NEAR the head of Panther Lake is a crevasse full seventy yards long, that cuts squarely into the impassable mountain barrier; and ends so abruptly that it would seem that nature's workmen had been called to other tasks in the middle of the day. Not far from the inner end of this there had grown a mighty pine, and the boughs at the tips of its greater branches had swept the rock wall on either side.

The frailties of age had allowed this forest leviathan to tip against the end wall of the fissure, and as the angle at which it rested was not so great but that one wearing soft soles could walk up to the first whorl of branches, if bent forward and aided by the hands, the climbing of it was a favorite pastime with the younger guests at the "Colorado Mountain House," less than a mile away.

Alone in the silent woods, to which she had flown with the coming of the dawn, Lottie Davis gave free vent to the sorrow and remorse that her pride had kept close corralled while she was at the hotel. Unbidden tears that sparkled like the not yet dried dewdrops, chased each other across her cheeks, as aimlessly she followed the footpath to its termination, beside the partially upturned roots of the half-dead pine.

She had but reached it, when hearing a peculiar whine, she very carefully scanned the treetop, which was dense enough to entirely conceal a dozen men or animals. This scrutiny was rewarded by the sight of a racoon climbing a long limb, that reached to a small shelf like projection in the face of the rock wall.

The little animal seemed to be very much excited, and nosed every inch of the wall that was within reach of his tiny resting place, and at the same time tried with claws and teeth, to find a soft spot where he might burrow to safety. She supposed that it was her presence that had alarmed the racoon, and as she wanted to get a nearer view of it, at once climbed upon the upturned roots, and commenced the ascent of the tree.

This was a feat that she never had attempted, but had seen it done several times; and as her Indian moccasins held well on the rough bark, she had but little difficulty in reaching the first bunch of limbs. These enabled her to stand erect and regain her breath, but there were intervening boughs which prevented her seeing the animal that had so greatly interested her. After a few moments' rest, she climbed another fifteen feet, and had obtained a fairly good view of him, when an ugly snarl in the denser foliage, caused her to give careful attention to that part of the top from whence the sound came, and she soon detected a pair of glaring eyes, that instinct told her must belong to some one of the larger cats which infest this part of the Rockies.

She was frightened, but thought it best to maintain a bold appearance, and seeing a small dead branch that was within reach, broke it off and waved it towards the foe.

This caused the cat to change its position, and she then saw that it was an ear-tasseled Canadian lynx, which after the manner of its kind, began to work itself into a fury, by fiercely clawing the bark and branches that were near to it. This display of ferocity nearly unnerved her, and she gave

a quick glance down the trunk of the tree, to get bearings for a retreat; and then chilled with horror, for standing on the largest part of the trunk, wildly lashing his sides with his long tail, was a full grown panther.

When she first saw the tawny monster, he was looking alternately up the tree and back over his shoulder, in an apparent attempt to see something that was in the outer part of the crevasse. A moment later the Mountain Lion, as these panthers are called in the West, gave two or three of those hideous screams for which he is famed and began slowly to ascend the tree.

From where Lottie was standing, two parallel branches reached out to the rock wall, and their tops had been broken over on themselves, by the impact of the fallen tree. Without thought, other than that she must get from between the two fierce brutes, the girl scrambled along the limbs, and half dead from fear sank down on the overturned ends. Fortunately these were supported by a few inches of the projecting ledge, which was hidden from view by the many boughs.

She had no hope of escape, and braced her back against the wall so that she might force the cat that came for her, to join in the plunge to the jagged rocks, that were more than thirty feet below. Then she closed her eyes to hide from view the monsters of the woods, and thought not of the death that seemed so certain, but of that which had caused her to be facing it.

Her antipathy to his little woolly spitz dog had blinded her to the fact that she really cared for Clyde Montrose, and when Tinker had attempted to supplant his master's tender words by jumping with four grimy paws into her lap, she had boxed his ears and made a few remarks which were not germain to the subject that was under consideration.

The silence that followed these remarks had proved to be an impassable barrier to action on the petition, and when they parted the girl believed that by unanimous consent it had been laid on the table. The dog, however, seemed to be making a move for reconsideration, and would not sleep elsewhere than curled close against her chamber door.

She had learned that Montrose was bidding his fellow guests good-bye, preparatory to leaving on the early morning stage; and a sleepless night had left her nerves in a condition which would not justify a meeting, and his attentions had been sufficiently marked to be the cause of considerable gossip if she ignored him.

The few moments respite while these thoughts were passing through her mind had so strengthened her that she opened her eyes, and first saw that the lynx like the racoon was endeavoring to find a place of safety in the highest branches of the pine. The panther had reached a position nearly oposite to her, and with its hair stiffly pointing towards its head was looking down the tree, and all of the time furiously growling and screaming.

For a moment she was puzzled at his actions, but a glance to the bottom of the tree showed that the king of cats had troubles of his own, for an enormous silver tip bear was standing with his fore paws on the trunk, and his wicked eyes were roving from one to another of the frightened quartette above. He soon tired of inaction, and licking his chops as though already tasting the sweet and varied morsels that were in sight, he climbed upon and took two or three steps along the tree.

Now there came the familiar tinkling of two tiny bells, as the despised "Tinker" climbed laboriously on the upturned roots, and with loud yelps made a dash for the bear's hind legs. Wildly snorting with terror, the forest monarch jumped for the ground, and with fierce barks of victory, the Spitz landed squarely on his back, where, aided by teeth and paws, he rode until a low hanging branch swept him to the ground.

Some one has written:

As an elephant snorts in terror,
Or a maid will climb on high,

At the sight of a little mouse;
So bruin will shake with horror,
And to the wild jungle fly,
From the poodle, pet of the house.

This truth applies as well to the panther, as to the bear, for either will face and rend hound or mastiff, and in turn, fly before the onslaught of fice, poodle or Spitz. In this case, as soon as the bear, closely followed by the dog, emerged from the crevasse, the panther dashed down the tree; and with a series of frightful screams, disappeared in the thick woods; while the watchful lynx as soon as the way seemed to be clear, ran, spitting and snarling past Lottie, and quickly hid himself in the dense forest growths.

The swiftly changing semi-tragic panorama had so nearly unnerved the girl that for a time it was difficult for her to remain in her position, much less attempt a descent. With eyes half-closed, she was waiting for her nerves to become steady, when again she was startled by the sound of tiny bells, and with renewed alertness saw that "Tinker" had climbed to where the two branches that were supporting her left the tree. He seemed to debate with himself the possibility of walking one of these, in order that he might reach the objejct of his solicitude. Startled by the sight, she called sharply:

"Go back, Tinker! Go back, I say!"

But at the sound of her voice, the little dog threw discretion to the wind, and raced along the slender branch, from which he would have fallen had not an aiding hand been extended in the last few steps. She clasped him in her arms, and allowed him to caress her face, as she said to him:

"So you would not go away and leave me? Has your master become a lone wanderer, or will his regard for you cause him to stay another day, and look you up before I have to throw you on the rocks, that I may save myself?"

She could not hear herself say more, for Tinker had discovered the racoon and commenced a vociferous barking that even her caress failed to quiet. Suddenly he ceased his racket and gave a low whine of joy. A moment later Lottie could hear the tramp of fast coming feet, and seven hatless, coatless, perspiring men, headed by the one she most cared to see, came into view; and when they caught sight of the girl and dog, there went echoing back to those who were less fleet of foot, the glad cry, *"All is well."*

THE CITY

The city is like a flock of birds in flight,
Taking the sun on crests of red and gold,
And wings of shimmering snow that cannot hold
The splendor breaking into points of light.
And now it is like music heard at night:
The voice of thunder ponderously rolled;
The sound of waters, moaning and a-cold;
The cry of sea winds, singing with delight.
But on November evenings, in the murk
Of gusty, rain-drenched streets, it is beset
With old realities in drab and grey:
A patient cab-horse plodding through the wet;
The sound of laughter in a cheap cafe;
A worn charwoman going home from work.

JAMES NORMAN HALL.

What Shall We do With the Philippines

By W. F. Norris

THE recent discussion in Congress over the Philippeno Bill revives the question of final disposition of the Islands. After American occupation of the Archipelago, the question was, "What shall we do with the Philippines?" Some said, "Sell them." Some said, "Trade them with Great Britain for the Bermudas, or with Germany for Samoa." Some said, "Drop them, sail away and leave them to the Philipenos." Some said, "Keep them now and forever." Others, and we think the majority, said, "Keep them till the inhabitants are fitted for self government and then let them go as an independent state."

The question is still asked and the same answers made by the American public. Diversity of opinion prevails now as then. We presume that diversity will always exist, and the time never come when the people of this country with unanimous voice determine to keep the Islands, or abandon them, grant their independence or retain them as territory of the United States.

The Filipeno proposition has never been a popular one with all classes of our people. Serious objection was made to the retention of the Islands for various reasons.

It was urged that we were departing from the traditions of the fathers; violating the principles of the declaration of independence and of the Constitution of the United States, that we were assuming the role of an imperial colonizing state by insisting upon governing a people against their consent. But the fact remains; whether right or wrong; lawful or unlawfully we are in possession of the islands, and have been for eighteen years, and have been governing their inhabitants for the same period.

Whatever may be the final outcome our occupation of the Philippines took place under remarkable circumstances. We were thrown into Asia without our own volition. If we are guilty of governing the Filipenos against their consent, we obtained their Islands as an unwelcome acquisition of territory and themselves as an undesirable addition to our population.

We did not want the Philippines but we did want Cuba. For a century our government had waited the favorable oportunity for the annexation of the great island of the Antilles. We went to war with Spain. We freed Cuba. We created the Cuban republic and to our astonishment found ourselves in possession of Asiatic Islands with an Asiatic population clamoring, as the Cubans had been clamoring for, independence and the privilege of establishing a republican form of government.

There are several remarkable circumstances in connection with our occupation of the Philippines worthy the serious consideration of the American people. Circumstances well calculated to cause us to ponder upon the situation and the responsibilities devolving upon us consequent upon our assuming the ownership of and exercising sovereignty over Asiatic territory.

The fact of our acquiring possession of the Islands was remarkable. We did not want them, we wanted Cuba, had long desired possession of this beautiful island, as the complement of our national area. It lay at the mouth of our great river, was American territory, surrounded by American waters. The long waited for opportunity came,

we went to war with Spain like a strong man dazed, we awoke from the brief conflict, the victor therein, and as a consequence in possession of the Philippine Islands which we did not want and not in possession of the Island of Cuba which we did want.

Another remarkable circumstance was that our lot was cast with the only people in Asia professing Christianity, excepting the Armenians. We had no iron-bound caste to encounter, none of the obstacles thrown in the way of a Christian nation dealing with a non-Christian, servient people. We began our experiment of introducing self government among the right people at the right time. Although we knew it not our flag was unfurled in Asia at a psychological period in Asiatic history. This is manifest from subsequent events. We might add not only in Asiatic history but in the history of the world as is evident from subsequent events in Europe as well as Asia, the latest being the great war.

We unfurled our flag in Asia among the right people and at the opportune time for the reason they were the only people who up to that date had manifested any desire for free government. The Filipenos had risen against Spain with the hope of gaining their independence and the intention of founding a republic. All Asia, with the exception of these Islanders, were apparently devoted to despotic governments, with no wish for anything else. No statesman of Europe or America, no student of Oriental affairs, dreamed of the latent desire for liberty reposing in the Oriental breast which was manifested by the extraordinary political events immediately following the appearance of the American flag on Asiatic territory. The Russo-Japanese war, the Boxer Rebellion, the overthrow of the Manchus and that most extraordinary of extraordinary events the conversion of the Chinese Empire to the Chinese Republic followed each other in quick succession. Never in the tide of Asiatic history did so many tremendous transactions occur within so brief a period as the decade immediately subsequent to the American occupation of the Philippine Islands.

We were cast into the Philippines by circumstances beyond our control. We were disappointed in not securing territory that we wanted and equally disappointed in the acquisition of territory that we did not want. We assumed the sovereignty of the Islands at a critical period in the affairs of the human race; when the world was about to turn and march in a new direction for since the eventful year 1898 amazing events have followed each other culminating in the great cataclysm of the European war. Why are we there? Why were the American people forced from their continental seclusion and obliged to become a world power?

We are in the Philippines to build up a mighty Pacific empire. I do not mean that such empire will be carved out by the sword, nor that it will be the absolute physical control of the Pacific, but I do mean that our country is destined to exert a mighty influence over what may be termed the Pacific World, during the present century. It has been said that the nation that controls the Pacific will control the world, and that the United States will control the great ocean is written in our history, our national growth and on the face of the globe.

The United States did not expand into Asia, it evolved into an Asiatic power. The previous century was one of expansion. We expanded from the Alleghanies to the Pacific coast; north to the Arctic; south to the West Indian Islands; then west to farthest limit of the Hawaiian Islands; all this was natural growth in accord with our environments, it was expansion by the absorption of American soil and American waters. But when we made a bound over the Pacific into Asiatic territory, that was not expansion; it was evolution. We evolved into an Asiatic power and as a consequence into a world power.

Another mighty expansion has been going on through the ages, not of the

land but of the waters. The earliest commercial highways of the world were the rivers. The rich products of Egypt, Assyria, Chaldea and Babylon were borne on the bosom of the Nile, the Tigris and the Euphrates. The civilization of Rome surrounded the Mediterranean which was termed the Roman Lake.

Then, in the lapse of ages, as civilization extended north the Atlantic became the great highway of the nations, and in these latter days the two great oceans are made one and the Mediterranean and the Atlantic-Pacific are the commercial highways of the civilized world.

In that eventful year of human history, 1898, the attention of the great nations was directed to the Pacific, then becoming a theatre of commercial activity. Every prominent maritime power desired to participate in that activity; it was said that "the nation that controlled the Pacific during the Twentieth Century would control the world." In the beginning of the year, the United States possessed a coast line of a thousand miles along the great Ocean, and nothing more. Between that coast line and Asia rolled seven thousand miles of water. Our coast with its commodious harbors was practically valueless; we needed stepping stones. A little later and Hawaii fell into our hands, and there was the first stepping stone, from San Francisco to Honolulu 2500 miles; from Honolulu to Hongkong some 5000 miles, too far. We needed another stepping stone. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came the Spanish war and as its result the Philippine Islands. From San Francisco to Honolulu, from Honolulu to Hongkong 72 hours and the coast of Asia was within reach, and the circuit was complete. Beyond our coast line were a hundred million American people. On one of the most magnificent harbors of the world sat the Imperial City of the West, destined, we predict to become the Queen City of the Pacific, and perhaps, for who can tell? the Queen City of the Atlantic-Pacific, the new ocean created by American genius and enterprise, to be Queen of which is to be the Queen City of the world.

SONNET TO KING LOVE

Thou mighty tyrant, through the sentient Past
A paradox of evil and of good,
Thou most familiar and least understood—
Ah, still thy sceptre binds its subjects fast,
Each dynasty as servile as the last!
Along the winding lane, or gladed wood,
Beneath the helmet, and the modest hood
Of unwooed maidens, is thy image cast.
Thy power is evanescent, vague, and yet
Immutable as Time. The human soul
Were void without thee, for thou didst beget
Creation in the heart of God; the whole
Great law of being by thy pulse is set,
And Space hath draped thee like a star-hung stole!

Jo Hartman.



SEEIN' THINGS IN AMERICA

A Tramp from Jacksonville to St. Augustine

By Richard Bret Harte

Chapter VII.

STRANGE indeed are the ways of Fate and Fortune. It had cost me a theatrical failure (i. e., an artistic success) to reach St. Augustine and to be suddenly discovered by relatives whose existence I had never even imagined. Literally speaking, I had fallen into their midst from the sky without the slightest warning and with no other excuse than "Hello!" But their consternation at my spontaneous appearance could have been no greater than mine when they proudly informed me that I possessed several *families of cousins* in Florida, an odd dozen of which were in St. Augustine.

This amazing fact plunged me headlong into a genealogical forest. I remember the hours I passed with my dear, old cousin, Mrs. T——, climbing family trees, hopping over family boughs and twigs, until it seemed that the entire human race had been destined to bring about my birth. How I envied the ant, with his thousands of brothers and sisters, who never knows who he is nor even cares.

Owing to my contract with Mr. M—, I was forced to return to Jacksonville with the company. I needed but little persuasion from my cousins to remain in St. Augustine and stay with them, and so I promised to return in a week, after settling various business matters of importance in Jacksonville.

As a matter of fact, these "business matters of importance" involved the expenditure of three dollars and forty-five cents, which sum represented my earnings as a theatrical cartoonist. With this "cash in hand" I had to live for a week and pay a bill for five dollars. It was all that I possessed. My personal property was of personal value only. But I had a watch, a splendid little fellow who had served me many years, and I remembered he had some Jewish friends in Jacksonville. Ah, I would give the faithful little fellow a vacation, that he might enjoy a little Hebrew hospitality, and rest his shattered nerves.

It was not surprising, therefore, that on reaching Jacksonville in this state of affairs I should desire to *retire from the stage*. I consoled myself with the

conviction that the Florida climate was unsuited to vaudeville, and although I had not prospered financially, I had gained an experience of considerable anecdotal value, which would entitle me to the honor of that captivating expression: "When I was on the stage."

The week that followed was a nightmare of milk and soda crackers. At times I was seized with the carnivorous hunger of a caveman, a longing to stalk some wily prey; but the only wily prey in the neighborhood was cats. A pig becomes pork and an ox becomes beef, but a cat is a cat forever, and all the wisdom of Epicurus and the polyglotic eloquence of menus could not tempt me to such a dish, be it a *feline fricassee* or an *angora suey*.

I was due in St. Augustine in twenty-four hours. There is a distance of about thirty-five miles between Jacksonville and St. Augustine, and the luxury of a railroad car was beyond my means. So there was nothing to do but walk.



"She was a dear old soul."

I arose the next morning soon after sunrise. My suitcase containing the heavier part of my wardrobe and possessions would be forwarded on to me, so that I should have only those things which I needed for the immediate future to carry on my journey. These I packed together into my raincoat, rolled it into a bundle, and securing it with straps, slung it over my shoulders like a knapsack. My provisions, consisting of fruit, crackers and chocolate, I carried in a school-boy's satchel which also contained papers and pencils for notes and sketches, a map and a photograph of my mother. This photograph which my dear mother gave me when I left her in Europe, has accompanied me in all my wanderings, and its silent companionship grows ever more sacred with the passing of years.

Taking a farewell glance in the mirror I was faced by quite a picturesque creature. With my rather incongruous equipment accentuated by a shabby, green felt hat, artistically

aslant on my head, and a black ebony cane in my hand, my appearance posesssed all the charm of a William J. Locke, hero, though to a casual observer it might have suggested a mild mental derangement. But then, what is a casual observer but as casual as his observance?

As I was about to leave, the landlady met me at the foot of the stairs. She was a dear old soul, and I shall always remember her as she stood there in a brown, faded dressing gown and with her hair drawn back from her forehead by innumerable curl papers. A lovable smile brightened her kindly, old face as she eyed me in my picturesque equipment. In her hand was a small package neatly wrapped in tissue paper—some sandwiches for the traveler! Placing these in my satchel she drew from a pocket of her dressing gown another packet. Swiftly my hand stayed her as I recognized the shape and size of that tiny packet, for it contained a coin—a fifty cent piece. But her hand was stronger than mine, though it did tremble a little as it dropped the coin into the satchel and buckled the strap that closed it.

So great was her concern at my departure and so full of thoughtful advice her farewell, that my simple journey suddenly assumed all the perils of an exploration into the unknown wilds of a cannibal island from which I could never hope to return alive or even dead. I took the wrinkled forehead with its crown of curl papers between my hands and kissed it. It is but in the moment of parting that we discover the hidden divinity of true friendship. We never appreciate the virtues of our friends until we leave them.

The morning was bright with a clear blue sky, and there was a briskness in the air that stirred my heart and body as I swung down Main Street. A city street in the early morning hours possesses an uncanny charm. There is a distinct air of dejection about its emptiness. The deserted buildings with their closed doors and



"I was . . . a picturesque creature."

lifeless windows reminds one of a drop scene in a melodrama. Yet the stillness of everything is full of hidden life; echoes of strange noises from ambiguous directions break the silence. I can hear a cart rattling over the cobblestones blocks and blocks away; even the racket my own footsteps are making might cause an earthquake in the suburbs.

As I neared the docks, signs of life became more visible and numerous. The noise of a street car heralded another day of toil. Swarthy laborers hurried by with their pipes and their dinner cans, and niggers sauntered along, whistling boisterously and occasionally saluting one another with a brief "H'llo colnel" or a "Mornin' S——am" in a long, singsong drawl.

Crossing the St. John's river was delightful. A light breeze, fragrant with the mingled odors of sea and river, stirred the surface of the water, and the brilliance of its undulating colors, glittering in the sun, almost blinded the eyes. Scattered here and there were groups of small sailing yachts. Their dainty, white hulls and slender masts nodded merrily from side to side, as if in a mischievous flirtation with the lumbering old "four master" anchored out in mid-stream. Motionless and alone, it stood there like a dejected outcast, lifting its gaunt, naked timbers to the skies in a last mute appeal; and seagulls flew around it and shrieked, like vultures claiming their prey. What a pathetic thing is old age! Nature surely has no conscience. I would rather dig my own grave in the prime of life than *stagger* to it bereft of everything but breath.

On reaching land I dropped into a "quick-lunch" for a cup of coffee and rolls. After a brief consultation with my map, I found the automobile road to St. Augustine. A sign post informed me that there was a distance of over thirty miles between me and my destination. It was then about six-thirty. With an easy gait of three miles an hour, and an hour for lunch and rest, I could reach St. Augustine before seven in the evening. But what were miles and minutes to me, with a song in my heart and the warm, blue sky above me? I thrilled with the lure of the open road, and all my soul and body—the sublime and the primitive, responded to the voices of the woods, the fields and the flowers. I was in tune with the Infinite.

A SUMMER DAY

Thin grey mist of the morning,
Soft pink clouds in the grey,
Cobweb pearls on the dewey lawn,
A wind that blows from the gate of dawn,
And a song-bird's roundelay.

Mid-day heat of the meadow,
Blue of the dazzling sky,
Dust on the roadway white and bare,
The warm, still breath of the hay-sweet air,
And the locusts' piping cry.

Dusk of the twilight shadows,
Gold of the sinking sun,
Dim-lit stars in the darkening sky,
A robin's call from the leaves that sigh
And the summer day is done.

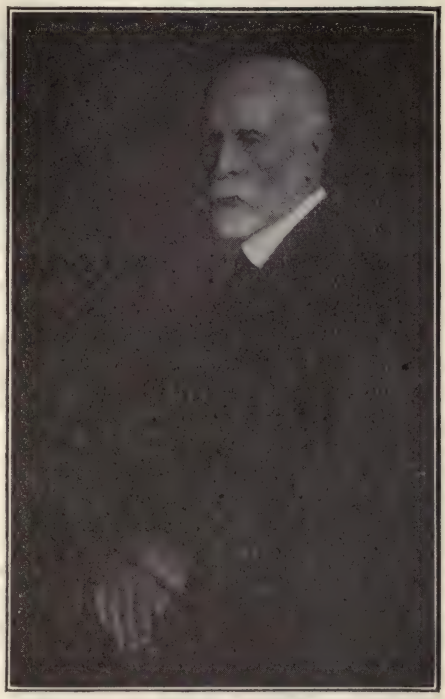
ELEANORE MYERS.

Krotona---the Place of Promise

By Cornett T. Stark

IN the belief of five thousand American Theosophists, the ancient Pythagorean sodality of Krotona is being reincarnated near Hollywood, California. Albert P. Warrington, of Norfolk, Va., the man who had the faith to found it, is actuated by a desire to emulate the sage of Samos, and revive the life and teaching that produced those surpassing characters of long ago. So there on the foothills of the Santa Monica mountains, nestles the nucleus of a future Institute, unique, yet already proven as to lasting worth in education. Not only does the prevailing breeze from off the nearby Pacific give physical tone to the surroundings, but a spiritual urge seems to be peculiar to all that section. For those reasons Mr. Warrington chose well when he selected the spot now being laid out and improved with the sanction of the whole Theosophical Society.

He had in 1911 been elected to the General Secretaryship of the American Section, that being the *de facto* head, and this gave him the opportunity to put in effect the long cherished dream of inaugurating a special movement for the uplift of humanity. With funds provided by associates and fellow members of the Society, he bought about fifteen acres of land that had already been improved but upon which could be found suitable sites for buildings for the particular purpose. Much money has already been spent but the full state of perfection desired has not yet been achieved because the ideal is very high, requiring years to materialize. It is the headquarters of the Esoteric School of the Society, also of the Order of the Star in the East, and of the Temple of the Rosy Cross, but it is not a colony in the sense that the ancient fraternity was; not yet. There is a proposed School for Children, and doubtless as in that sixth century B. C., the students of the Occultism of Nature will become so numerous as to require such an adjustment to the condition of growth.



Cornett T. Stark

But there, summer and winter sessions of the Krotona Institute of Theosophy are being held, at which the whole range from Elementary Theosophy to Theosophical Psychology is gone over, including in the curriculum, "Physics of the Spiritual World," "The Human Aura," "Nutrition and



Krotona Institute of Theosophy, near Hollywood, California.

Vegetarianism," "Mother Religions of the Races," "Esperanto," "Occult Laws of Healing," "Esoteric Interpretation of Music and the Drama," and "Occult Methods of Mental Development." The practical value of Theosophy lies most in its cultivation of discernment between non-essentials and the things that are worth while, resulting in determination to achieve true progress. As in the days of Pythagoras, Paracelsus, Count St. Germain, Cagliostro, and many other famous occultists, there is a certain secrecy attending much of the teaching, because it cannot safely be given to the multitude. Such mysteries of Nature as that phase of the continuity of life known as reincarnation; such secrets of History as the age of the Earth, and the truth about great civiiizations of such antiquity as to have no record but tradition; these are no longer guarded. But information that would mean unusual power to the holder, is kept from the casual seeker. He may learn about Karma or what our conduct stores up for us, and how we came by our bodies and social conditions into which we were born, but, as an instance, to know the secret of color combinations so that nature-spirits could be evoked at will, would be a menace to society because not every one is unselfish.

"Within the haunted wine-cup more than wine
It is that makes mortal man divine,
We seek a drink more deadly and more strange
Than ever grew on any earthly vine."

Science is steadily confirming the claims made by clairvoyant theosophists in the early days, in anthropology, chemistry, archeology, and in fact, every branch of learning, but those occultists said that it was all known in great civilizations now long dead, and therefore is only being rediscovered. Atlantis though mentioned by Plato, has generally been considered a myth, but theosophists maintain that many inventions for the generation and use of power even greater than any yet known to us, were fully developed there, including a combined air and submarine craft for carrying many passengers, and equipped with wireless telephony. That great empire whose capital was the City of the Golden Gates, was the domain of the Fourth Root Race while we are of the

Fifth. The Incas of Peru ruled a branch of that people, which with the other colonies spread over half the globe, leaving many permanent marks. Dr. Heinrich Schliemann who discovered the ancient city of Troy, left a sealed envelope to be opened after his death. His son Paul acted upon the secret instructions, and discovered the continent which sank in 9564 B. C., and which gave its name to the Atlantic ocean. Dr. Schliemann found inscriptions in Peru, Central America, and Mexico which he said would startle the world, but in all this he only verified the claims made by Helena P. Blavatsky in the early eighties in her "Isis Unveiled," and "The Secret Doctrine."

As the Theosophical motto proclaims: "There is no religion higher than Truth," and that embraces all knowledge, but the main endeavor is to neutralize the effects of credulous Puritanism on the one hand, and the indifference of Materialism on the other, and to study religion with a view to making use of the powers latent in all human beings in such a way as to produce truly spiritual people. With this broad purpose in view the Krotona Institute of Theosophy has been established, and its founder declares that it is destined to become a great center of learning, and to such as have an altruistic object, a congenial center for leading lives of helpfulness to the world.



Albert P. Warrington, Founder of Krotona Institute of Theosophy



Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Lawrey---Pioneer Woman of California

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By Ada Gilman Heacock

LIVING in Pacific Grove, quietly but nevertheless at eighty-five entering into the activities and pleasures of family life, enjoying the society of close friends is Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Lawrey, a large picture of whom, with one of her husband, the late Lieutenant Amos Giles Lawrey, has by repeated requests from the California Pioneer Association recently been placed on the walls of the State Pioneer Exhibit rooms at Golden Gate Park. With the likenesses of these two California argonauts will be found, too, grouped together, the first home of Lieutenant and Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Lawrey's parents and their family; and also a framed photograph of Captain Elisha Stevens, one of the first Americans to reach California, coming west from Indiana in 1843 to follow the life of a mountain trapper. Still another frame contains a bit of Mrs. Lawrey's handiwork—a wreath formed of flora, other bits of plant life and mosses, gathered on her first trip to Yosemite and the falls, in 1857. The wood of the frame was made from a tree through which this woman visitor with a gentleman of the party rode two horses, sitting perfectly erect in their saddles, the giant sequoia measuring thirty-four feet in diameter and one hundred and two feet in circumference. The animal Mrs. Lawrey rode was fifteen hands high. This effective and exquisite creation took a premium at the first California State Fair held in Stockton not long after.



Mrs. Margaret E. Lawrey

Mrs. Lawrey and her younger sister, Mrs. Lucy J. Stoneroad, are the last of the Dickinson family who by separating at Salt Lake City from the Reed-Donner aggregation with whom the trip, to that point across the plains had been made, avoided the fate that befell nearly all the women and children among the other misguided travelers, reaching in safety the sheltering roof of an hospitable farmer in California, three days after their store of provisions was exhausted.

With her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gal-

lant Duncan Dickinson, her four brothers and younger sisters, Margaret Elizabeth Dickinson, then fourteen years of age journeyed across the continent in 1846.

In the early spring, on the 14th of May, the party, embracing in its personnel besides the Dickinson family the Reeds and the Donners, left Independence, Missouri, and began together the tedious but fascinating ox-team trip to the new land of which wondrous tales of sunshine and wealth were penetrating to the homes of farmer and towns-people throughout the east and the southern states.

With provisions plentiful, it seemed to them, to suffice for a year, should there be setbacks or delays, this large party of people journeyed happily along across countries intervening, over already beaten trails. But meeting with those less wise in outfitting for the long continued trip, repeated "handouts" and the usual thieving of Indians, their store of edibles was materially depleted as a result of generous donations and losses to wild tribes who helped themselves as their victims slept. Finally foreseeing the possibility of being subjected to the pangs of hunger if the scant larder were not soon replenished, Mr. Lawrey, who had cast his lot with the travelers and whom the fates had destined to become the husband of Margaret forged ahead of the family group, bent on finding food and refuge from a severe mountain storm forecast by heavy clouds, and came upon the hospitable farmer—by name, Johnson, whose home on hearing of the plight of the Dickinsons was opened to the wayfarers on their appearance a day later, Mr. Johnson giving them the shelter of his roof through the fierce blizzard already upon them and bade his guests to eat as they rested.

Having subsisted on acorns gathered in the forests for four days prior to the welcome by their host at the mountain ranch house, for fear of serious effect upon digestion it was believed necessary to restrain their appetites and several days passed before the half-famished ones were permitted to enjoy a full meal.

It was during this extreme cold and heavy fall of snow that those of the ox-team travelers who had taken the short cut route from Salt Lake, striking the high mountain altitude at Donner Lake, were suffering and finally succumbed, many of them, through lack of nourishment and proper shelter, responding to the last call.

Leaving the hospitable shelter of the rancher on the new Eldorado boundary after the storm had abated, the Dickinsons, now quite fit and with well filled "lunch baskets" took the direction pointed out to them by their warm hearted host and, behind the oxen left to them plodded on, reaching, at the end of nearly two weeks Sutter's Fort, just in time for the men to be pressed into service in a battle with Spaniards in the war which preceded the raising of the American flag at Monterey.

Through forest, and in the open the party had encountered numerous herds of elk and wild cattle, but munitions, with food, had been divided too often to allow of slaughter of the animals as they moved slowly along through beautiful sunny Santa Clara Valley.

The only habitation seen during the last section of their journey was a cabin, owned by one Bonsell. The occupation of this man was that of ferrying travelers across the San Joaquin River.

At Santa Clara Mission another battle was on between Americans and Spaniards, the point of vantage the top of the fort wall. The lack of proper equipment in the hands of the native soldiery made victory easy for the American usurpers.

Two sons of Mr. Dickinson with their father, now become Lieutenant Dickinson, and Mr. Lawrey joined in this battle, the newly made lieutenant with other officers receiving the flag at the Spanish surrender.

While sojourning here Margaret, the older daughter of the house, delighted in perching herself in the branches of the tall, stalky mustard plant, which grew to great height and strength

about the San Jose Mission at that time.

In the spring of 1847 the Dickinsons accompanied by Mr. Lawrey went south from the Santa Clara Valley to Monterey.

In the town to which fame for its deep walled adobes and its romance still clings the newcomers tarried something over a year.

Margaret having then passed her fifteenth birthday was considered by the young men of California's capital city to have reached the time when proposals for her hand in marriage might be in order, and many were the beautiful young girl's suitors. Among others who spoke to Lieutenant Dickinson on the subject nearest their hearts was George Dent, scion of a wealthy and aristocratic southern house and brother to Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant. Dent had followed the army from the southern states to the seat of the war some months before Miss Dickinson's arrival and the young gallant was at that time quartered in a boarding house close by the Dickinson home.

Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Lawrey here engaged at once in the business of brick making and Lawrey constructed for Lieutenant Dickinson the first brick house in California which the family occupied as soon as it was completed. This structure yet stands in a fine state of preservation on Decatur Street, in Monterey, a splendid monument to the ability and industry of those two southern gentlemen, among the first of the state's argonauts. A little frame building still to be seen in the rear of the two story brick house served as business quarters for the two men in those early days of Monterey.

Whaling was the chief, in fact the only profitable industry in this period of Monterey's history when the mammoth sea animals literally swarmed Monterey bay.

Big land game was easy target. In the still of the night mountain bear often stalked. The new Dickinson home and the room in which Miss



The first brick house in California

Dickinson was sleeping was entered one night by Bruin, and except for a timely shot from Dickinson pere it might not have been necessary for the lumbering creature to visit the market stall, which it did after retreating at the sound of a shot from the Dickinson rifle. A quarter of beef or a half sheep was not improbably missed the following morning by the butcher of the town.

With five other young American ladies, Miss Dickinson had entree to the center of the social life of the period. The Governor Alvarado home, the family circle of General Castro and other Spanish dignitaries of the time were open to them. The Spanish senoritas, in all their grace and witchery, could not outshine Margaret Dickinson, to whom fell at the auctioneering of a beautiful bonnet with the most aristocratic of young cavaliers bidding for the bit of millinery the coveted prize.

These were generously hospitable times, when cascarone balls and dinner parties were of very frequent occurrence.

At the end of a little more than a year, Lieutenant Dickinson took his family away from all this gaiety to Mokelumne Hill, in Calaveras County, and tried his luck with success at mining.

Fabulous quantities of gold were taken from these placer mines then, and it was not an unusual thing for Lieutenant Dickinson and Mr. Lawrey to clean up two thousand dollars a day in glittering nuggets. Made

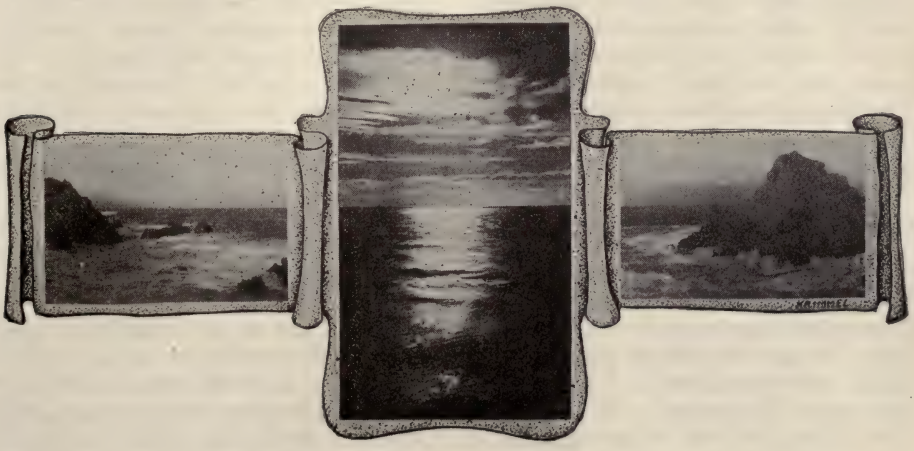
banker for the miners, their bank deposit vaults were a large hole dug in the ground beneath the cabin home, where on deposit was something like a million in gold. With five hundred miners at Mokelumne Hill, the only women there were Mrs. Dickinson and her daughters.

At the one store of the town bright hued trowsers were the delight of picturesque red men, at five dollars per pair. In one day Margaret made ten pairs of them, receiving fifty dollars for her day's work. Surely in those days money came easy and was spent with little thought of the morrow. The miners paid for pies, at the making of which Miss Margaret was an adept, three dollars each.

Going from Mokelumne Hill to Stockton in 1849, Miss Dickinson married there, at eighteen years of age, the choice of her sweethearts of these three years in the Golden State—Mr. Amos Giles Lawrey. The Reverend Mr. Hopkinson, a methodist minister, officiated at the wedding. The bride was the first white woman to be married in the town and the first woman married according to American law in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrey made Stockton their home for several years. Then believing that greater opportunities were opening to them in a growing Santa Clara Valley community, they cast their lot with the history making epoch of San Jose, where, as they prospered, four children were born to them.

Left a widow, with those of her family remaining to her, twenty-nine years ago, when Pacific Grove was just beginning to merge from Methodist camp meeting tents into a home town, Mrs. Lawrey, accompanied by her two daughters, Mrs. Beatrice L. Hollembeck and Miss Lola Lawrey came to the shores of the Pacific from the valley city to complete a long and eventful life; a life not without hardships, but one which has brought its pleasures, joys and sorrows; prosperity taking not one whit from the strong, beautiful personality marking the individual throughout the varied experiences as she has passed, with wondrous grace, from childhood to motherhood, and on into the late period of womanhood without seeming decline of mental or physical. Pleasant to look upon are the lines which have come into the face of the woman who has witnessed scenes of two wars in America, and has stayed on to read of and discuss the war of nations across the Atlantic. Yet with voice sweet and steady, with eyes in which traces of the luster of early youth is seen, in spirit still young, Mrs. Lawrey drives in fair weather over boulevards through the same native environ by which she was surrounded when army officers and high officials of State paid court in the late forties to the Belle of Monterey.



A Bad Name

By Eldridge Reeves Johnson, Pres. Victor Talking Machine Co.

THE ill-chosen title, "Price Maintenance," has done the cause of "Fair Trading" a little more harm to date than the total of all effort has accomplished in the matter of educating the public to the fact that the standardization of prices in any one line of articles bearing the same maker's name, is a sound, honest, worthy business policy and not an insidious method of raising and maintaining prices unduly high. A far better title would be "The Standardization of Fair Prices."

From the "Code of Hammurabbi" (Khammurabbi — Hammurabbi, the Amraphel of the Old Testament), to the Sherman law, legislators have been trying to produce laws for the satisfactory regulation of trade, but it is a bit discouraging when we learn that while there are over 50,000 such laws in active operation in the United States, with many more to come, we are no nearer success than was this old Babylonian king with his wonderful Code of over 4,000 years ago.

It is an interesting fact that the oldest trade agreement, which authentic history records, was made in the reign of Hammurabbi between the patriarch Abram and his kinsman Lot. They found that their enterprises were interfering and they divided certain pasture lands between them, thus establishing the following co-operative agreement:

"And Abram said unto Lot, 'let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou will take the left hand, then I will go to the right, or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.'" Gen. xiii, 8-9.

Could anything have been more fair, sensible or practical? Can we afford to abandon this old policy of fair play? It is not recorded that Hammurabbi objected or that the price of mutton was put up, but Abram and Lot could have been called to account under some interpretations of the Sherman law.

No lasting peace in any industry is possible when co-operation is frowned upon as a conspiracy and manufacturers are compelled to fight it out along destructive lines. The ultimate winner (generally the one with the greatest resources), who in the fight reduces or eliminates competition, may eventually find himself charged with maintaining a monopoly.

The Sherman law was put upon the statute books a quarter of a century ago, just about the time the United States of America emerged from a purely agricultural country and entered upon its boundless industrial career. Mr. Roosevelt used the law as a curb to the monopolistic enterprises of a certain class of business men with unsound business ideas. It is evident that Mr. Roosevelt never thought the law perfect, and, no doubt, intended to secure intelligent amendments, but misdirected public opinion took the matter out of his hands and general business has suffered confusion never dreamed of by Roosevelt or the framers of the Sherman law.

Matters are on the mend, but very slowly. Opposition to intelligent interpretation of the Sherman law is very great. Something like consternation prevailed among that clamorous class

of people, who believe that nothing is too unreasonable or severe in dealing with the ever increasing problems of business regulation, when the Supreme Court read into the Sherman law the word "reasonable."

Since the Standard Oil decision, this same class of misinformed people, dangerous, and not to be ignored, because of their number, have raged like hungry wolves deprived of their prey for laws that would overcome everything reasonable in the Sherman law. Every business enterprise, no matter how worthy or how well conducted, must face this unreasonable persecution, once it seeks to improve its business methods, by departing from the methods of destructive competition of a thousand years ago.

The future of the greatest industrial development that the world in its long history has ever been in a position to achieve is being delayed and threatened with destruction, so far as the United States of America is concerned (Europe, however, is making no such mistake) by selfish, narrow conceptions of trade which have come to us as an inheritance from the Oriental originators of trade. These old, half-civilized ideas still hold a large portion of the public mind in bondage, and are still advocated by misinformed legislators.

The theory they preach is that each purchase must be made a desperately selfish bargain, and the opportunity of indulging in such bargains is looked upon as a sacred, personal right. The right to buy at the lowest figure that the most cunning mind can conspire with circumstances to ring from a fettered industry is still thought good business. Starve, if you must! This is all I will give! Your losses are none of my business! I am not my brother's keeper! Business is business! No sentiment in business, etc.!

The reactionary character of such policies becomes apparent on the slightest thought, but laws and decisions that are so framed as to deprive trade of all the benefits of co-operation, to strengthen the grip of price-cutters and sweating practices, that have the effect of increasing the cost of production and forcing down the compensation to both labor and capital, are still urged by a misguided but powerful class of legislators, both national and State. Of course, the real trouble is the lack of public understanding and support in fair trading, and this difficulty can only yield to constant effort in the matter of analyzing and explaining the truth to the public.

Every business man should study John Stuart Mill or Adam Smith and subscribe to several responsible publications which are devoted to Business and Finance, Social and Political Economy, in addition to the regular magazines and newspapers. Business men, as a rule, neglect all educational reading on the subjects of Business and Political Economy.

A membership in the United States Chamber of Commerce will also be useful in the matter of keeping well informed on what Congress is doing. The weekly bulletins furnished to members contain just the kind of condensed information a busy man needs, and it is reliable.

Industry and thrift are in grave danger in the United States of America. Write a short article for a trade paper once in a while on the benefits of the standardization of prices, fair trading, business regulation, taxes, etc. Every honest and intelligent article helps quite a little. The present social and industrial problems can all be worked out with fairness to all.

Scientific treatises can do little good —the general public is still in its A, B, C's. Of course, many understand the meaning of price maintenance, but many still believe that the policy of price maintenance or standardization of prices is a subtle conspiracy to force them to pay the highest possible price for articles sold under such a system. It would seem that the present prices of general commodities would prove the absurdity of such opinions, and it would also seem that the present time is the time above all

others to point out to the public that, while this is a period of the highest prices ever known, especially in the standard lines of necessities, the articles marketed under so-called price maintenance systems, which are seldom necessities, can still be largely obtained at the regular advertised prices of the last ten years.

It is also evident that in the few cases where prices have been raised on articles that are sold under a system of price maintenance, the increase has been forced by an increase in prices of raw materials that are not sold under the so-called price maintenance policies; in other words, in the lines of goods where the standardization of prices has been achieved, the prices have not risen, but in many other lines that are not regulated by this policy, prices have risen to the highest point ever known. Labor, lumber, iron, brass, copper, leather, shellac, have all increased tremendously, but talking machines, automobiles, watches, cameras, etc., are marketed for the same or even lower prices.

It did not seem possible two years ago that all these increasing costs could be absorbed in economies, and it has been accomplished largely by increasing turnovers and by improved machinery for manufacturing. This shows how hard concerns who advertise and maintain a standard retail price will fight the dreaded necessity of raising prices. Their regular price is a part of their good will, and a change courts disaster unless the change is downward. The effort has been exhaustingly expensive, however, and the future, if it returns a reduced volume of trade, will present a new set of problems harder still to meet. This is proof that the standardization and consistent advertising of prices makes steady and reasonable prices, and that unregulated prices permit violent fluctuations, either too high or too low, with accompanying public inconvenience and industrial losses.

The proper retail prices should be ascertained and fixed at a certain proportion to the cost of production, and no one but the manufacturer is in a position to ascertain these costs. When prices are too high, the public suffers, but the prosperous public do most of the complaining. When prices are too low, many more suffer, and the poor suffer most because of the curses of lack of employment; namely, hunger, cold, disease and crime.

Fair and remunerative prices must necessarily accompany any lasting prosperity. Prosperity based on high prices is always of short duration. The world will be much better off when some system of co-operative trade agreements becomes the universal practice, as certainly it must sooner or later. The farmer would need no special credit legislation if he were insured a paying price for his product.

Railroad rates are protected and standardized by law. Telegraph and telephone companies are protected in their charges by the circumstances of their organization, as are many other lines of business, such as systems for the distribution of product through sole agents or branches under a common control—mail-order houses, chain stores, leasing contracts, etc. But the greater portion of business has no protection against the worst form of price-cutting. This is unfair; all should have an equal chance to make a fair profit. A farm that does not pay is a public nuisance. A business that does not pay is a danger to public interests.

The Clayton Act, although weak and imperfect in many particulars, is very encouraging in the line of future developments. This law and the proposed Webb Export Bill mark a sharp and favorable turn in the drift of business legislation. The Webb Export Bill is unquestionably good so far as it goes, and certainly the public will soon reach the unavoidable conclusion that, if trade agreements benefit foreign trade, the same kind of co-operation must benefit domestic trade, as foreign trade and domestic trade are

identical in their fundamental principles.

The automobile business is the best line in which to study modern business tendencies. Because of its unusual rapid development and its youthfulness, it is bound down by no customs or traditions; it has burst forth in less than half a generation from an atom to a giant in the full vigor of youth.

On account of the circumstances of trade, the automobile manufacturers can always control the retail prices of their individual product, but the prices of automobiles, which were very high indeed at first, have not been maintained high, although they have been maintained to a standard fixed by each maker independently.

No reasonable complaint can be made either in the price of automobiles, the wages paid or working conditions in automobile factories. The public gets the automobile that it is willing or able to pay for. Some are high priced and some are astonishingly low priced. Most of them are worth all that is charged and are astonishingly efficient.

The fact is, that the general condition of the automobile business from the standpoint of public worthiness is decidedly better as a whole than any other line, and this fact would seem to be an unanswerable argument against the theory that a price which is maintained to a standard fixed by the manufacturer has the effect of maintaining prices unduly high.

The wonderful Ford enterprise pays the highest wages and sells its cars for the lowest prices, but this would be impossible were the company not able to maintain a standard price among its distributing agencies. If the Ford Company would not control its agents, there would soon be developed an internal price war that would most certainly destroy the efficiency of the organization and the economy of production.

The matter of trade regulation in general is a real problem; in its present form it is new in some particulars, and a satisfactory solution is a much more urgent necessity than ever before.

It would seem that we now have sufficient experience to enable us to devise an entirely new set of laws that would take the place of the more than 50,000 Federal and State Laws which are causing so much confusion to the business world by their use as a basis for intolerable persecution. Certainly such an undertaking is worthy of a special commission composed of the greatest thinkers and practical business minds of the world.

It is doubtful, however, if even such an organization could compile a perfectly practical code of laws. Absolute satisfaction can never be accomplished by any set of fixed laws because of the rapidly changing conditions, but certainly a 99 per cent improvement could be accomplished, and if such laws were enacted, the enforcement of the same could be intrusted to the Federal Trade Commission or some modification of that organization. The effect of such a policy would in a few years give fairly satisfactory results—a condition that business is now sorely in need of.

It has been charged that intensified advertising of fixed prices can fool the public into paying more for an article than it is worth; but a firm investing large sums in advertising soon finds that it is creating a demand for its competitors to supply if its prices are not fixed in a reasonable proportion to the cost of production. Very few business men try to fool the public nowadays. Misrepresentation in advertising is a weak, foolish policy and always brings disaster. Every honest enterprise can be tremendously developed and economized by advertising which increases the turnover at less cost than by any other method. Many worthy enterprises fail from lack of advertising.

It would seem that a Federal Incorporation Law for all corporations doing an interstate business, compelling a standard method of estimating costs, keeping accounts and making

reports, would simplify the problem of business regulation and gradually establish public confidence in business.

With public confidence in business and business methods once restored, the future industrial development in the United States would be assured, and many of the grievous burdens and miseries now eating into the vitality of the nation would be eliminated.

ON LUJAN'S TRAIL

Our orders were to cross the Line
Near Cusihuiric Peak,
Where Como's hardy fir and pine
Veiled Lujan's mad retreat.

Thru dusty fields of green maguey,
At dawn of day we rode;
Towards La Paz our journey lay,
Where basked the horned toad.

Down canyons dark and mountains grim,
Past snow-clad hills we sped;
Up to the yawning chasm's rim,
Then down its side we fled.

Before the night-hawk sailed the sky
And ghoulish silence broke,
We pounced upon them with a cry—
Our trusty rifles spoke.

A maddened charge, a clash of steel—
Then o'er the dead we rushed;
Beyond the flowering cactus field,
Thru thorny cat-claw brush.

Across the burning plains we spread,
Ghostlike, silent, swift;
We dug hot spurs in flanks of red;
We cleared the river's drift.

The echoes of the great cock's crow,
The couger's famished wail,
Came to us on the plains below,
From moonlit mountain trail.

Four of our troop will ride no more;
One horse we left behind;
But of the ladron's motley corps,
Eighteen have wounds to bind.

On Lujan's bones the coyotes feast;
On twelve the vultures wait;
When morning's sun rolls from the east,
They'll meet a bandit's fate.

ELIZABETH PRICE.

How the Youth of California Regard Prohibition

For the past two months the California Grape Protective Association has been conducting a contest between the school children of California in the writing of 500 word essays on the subject, "The Vineyards of California Must Not Be Destroyed by Prohibition." The contest closed October 1st. Several hundred essays were received from all parts of the State. The winners were the following: First Prize, $100 cash—Harry Hammond, Jr., age 14, of Brentwood Liberty High School, Miss Paulson, teacher, Byron, Cal. Young Hammond also is a graduate of the grammar grades of the Hitchcock Military Academy. Second Prize, $65 cash—Earl Merrill, age 15, Arbuckle Grammar School, G. D. Barnes, teacher, Arbuckle, Cal. Third Prize, $35 cash—Elsa Barber, age 17, Livermore High School, Mr. Painter, teacher, Livermore, Cal. The essays follow in the above order:

BY HARRY HAMMOND, JR.

Brentwood, Cal.

THE Creator placed upon the earth for the use of mankind many things. Man, aided by the intelligence which the Creator gave him, selects for his use that which he discovers from time to time to be useful or desirable.

Among the selections is the grape, and its chief product, "wine." It seems only fair and reasonable to believe that the Creator in His wisdom must have foreseen that man would discover wine could be made from the grape, and that man would drink of it both to his joy and sorrow.

He must also have foreseen that the use of the wine would far outweigh its abuse; that the good it would do would be much greater than the harm, else there might not have been any grape. If we doubt this view, then we must doubt the wisdom of the Almighty.

And what is true of the grape is true of every other thing created for the use of man. It is expected of him that his God-given intelligence shall direct him in the temperate use of all the blessings set in his pathway.

Those who lack that intelligence must be directed by those who are more fortunate, through precept and example, and by the knowledge of cause and effect, not through Prohibition, for were Prohibition the remedy, it would have been invoked in the beginning by the Only One having the right to invoke it. The Almighty put some trust and showed some faith in the intelligence of His own creatures, we poor mortals, and rightly. To right the wrongs due to excesses on the part of the thoughtless, to disclose the better way, to point out the serious results of over-indulgence to the end that temperance, real temperance, in all things may obtain, should be the constant endeavors of those seeking to find a remedy for the evil of excess. Knowledge, intelligence, education, regulation, self-control, and especially the latter, these are the safeguards, not confiscation, destruction or obliteration, which are the remedies of the Prohibitionists.

Shall we stop the manufacture of drugs because people suicide or become drug-fiends or lunatics, through

their excessive use? We put on warning labels and pass restraining laws.

Shall we put the railroads out of business because of fatal accidents? We invent protecting devices and install "safety first" warnings.

Shall we stop the manufacture of fire-arms because of many fatalities—accidental or otherwise—result from their use? Again the safety device and the law.

Shall we stop surgery because so many operations end fatally? Science is progressing toward lessening the death rate.

Shall we close the schools because over-study harms some young people?

Shall we close the churches and give up our religions because religious insanity sometimes results? It is not to be thought of.

Destruction of industry will not bring about intemperance or work of any other reforms. Temperance must be brought about by temperate methods, not by Prohibition.

BY EARL MERRILL

Arbuckle, Cal.

"THE Vineyards of California Must Not Be Destroyed By Prohibition!" This is the battle-cry that has been taken up by the California Grape Protective Association. It prevents the laying waste of thousands of vine-clad acres in California, and leaving the people who own these acres almost as destitute as those whose fortunes have been destroyed in the havoc of the European war.

Perhaps the Prohibitionists have not thought of this phase of the question. Perhaps they regard the welfare of their moral weaklings as of more importance than that of the thousands of honest, hard-working, temperate-living farmers and their wives and children, whose means of livelihood they are attacking.

If the growers were allying themselves with the inebriates, it would be a different matter. But they are not. They preach against intemperance just as Christ preached against it, although He turned water into wine at the wedding feast. Christ believed in fighting temptation; He did not believe in removing temptation from the world.

Just because some men will get drunk on lemon extract is no reason for saying that the lemon groves must go. Just because a sharp knife is dangerous in the hands of one kind of man is no reason for taking away knives from all men. The sight of fine jewelry and silverware tempts some men to steal; the love of good clothes is responsible for a good many vain and weak-willed people going wrong. Should one make laws, then, against the diamonds and lemons and butcher knives and good clothes, that a certain minority may go untempted?

The majority of people would make good use of these good things of life. Why deprive them of their rightful heritage and turn those who have been engaged in the growing and manufacture of these products out of their homes?

Are the Prohibitionists ready to dig down in their pockets and pay for the damage they intend to do?

Are they willing to pay for the uprooting of those miles and miles of green vineyards that constitute one of the chief glories of this State of California?

Echo answers: "Hardly!"

Then why not devote a little of their overflowing energy to remodeling some of our laws, if they have to remodel something?

Why not make it more of a crime to get drunk and less of a crime to raise grapes?

Why not preach *true* temperance for a change, temperance in eating, drinking, pursuing pleasure and in all things?

Let them preach self-control and the growers will uphold them as will all good thinking men and women and teachers, and school children who have learned what the word means.

Let them abstain, if they want to, and the growers (unlike themselves) will not try to make them drink. Let them try to influence others by their good examples and the growers will work with them shoulder to shoulder "in the vineyard of the Lord."

BY ELSA BARKER

Livermore, Cal.

DESTROYED! An industry which dates back to 1772, an industry which our National government encourages and supports, and which is promoted by our State government and by our universities, destroyed? Can the people of California do this thing? They can —but this is not the issue: Is it right that they should do it? and most of all—Will they do it?—those are the questions.

Is it right for them to prohibit the production of the famous wines of the Golden State? Is it right for them to deprive of their livelihood more than one hundred thousand people, without compensation? And shall the State and nation be deprived of the revenue from the livelihood of these people, justly?

Or the question might be stated thus: Shall we punish the use of an article as well as the abuse? It is often stated that tea, coffee, etc., in excess are poisons. Soda fountain "Specials" have sent people to hospitals, but do we prohibit the manufacture or sale of the ingredients?

We grant that the liquor traffic is injurious to a few weak willed people, but the State of California has provided by previous legislation, a tried and effective means of protection for these, which does not affect the lives of the hundred and fifty thousand people vitally interested in the Viticultural Industry.

Temperance, moderation, is the whole secret of good living, and Prohibition is not a temperate measure; it is not even favorable to temperance. Many a boy or girl has taken the first step downward in reaction against absolute prohibition at home.

Strength of character is the greatest asset in a people. Will enforced abstinence of both strong and weak be conducive to such a strength of character? No, nor will the inevitable evasion of a drastic Prohibition law be favorable to respect for legislation, but it will even encourage disregard of all law and order regulations. And will not the political trickery necessary to force such an unwelcome measure upon the people be an example to our children and result in the further degradation of our political system?

For these reasons, therefore, our answer to the two questions above stated must be: No! It is not right nor fitting that the people of California should do this work of destruction. No! and again No! The people of California cannot reverse the policy which they have pursued since the days of the Spanish Padres; they cannot nullify the work of the thousands of people and the millions of dollars which have been devoted to the Viticultural Industry. The Vineyards of California *shall not* be destroyed by Prohibition!



Nations "Weighed in the Balances"

By Pastor Russell, Author of "Studies in the Scriptures"

"The Lord your God proveth you." Deuteronomy 13:3.

THE foregoing text is applicable to the Lord's people in a special way; yet as we look at the world to-day, we can recognize that the Lord is surely Judging the Nations, especially those that have been greatly blessed with His favor.

Consider Europe, for instance: How wonderfully those nations have been favored with opportunities for coming to a knowledge of the Lord! Ever since the days of Jesus and the Apostles, Europe has had Gospel privileges, more or less. Of course, we are not to hold the people of to-day responsible for anything in the past. To do so would be unfair. But we are to consider that in a general way the influences of Christianity have spread over the world, especially in Europe.

Gradually the world has come to esteem itself to be Christian. The nations of Europe are generally styled Christendom. Nevertheless, the Bible declares that the world is not Christian, and has not the Spirit of Christ in its activities. The world, therefore, is self-deceived. To the extent that the nations have had light, to that extent they are responsible. The Bible does not show, however, that the world has full responsibility. Only those have full responsibility who have taken the step of entire consecration to God through Christ, only those who have been begotten of the Holy Spirit. These have been illuminated and have come into the highest place of opportunity and blessing in the Lord. These have a deep insight into His Word that no others possess.

The World's Judgment Has Begun

But so far as the world is concerned we can readily see that in proportion as they have seen, they should be required to do. We can feel quite sure that God would expect more of the peoples of Europe than of those of Asia and Africa, who have little knowledge of Him. So just at this time, when Bible chronology shows that God's leases of power to the Gentile governments has expired, we see exactly what we should expect—that He is permitting these nations to pass judgment upon themselves, so to speak. He is permitting them to show themselves, to manifest their real condition of mind and heart, to demonstrate whether or not they have made proper use of their opportunities and blessings in the way of development in righteousness.

The nations of Christendom have had much to say about the Lord. His name is to be found in all these countries. The nations have held aloft the Cross of Christ in an outward way. They have many places for prayer and worship. They have abounded in forms of godliness. They have had much wealth and treasure. They have had hosts of priests and preachers of all denominations. With all the advantages and experiences of the past nineteen centuries, we might have expected Europe to be in a much better condition than it is—that it would have learned much more than it has as to what is the Spirit of the Lord and what it is not.

Loosing the Four Winds.

God is now letting loose the winds of strife. He is letting the nations

take their own course, in order to prove to themselves and to others that they are not what they claim to be, and to humble them into the dust. Thus they will be brought to realize their own helplessness and their dire need of God.—Revelation 7:1-3.

As we look back over the past thousand years, we can see that God has been holding the peoples of the earth more or less under restraint, permitting them to go only so far at any time. Otherwise they would have destroyed themselves long ago. The hearts of fallen humanity are so selfish that, had mankind been permitted to go their full length, the race would have been annihilated long before now. But God's due time has come to let loose the winds of strife, with the result that the long-expected storm has burst in fury upon the world. The trouble is spreading from nation to nation; and it looks as if ultimately every nation will become involved—surely every one which formed part of the old Roman Empire. (Daniel 2:44.) Whether the strife will extend beyond the boundaries of the Roman rule we do not know—nor whether it will involve America.

Minds of the People Astray.

These United States have had many advantages over other countries. Our temporal blessings have been multiplied on every hand. Nevertheless, we must confess that there is much of mere outward forms of godliness here, much of ceremony, hypocrisy, dishonesty and crime. Great light has been given and largely ignored. Therefore it would seem that sooner or later our land may become involved in turmoil. There is much of Christian profession here, an outward form of godliness devoid of its power. Consequently it seems hardly possible that America will fail to escape full share in the judgment of the nations.

There is much restlessness amongst the people everywhere. Indeed, the whole world is becoming crazed as the angry passions of men are being stirred up against one another. In the countries at war where the soldiers in the trenches are killing one another by the thousands—sometimes sixty thousand in one day—necessarily a hardening influence goes with this course of action. The soldiers must become more or less benumbed in their sensibilities, as a natural result. As a whole, the world to-day seems to be telling the Lord, telling His people—who are not of this world—and telling the angels —who are looking on—what their spirit really is, and demonstrating that it is not the Spirit of the Lord.

It reminds us of the spirit of James and John, the two Apostles whom our Lord surnamed "Sons of Thunder," because of their courage and fiery zeal. On one occasion they wished to bring down fire from Heaven to destroy the people of a little Samaritan village because they had refused to sell bread to our Lord and The Twelve. But the Master reproved them saying, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of;" that is, they had become His disciples, but had not yet realized what is the spirit of a true disciple. It was, therefore, no wonder that they did things contrary to the Lord's Spirit.—Luke 9:51-56.

After the disciples received the begetting of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost they would not have even thought of doing such a thing; for then they received the Heavenly illumination and could discern that the Spirit of Christ prompted its possessor to help others, not to destroy them. Previous to Pentecost these disciples were zealous Jews, courageous in defense of what they thought right, as against wrong. And so it is now in Europe. Many are zealous, and are trying to find some good reason for what they are doing.

The leaders tell the people various things. In some cases the people are told that their liberties and the development of their country are held in check by jealous neighbors. On the other hand the people are led to think that militarism is their greatest foe, and therefore must be crushed. On both sides of the question at issue the

people seem to have hypnotized themselves into thinking that theirs is the righteous cause. But more and more it is being manifested that some great wrong is being promoted, that some great misconception is influencing the people.

Selfishness the Root of the Trouble.

The true explanation is that the Lord is judging the nations—letting them manifest their real condition. More and more the world is revealing just what is behind all this trouble which is spreading everywhere—*selfishness.* Note the case of Greece, for instance. What pressure was brought to bear upon that country to force her to enter the war contrary to her own will! Bribes have been held out to the various kingdoms—offers of certain territories, etc.—to induce them to take part in the conflict. There is almost an insanity behind it.

None of these nations see what Bible students see. They do not know that the Kingdom of God is just at the door, that the Reign of Righteousness is at hand. Therefore, they do not have the degree of responsibility that we have who do see. All know, however, that it is wrong to take life; and yet they are plotting both to take and to surrender life in order to hold a little more territory, or to gain some commercial advantage over their rivals. Everywhere selfishness is manifest. It has kept up rivalry between the nations for centuries. It has cost them billions of dollars in the way of preparation for war, and now it is costing them billions more to fight it out—besides the appalling loss of life, etc.

Desolation and Destruction.

We are not able to foretell all that will take place; so we leave the matter, merely knowing that the Lord has arranged to grant this great opportunity for the world to deceive themselves and to destroy themselves. The people are all more or less deluded. Many noble souls are going down into death under the impression that they are doing a good work for the coming generations.

Just so it is now with these professedly Christian nations. And now desolation is coming upon them, even as it came upon the Jews in the end of their Age. Bible students have expected this state of affairs to develop; for the Bible long ago foretold that it would be thus in our day.

Judgment of God's People.

If then God is now judging those who are only nominally His people, and permitting them to demonstrate that they are not His, will He not judge also His true people? Yes, God is now judging His people. (Hebrews 10:30.) But let us not wait for Him to judge us personally. Let us see to it that we are proving faithful to Him, faithful to our responsibilities as His children. Let us examine ourselves, and correct whatever we can find to be out of alignment with His instructions to us. Let us put some kind of chastisement upon ourselves in order that we shall not need to be corrected by Him, in order that we shall not be condemned with the world.

We have reached the "Time of the End," the close of the Gospel Age, and the dawning of the New Dispensation, the time when the judgments of the Lord are designed to accomplish a separating work, which is especially appropriate and needful at this period. Let us see to it, then, that we make our calling and election sure, preparatory to our association with our dear Lord in His great work of correcting the world in righteousness—"for He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."—1 Cor. 15:25.

In the Realm of Bookland

"The Hungry Stones and Other Stories," by Rabindranath Tagore, author of "Gitangali," "The Crescent Moon," etc. With illustrations.

Some of the more notable of Mr. Tagore's short stories are here presented in translations by the author and with illustrations by native Indian artists. Ernest Rhys, in his biography of Tagore, devotes much space to a consideration of him as a short story writer, advancing the opinion that this particular form of literature is one of the most important expressions of Tagore's genius. Now for the first time English readers are given the opportunity of acquainting themselves with this new Tagore and of forming their own estimate of him. None of the material in this volume has ever appeared before in English.

12mo. $1.25. The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Century Company will shortly publish "The Night Court and Other Verses," a collection of poems by Ruth Comfort Mitchell, informed throughout by the spirit of communal sympathy and social purpose. The title-poem, "The Night Court," originally published in The Century Magazine, has already achieved a popularity somewhat comparable with that of "The Man With the Hoe." It was written under the pressure of a sudden inspiration. The author has witnessed a session of the Women's Night Court in New York, and so filled was she with the impression of the scene that she began the poem on the back of an old envelope while going home in the subway, completing it during two or three subsequent subway trips. Once published, it was reprinted all over the country, and has now become known more widely through lectures and recitations.

"Bonnie May." By Louis Dodge. Illustrated by Reginald Birch.

Bonnie May is unconventional. She is shockingly precocious, humorously sophisticated, perfectly frank. She is a child of the theatre, thrown by odd chance into the midst of a conservative and aristocratic family, with amusing results; a most fascinating, appealing, vivid little creature, with the strangest wisdom and poise for a child, to whom each environment is a "setting," every incident a "scene." This curious view-point of hers, and her peculiar charm, result in making her the prevailing influence upon a very pretty love story and upon the lives of a considerable number of people. A most lovable, fantastic, sometimes pathetic being, she is—quite unforgettable—one of the most winning little characters in fiction.

Price, $1.35 net. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The World for Sale," by Gilbert Parker.

The scene is Northwestern Canada, two towns on either side of a river are keen rivals, and the hot-headed frontier folk have daily brawls. A bridge-builder, a man of culture, ambition, and insight, dreams of uniting them and of using them as the stepping stone for carrying out the great plans he has for the community. He can love as splendidly as he can build—the daughter of a gipsy king. She is claimed by a gipsy lover to whom she was betrothed as a baby. The builder's love and his ambitions have brought him many enemies, and in dramatic sequence they hit him blow after blow. But downed as he is he finds the world well lost for love; and that his happiness is a leverage to a new and greater effort. As in Sir Gilbert's other Canadian novels, there

is a multicolored host of minor characters.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"In Dickens' London," by F. Hopkinson Smith.

The wide popularity of this book of Dickens scenes which so perfectly combines the literary and artistic talents of Mr. Hopkinson Smith has demanded a new and cheaper edition. The publishers have responded with this volume, which includes all of the twenty-four full-page illustrations of the original edition. "Soft charcoal," says the Spectator, "seems to be an excellently sympathetic medium for this smoky city, and Mr. Hopkinson-Smith is a master of the use of it."

Newer edition at lower prices. Illustrated, $2 net. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

Wilson and the Issues.

In his little book George Creel comes strongly to the defense of the President's policy in many fields, one of them being the Mexican situation. Wilson's declarations alone, of all the voices we hear, says Mr. Creel, bear any relation to the governing principles of American life. "From first to last," he says, "the President has affirmed his belief in democracy, not alone in the United States, but for all other nations harboring the aspiration. He stands on the conviction that a country has the right to live its independent life; he has not failed to remember that America came to government through years of blood and revolution; as far as lies in his power he has stood firm against the 'strong man' theory by which the forces of reaction are trying to restore dictatorship in Mexico."

The Century Company, New York.

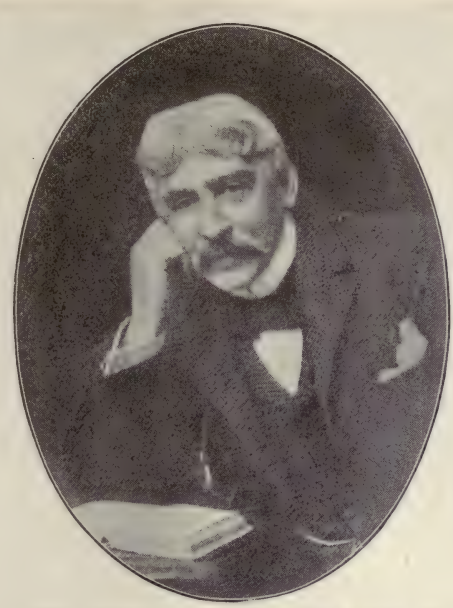
"The Shepherd Who Watched By Night," by Thomas Nelson Page.

In this attractive and appropriate form, Mr. Page's beautiful little story of Christmastide is a most welcome addition to the "Perfect Tribute Series." The story is of a country preacher of whom it was said he had outlived his usefulness, of his unselfish devotion to his flock, and of a long, stormy Christmas eve when he "watched by night" and rescued a mother and child who had sought refuge in his stable. The book makes an unusually attractive Christmas gift.

Price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.



DEC 1 191



Bret Harte in later life, while living in England

The Mission Bells of Monterey

By Bret Harte

(Set to Music by Charles Gounod)

O bells that rang, O bells that sang
Above the martyr's wilderness,
Till from that reddened coast-line sprang
The Gospel seed to cheer and bless,
Where are your garnered sheaves to-day?
O Mission bells! Eleison bells!
O Mission bells of Monterey!

O bells that crash, O bells that clash
Above the chimney-crowded plain,
On wall and tower your voices dash,
But never with the old refrain;
In mart and temple gone astray!
Ye dangle bells! Ye jangle bells!
Ye wrangle bells of Monterey!

O bells that die, so far, so nigh,
Come back once more across the sea;
Not with the zealot's furious cry,
Not with the creed's austerity;
Come with His love alone to stay
O Mission bells! Eleison bells!
O Mission bells of Monterey!



OJAI VALLEY, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



MT. SHASTA, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, BLANKETED IN MIDWINTER SNOWS.



ALONG THE COUNTRYSIDE.



YOSEMITE FALLS, CALIFORNIA, IN WINTER.



The Golden Gate, San Francisco. From a painting by W. A. Coulter.



A CARAVAL developed by the early Portuguese and Spanish discoverers and conquistadores (1450) for their adventurous sailings in the then unknown regions of the world. Columbus sailed in a caraval to locate the East Indies and discovered America. His vessel was a little over 230 tons when fully laden. Vasco de Gama first doubled Cape of Good Hope in such a vessel, but larger (1497.) The caraval of Columbus was 128 feet in length and 26 feet in beam. she had three masts and a bowsprit. The fore and aft masts were square rigged, and the mizzen was a lanteen sail. The forecastle overhung the stern by nearly 12 feet. Aft she had a half deck and a quarter deck. At the time San Francisco bay was discovered (1770), ship designs had reached the early brig type.



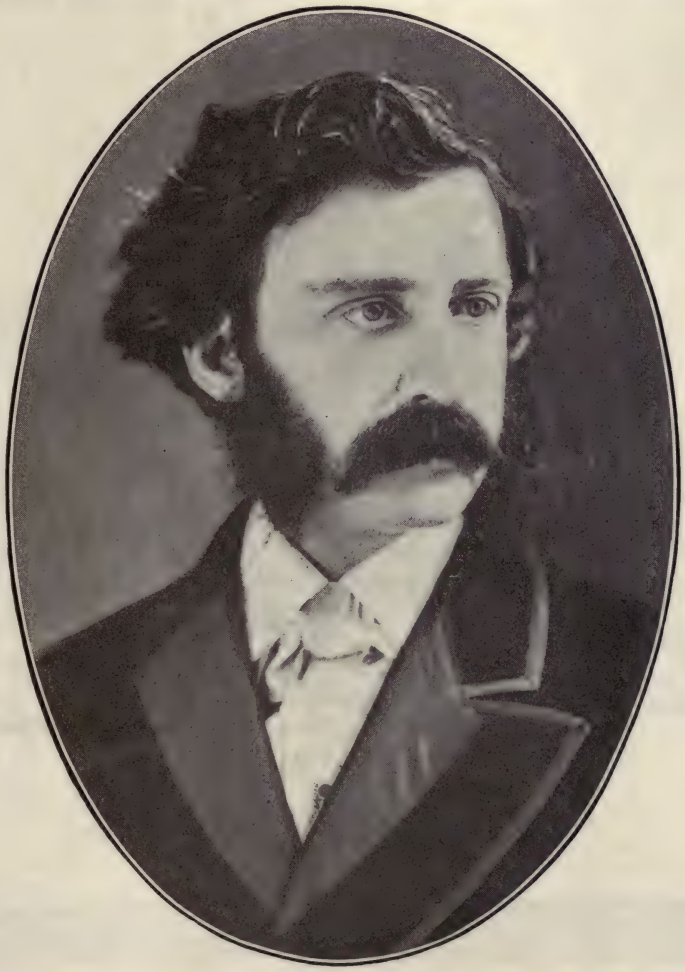
VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA, DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN. In 1501 he followed Rodrigo de Bastidas on a voyage of discovery into the Western seas. He became a farmer; his debts accumulated, and to escape his creditors he was placed inside an empty cask and carried on board a ship outfitted to help a settlement. When the adventurers arrived, the place was in ruins. The captain was in a quandary. Balboa suggested to him to sail to Darien. Arrived there, quarrels ensued; the captain was thrown into prison and Balboa took command. He proved successful, and was the first Spaniard to hear of the gold to be had in Peru. He learned that his enemies had complained to the King, and that he had been condemned and summoned to Spain. In his despair he resolved to attempt some great enterprise which should absolve his sentence. September 1, 1513, he set out with 190 Spaniards (Pizzaro among them), and 25 days later, on a barren peak, he gazed upon the Pacific Ocean. He at once sent large presents and the report of his great discovery to Spain. Ferdinand was appeased, and named him Admiral of the Pacific and Governor of Panama. Balboa projected a great expedition for the conquest of the Pacific. Meanwhile, his enemies in America had been plotting. They lured him to Acla, near Darien; he was thrown into prison and hastily executed, 1517.

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BRET HARTE

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BRET HARTE at the time he became editor of Overland Monthly.
—From a photograph loaned by Ina D. Coolbrith..

Cover of Montalvo's Famous Novel Wherein was Originated the Fabled "Island of California."

LIBRO PRIMERO
DELAS SERGAS DEL MVY ESFORCADO
CAVALLERO ESPLANDIAN
hijo del excelente Rey Amadis de Gaula.

AORANVEVA MENTE EMENDADAS ENESTA
Impreſſion, de muchos errores que enlas Impreſsiones paſſadas auia.



EN BVRGOS.

Impreſſo con licencia en caſa de Simon de Aguaya.
Anno MD. LX XX VI I.

FACSIMILE OF THE COVER of the romantic Spanish novel, "The Life and Adventures of Las Sergas de Esplandian," published in Spain in 1510, which for the first time in print the word California was used. Montalvo's famous romance was the "best seller" of his day, and went through eight editions. Don Quixote mentions it among the books he read.

—Courtesy of Otto von Geldern.

Romance of the Word "California"

By William Greer Harrison

THE origin of the word California is an interesting study that has occupied many minds. Not only is California a land of romance; its name is of romantic origin. It is to be found in one of the most romantic books ever published—the "Life and Adventures of Las Sergas de Esplandian," son of Amadis of Gaul, the gallant knight whom Cervantes took for the prototype of his hero, Don Quixote. The book was written by Vasco de Lobeyra, a Portuguese, and it was translated into Spanish by Garcia Ordognez de Montalvo, who published it in 1510. From the Spanish it was translated into English by Robert Southey. Long before the discovery of California all Spain was familiar with the entrancing romances of Montalvo. In these works is to be found the origin of the belief of all the early Spanish navigators, including Columbus, that in the Indian Ocean they would find the Isle of Sweet Content—Paradise. Montalvo makes his hero lead an expedition in search of this isle. Instead, he discovered the Isle of the Amazons—women, women everywhere, and not a man to mate. This island was called by its Queen, California (spelled in 1510 just as we spell it to-day.) Its Queen was named Califia (beautiful.) She had quite a fleet and an army of Griffens and Amazons. She received the expedition most courteously and was persuaded by the hero to join forces against the Turks who were at war with Spain. On her arrival in Europe, Califia elected to join the Turks rather than the Spaniards. This offended Amadis of Gaul and Explandian, both of whom were challenged to mortal combat by the heroic Queen. Explandian accepted the challenge, which read as follows: "I, Califia, Queen of California, a region rich in gold and silver and precious stones, challenge you, Amadis of Gaul, and Explandian, your son, Knight of the Serpent, to combat." The duel took place and Explandian conquered the Sultan of a Turkish island and Amadis subdued the queen. To soften her defeat, Amadis bestowed upon the queen his nephew, and these two returned to California, the Isle of the Amazons.

In the challenge made by Califia, the word California is for the first time presented to the world. The question naturally arises, where did Montalvo get the word? The answer is that he coined it. He was a native of Medino del Campo. He had a relative who died some twenty miles distant. This gentleman's name was Calahorra or Calaforro (the letter h and f being interchangeable in Spanish.) It is more than a guess that Calaforra was used by Montalvo as the basis for California. It is a matter of history that for perhaps two hundred years after the discovery of California it was believed to be an island. Cortez and Diaz (his historian) were quite familiar with Montalvo's romance. When they visited the peninsula of Lower California, believing it to be an island, it is quite likely that they recognized a likeness to the Isle of Amazons, and that Cortez applied the name California to Lower California, the name formally given to the State as it was and is. Diaz, in describing the scenes witnessed by Cortez and himself, says that the scenes described in reference to Califia's California established a degree of comparison. The point he

made is that Diaz and Cortez were familiar with Montalvo's legend; hence the island and hence "California."

Of course there was much speculation in reference to the word California. Calida Fornax, the Latin for a hot furnace—a guess with nothing to sustain it. Another writer presents the theory that the Indians of California were descendants of Coreans, who had made their way to California, and that the Coreans called themselves Caoli, hence California.

The Rev. E. C. Hale disposes of all the guesses by reminding his readers that the word California was in print and in use twenty-five years before the discovery of California; referring his readers to Montalvo's works, where the name of our State is first presented.

It is a beautiful State, has a beautiful name, and we can't, even if we wanted to, help loving it.

Montalvo's Famous Story of "California"

WHEN Ordonez de Montalvo wrote his astonishing yarn all the world of that time believed that the variously located California was a land of "romantic wonders and fabulous riches, splendid cities and vast magazines of wealth. Montalvo begins his assurance to a credulous world in this wise:

"Be it known unto you that at the right hand of the Indies (sic) there was an island formed of the largest rocks known and called California, very near to the terrestrial Paradise. This island was inhabited by robust dark women of great strength and great warm hearts, who lived almost as Amazons, and no man lived among them. Their weapons and the trappings of the wild beasts which they rode after taming them were entirely of gold, and no other metal existed on the island. The people lived in well-hewn caves. They had many ships in which they made excursions to other countries, where they caught men whom they carried away and subsequently killed. During periods of peace with their neighbors they commingled with them without restraint. When children were born the females were preserved, but the males were killed at once, saving only those required to guard against depopulation, so that their domination over the land would be securely maintained.

"There were many griffins on the island, and they were a great torment. There were also an infinite number of wild beasts which are found in no other part of the world. When these animals had young, the women went to fetch them and carried them, covered with heavy skins, to their caves, and there bred them and fed them with the men and male children. The women brought up these animals with such skill that they knew them well and did them no harm, and they attacked and killed any man who entered the island and ate him; and when their appetite was sated, they would take them up flying into the air and let them fall from great heights, killing them instantly." . . .



PORTOLA DISCOVERS THE BAY of San Francisco

By Carlos Durant

THE Spanish records furnish very meagre information on the life of Don Gaspar de Portola, the discoverer of San Francisco Bay. So scant are they that publicists have concluded that he was a man of very ordinary capacity who tumbled into the limelight of history at a time when tremendous events were developing in the initial exploration of the Americas by the Spaniards. Visitor General Galvez, of Mexico, a human dynamo in accomplishing big things, and diplomat so shrewd and keen that he ruled his superior, the Viceroy of New Spain, seems to have picked Portola from the horde of soldier adventurers about him because he stuck persistently and with success to the orders impressed upon him. In other words Portola was a routine man. His success in life was due to the fact that Galvez regarded him with favor. Coming from such an influential and competent director, it was a guarantee to preferment on the ladder of officialdom. Portola's life was crowned with such success. His blundering on the discovery of San Francisco bay is practically the only event of consequence that saves him in the Spanish records. For this and the establishment of the first presidio in the colonization of Northern California, he was later made Governor of Pueblo, the richest position next to that of the City of Mexico. In a government shake up of officials by a new administration he was relieved and returned to Spain, where he died wealthy and successful, in his sixtieth year.

Portola was born of a Catalan family in 1723. When 11 years old he joined the Spanish colors as an apprentice in arms. Later he fought in several European countries. Came the time when he reached a captaincy in the Spanish dragoons, and his career began when he was sent along with new levies to Mexico. For a time he was sent to fight Indians. Then came the lucky day when he caught the eye of Galvez, who appreciated his quality in sticking to the orders given him. Too many of the Spanish officers were lax in that respect in those wild and dissolute times. Portola's first big commission developed on the occasion of the government ordering all the Jesuits out of Mexico. Galvez appointed him to collect the Jesuits and expel them from the territory. For this service he was made Governor of Lower California, with a military force of twenty-five men.

Then came the vital political news from the Spanish throne that Russia and England were secretly advancing along the Pacific Coast with a view to seizing that territory. Immediately, Galvez threw all his tremendous energy into definite preparations to save California. He had few troops and no money, but such trifles did not deter him. He managed to round up several scores of soldier adventurers for an "army;" for funds to pay the way he boldly laid hands on the Pious Funds of the church. As usual, the church and State were to go hand and hand in colonizing and defending the California territory. Galvez promptly selected Portola to captain the troops and Fra Junipero Serra to head his fellow priests. Both leaders had equal authority.

The expedition started from Mexico in two wings, one by land, the other by sea, the meeting point being

San Diego Bay, which had been described by the navigators, Cabrillo and Vizcaino. Both navigators had also described Monterey bay. These were the only two points of consequence known of California. The rest of the territory was a blank, aside from conjectures and legends.

The brig San Carlos and San Antonio sailed the same day for San Diego bay. The San Antonio dropped anchor in the bay after a voyage of 54 days. Three weeks later the San Carlos arrived with every seaman, save the officers, down with scurvy. Very few of the crew survived. Portola, who was to become Governor of the new territory, and Fra Serra and their followers, reached the bay overland without mishap.

Two weeks later, July 14, 1769, the 67 persons in the expedition set forth to reach Monterey Bay by land and establish the usual military presidio. Fra Serra remained at San Diego to erect his first Mission in California.

Progress was slow, as they took painstaking care to explore the country as far as possible while they advanced. Every four days long stops were made to recuperate. At the head of the line of march were six Catalonian volunteers and several neophyte Indians with pickaxes and spades to clear the way, under the orders of Sergeant Ortega. Next came the commanders and the Holy Fathers, followed by the pack train, which was divided into four divisions, each with its muleteers and a suitable guard. In the rear came Rivera and the rest of the troops and neophyte Indians convoying the relay of horses and mules.

For the most part they traveled along the coast between the shore and the Coast Range. By September 27th they reached the Salinas River, and several days later they caught sight of Monterey Bay, but they failed to identify it by the records they carried. Their provisions were then getting low and 17 men were sick. Sergeant Ortega and several soldiers were sent out again to locate the bay. They stumbled on it again and again, but failed to recognize it.

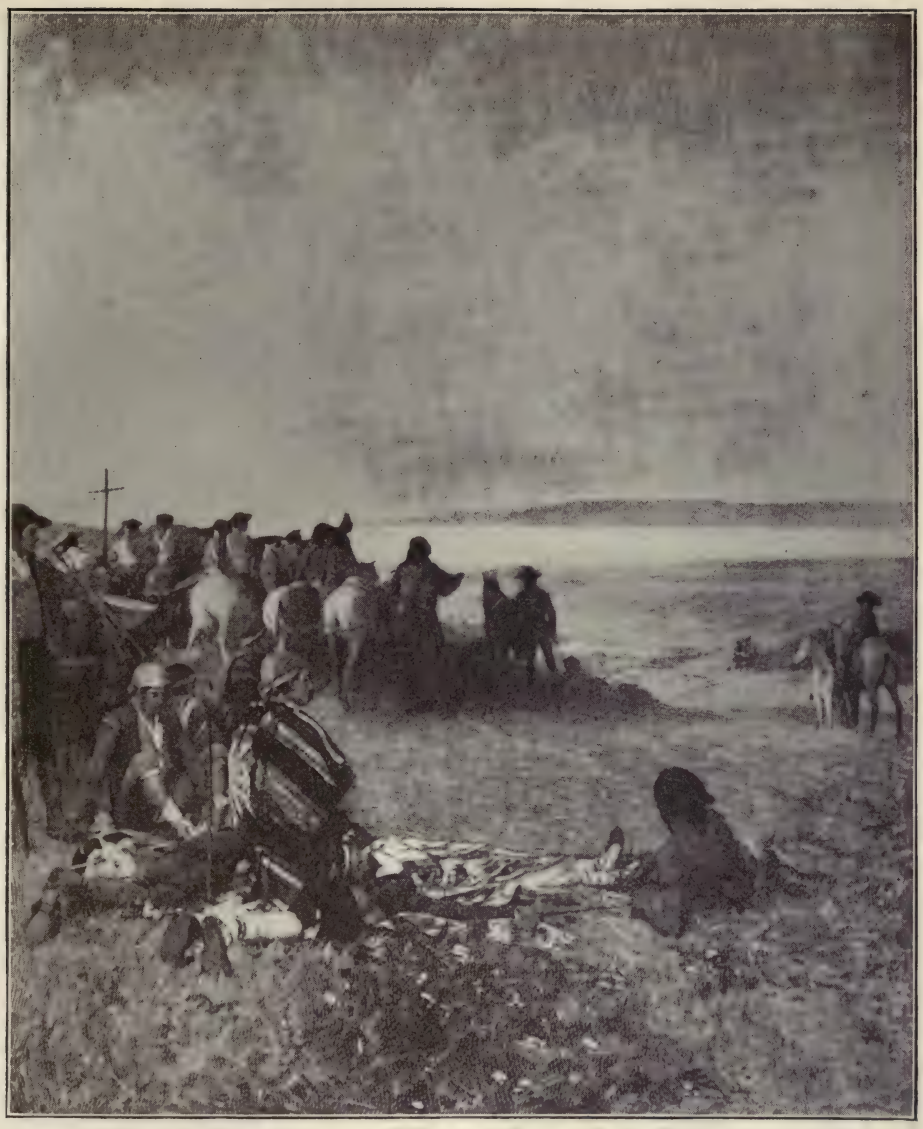
On All Soul's Day, November 2d, some of the soldiers went out on the surrounding hills to hunt for game. They returned in the evening with the news that towards the north and east they had observed an "immense arm of the sea," which extended into the land south-eastward as far as the eye could reach.

The next morning Portola ordered Sergeant Ortego to take several sol-,diers, investigate the bay and report back in three days. The detail returned November 5, and Ortega reported that he had found it impossible to get around the head of the great estuary. Early next day Holy Mass was celebrated, and the whole company marched along the beach and over the San Bruno hill, "and we beheld the great estuary which is probably four or five leagues wide and extends southeast."

The next council decided unanimously to return to San Diego. A large cross was raised, and on it was carved the words: "Dig at the base and thou will find a writing." The little band hoped that the crew of the expected packet boat might discover this cross. The buried note set forth that the land expedition was on its way south to San Diego, December 9, 1769.

On the return southward, hunger aggravated the hardships. To prevent thefts of flour, Portola ordered the scant remainder divided. It lasted only a week. Time and again they staggered into an Indian rancheria to find sufficient relief to carry them to their next station.

On Wednesday, January 24th, they announced their arrival to their fellows at San Diego with a volley of musketry. Portola reported no member had died on the trip. Provisions at San Diego were extremely low, and for a time it looked as if the little band would be obliged to abandon the territory, but the intrepid and resourceful Galvez managed to ship sufficient food from Mexico to tide the little colony along till conditions gave



PORTOLA AND HIS FOLLOWERS DISCOVER THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO. "After Holy Mass was celebrated, the whole company marched up the San Bruno hill and we beheld the great estuary which is probably four or five leagues wide and extends southeast." (Father Crespi's Diary.) —From a painting by Arthur F. Matthews.

signs of improvement.

Later, on his second expedition north, Governor Portola traveled with more precise geographical information regarding the location of Monterey Bay. There he established the first of the four military presidios which were intended to defend the territory against any encroachments. The suzerainty of Spain was recognized when the report reached Europe that Monterey and San Diego were fortified. Fra Serra accompanied this second expedition, and at Monterey established his second Mission in California; a year later it was removed to Carmel, several miles distant. A little later the brig San Carlos was sent up from Monterey, then the announced capital of upper California, with the material to construct a presidio and a mission. The San Carlos was the first vessel to enter the Golden Gate.



Lithograph copyrighted July 31, 1867, by J. J. Du Prat.

YERBA BUENA (NOW SAN FRANCISCO) IN THE SPRING OF 1837. This is the first known pri time the Presidio and the Mission Dolores had been erected 55 years by the Spanish discoverers u that time California was known as Alta California, and was still under the sway of a Spanish governo ton trading vessels visited this out of the way harbor annually. Rarely was any coin exchanged in hides and other native products for coffee, tea, sugar, blankets, beads, knives and Yankee gewgaws.

Site of San Francisco, 1831

By Sherrold Harding

EARLY in the last century the trading vessels of the Boston merchants began to poke their noses in the waters of the Pacific, seeking whale oil and whatever they could pick up. At that time there was little coin in circulation, and trading was almost solely done in barter. With the gathering years these venturesome Yankees made themselves familiar with the few ports then in existence along the Pacific Coast from Cape Horn to the northern reaches of Alaska. Some of these Yankees left records of their early adventures, among them William H. Davis, a Boston youth, eager for adventure in these distant and romantic seas. In 1831 he shipped in the trading bark Louisa.

At that time, California was of course under Mexican rule, and the life customs and surroundings here aroused the keenest curiosity and wonder of these Boston traders. Davis wrote an interesting account of his adventures and of the free ranging life, trade and primitive surroundings of the Missions, military posts (presidios), extensive ranchos, social life and sports.

Davis fared well on the trip, and was so delighted with his adventure that he returned two years later in the trading bark Volunteer. These scant Yankee traders scraped up all the commodities in sight and touched at



From a photo of the original in the California collection of Phil B. Bekeart.

site on which San Francisco now stands. Only one frame building was in existence then. At this nd the residents were practically all Spanish, with barely a few "whites," as they were called. At being at Monterey, then the most important settlement in Northern California. Some half dozen Bos- he few Spanish residents, all of them living about the presidio or the mission, bartered their tallow, as extremely slow till the early '40's.

San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Monterey, San Francisco, then the only coast ports of consequence.

Of his voyage in 1833 to Yerba Buena, so named by the early Mexican settlers, and rechristened San Francisco in January, 1847, Davis writes:

"We anchored in a cove known as Yerba Buena. Telegraph Hill was then called Loma Alta. At that time there were some half dozen sailing barks from Atlantic ports trading along the California coast, Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands. Capt. M. G. Vallejo, later General Vallejo, was in command of the Presidio. The population of the post was about two hundred. The soldiers were Spanish, and all daring vaqueros. At that time Captain Vallejo had recently married Donna Francisca Benecia Carrillo. Fort Point was garrisoned and known as Punta de Castillo, or Castle Point. A small number of foreigners were living near the post.

The first so-called "white" settler on the peninsula of San Francisco was Captain W. A. Richardson, who owned the Sausalito ranch. He married the daughter of the then late Captain Ygnacio Martinez, formerly in command of the Presidio military post. Practically all the "Yankees" who settled in California in these early days followed Richardson's example and married into well-to-do Spanish families. Captain Richardson was placed in charge of the harbor by the Spanish authorities and sailed the schooner owned by the Mission. This little vessel was used for trading purposes and for visiting Monterey, then the official capital of the territory of Northern California.

In 1835 the Mission Dolores, now on Sixteenth and Dolores streets, San Francisco, and the military barracks at the Presidio, were the only centers

of settled life on the peninsula. In August of that year the population was estimated at two thousand Indians, many of them having been taught trades as blacksmiths, shipwrights, carpenters, tailors, etc. The Dolores Mission then owned tens of thousands of cattle, sheep, horses. Its possessions included most of San Mateo County.

Davis records that during the stay of their bark in the bay of some twenty-five days, the value of their trading in merchandise amounted to $18,000, with Padre Quijas in charge of the Mission. Most of it was in coffee, tea, sugar clothing and blankets. Extensive barterings were also made with the Missions at San Jose, Santa Clara and with the big ranchos.

At that time, 1835, there was not an inhabitant, outside of the Presidio, on the location of what is now regarded as San Francisco. On Portsmouth Square, Kearny and Washington streets, a crop of Irish potatoes was growing surrounded by an enclosed brush fence.

Meantime, several new settlers had arrived by sea, the first being by far the greatest genius in mercantile and promotion pursuits that appeared in several decades. The other new settlers were the first of that long line of deserters from visiting trading vessels, a custom that lasted for years and reached its heyday during the gold rush to California in 1849, when many vessels were practically abandoned in the bay for lack of crews.



JACOB P. LEESE, the first merchant to open business in Yerba Buena (later San Francisco), in May, 1836, and to build the first house. Three years previous, Captain W. A. Richardson, the first resident, had arrived and taken charge of the schooner belonging to the Missions.

Captain Richardson had been the sole "Yankee" resident on the peninsula for three years when Jacob Leese arrived by sea, May, 1836. Leese announced that he had come to establish a mercantile business at the ports of Monterey and Yerba Buena, and he introduced his two partners, Nathan Spear and W. S. Hickley, who were to take charge of the store at Monterey.

The Spanish Governor at Monterey instructed the alcalde at Yerba Buena to grant Mr. Leese an allotment of land within the government reservation. According, Leese took possession of a 100 vara lot on the south side of Richardson's tent, at the corner of Clay and Dupont street, 250 yards from the beach, washed by the waters of the bay, which then came to the present Montgomery street. The building was finished July 4th, 1836, and an enthusiastic celebration was held. Many Spanish dignitaries and their families attended the feast. The tent and the house erected by Richardson and Leese were the nucleus of the present city of San Francisco. Leese married a daughter of General Vallejo, and on April 15, 1838, Rosalie Leese was joyfully welcomed, the first child born in Yerba Buena. The same year Leese erected a larger frame building and began to branch out in real estate. Richardson caught the enthusiasm for improvement and constructed an adobe building to keep up with the times. In 1840, Leese sold his properties to the Hudson Bay Co., and removed to Sonoma. Subsequently he went to Oregon, then just opening up. Eight years later, 1844, the little pueblo had increased to a dozen houses of various kinds of construction, and some fifty or so white residents.

Among them were numbers of adventurers who earned what pot luck living they could by trapping and hunting. Otters and beavers were plentiful in the bay and its estuaries. The San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys were happy hunting grounds for their plentiful pelts, which brought from $40 to $60 each. Trade was still in the barter stage, hides, gewgaws, sea otter and beaver pelts passing readily as values in coin.



THE FIRST WOODEN HOUSE built on the site of San Francisco by Jacob Leese on a 100-vara lot located at the present corner of Clay and Dupont streets, 250 yards from the bay beach on the east. The house was completed July 4, 1836, and a double celebration was held. All the dignitaries and leading residents around the bay attended the extraordinary affair.

—From an old print.



THE SAN CARLOS, sometimes called the "Toison de Oro," Golden Fleece, the first vessel to enter the Golden Gate, August 5, 1775. Captain Ayala remained in the bay forty-four days, chiefly employed in surveying the shores and islands, and getting acquainted with the Indians. He returned to Monterey for further instructions from the Commandante, Riviera. On this trip building materials were brought for the construction of the military presidio and for the new mission. A curious fate hung over the Golden Gate that it should be discovered by land and not by sea. After Drake sailed past the entrance, it is surprising that he failed to discover the bay on his rambles over the high hills back of Drake's Bay, some fifty miles north of the Golden Gate. Other early explorers, Cabrillo, Viscaino and others passed by the entrance, and it remained for Portola and his land party to stumble on the great bay, one of the three greatest harbors in the world. Some geologists claim that at the time of Cabrillo and Drake the present entrance was closed by hills, and that the outlet of the big rivers was through the Santa Clara Valley. This theory holds that a convulsion of Nature later formed the present entrance. Fremont gave the entrance its appropriate name, the Golden Gate.

—From a painting by W. S. Coulter.

San Carlos---First Vessel to Enter the Golden Gate

(From the Chart and Diaries of Captain Ayala and His First Piloto, Jose Canizares)

By Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez

IN THE YEAR 1774, when the government of New Spain was preparing for the establishment of a mission and settlement on the recently discovered bay of San Francisco, it was decided, as a preliminary to the arrival of the party of settlers coming overland under the leadership of Anza, to send the transport San Carlos to make a thorough exploration of that port. According to a custom prevailing at that time, the little vessel rejoiced in a double name, the second being a curious mixture of French and Spanish, *Toison de Oro,* meaning in English "Golden Fleece." Later events make it almost seem as though some prophecy dwelt in this name.

Although the shores of the bay had been partially explored from the land —by Portola and Crespi in 1769, by Fages and Crespi in 1772, and by Rivera in 1773—no entrance had yet been made from the sea. It was not even known whether the passage through the narrow channel was practicable for ships.

At this time the expedition under Heceta and Bodega was just setting out for the Northwest Coast, and it was in company with the ships of this party, the Santiago and the Sonora, that the transport San Carlos left San Blas, Mexico, on March 16, 1775. At the time of the departure the San Carlos was commanded by Don Miguel Manrique, while the schooner Sonora sailed under Don Juan Manuel de Ayala, whose name, for some unexplained reason, has been incorrectly given by several historians as Juan Bautista de Ayala.

For three days the little fleet of four ships, including the transport San Antonio, bound for San Diego with supplies, sailed merrily along, when suddenly they were thrown into excitement by a signal of distress from the San Carlos. A small boat was lowered and sent to her from the flagship, the Santiago, which presently returned bringing Capt. Manrique, who was seen to be not in his right mind. It became necessary to send the unfortunate man to land, and to make a new distribution of officers. Through this tragic circumstance, Captain Ayala was transferred to the San Carlos, and thus, by accident, became the hero of one of the most important events in the maritime annals of California.

Ayala had not been long in his new quarters when he had a most disagreeable reminder of his insane predecessor, who had left loaded pistols in the cabin. One of these weapons was accidentally discharged, wounding Ayala in the right foot so severely as to cause him much inconvenience during the greater part of the voyage.

The port of Monterey was reached after an uneventful passage, and, while supplies for that place were being unloaded, Captain Ayala busied himself in constructing a cayuco, or dug-out, from the trunk of a tree on the Carmelo River. As Bancroft remarks, the construction of this rude craft, which afterwards did good service in shore explorations in San Francisco Bay, may be regarded as the beginning of ship-building on the California coast.

Ayala's instructions were to thoroughly explore the shores of the bay, to ascertain whether its narrow entrance was practicable for the passage of ships, whether it afforded a safe harbor, and whether there was any strait communicating with the old

San Francisco (Drake's) Bay.

Rivera, the commandante at Monterey, was to cooperate by sending a land force from his own presidio, and the two were to make all possible preparations, even to the building of houses, for the colonists under Anza, who were soon to begin their weary overland march.

Everything now being in readiness, Ayala, with his two pilotos (sailing masters), Jose Canizares and Juan Bautista Aguirre, and the chaplain, Father Santa Maria, set sail from Monterey on July 27th. Some confusion has arisen among historians concerning the date of Ayala's departure from Monterey and his arrival at the Golden Gate. This confusion resulted from the fact that the original diaries of the voyage were not at that time available. Copies of these documents have since been brought from Seville, Spain, to the Bancroft Library at the University of California, and by them the dates have been conclusively established.

The pious Spaniards did not depend upon material preparations alone for the success of their voyage, for on the day of their departure a solemn novena (nine days prayer) was begun to the patron saint of the new establishment "the seraphic father Saint Francis."

Beating against the wind, with varying fortunes of calms and fogs, and no doubt greatly encouraged by their simple faith in the supplications that went up night and day to the gentle saint, they found themselves, most appropriately on the day of the conclusion of the novena, at the entrance to the bay. As the pilotos had expected to take a month for the voyage, the fortunate and short period of nine days was gratefully ascribed to the influence of the patriarch Saint Francis.

Toward nightfall on this day, August 5, 1775, the launch was sent to look for an anchorage. It was soon lost sight of in the gathering dusk, and the commander of the bark, although he had no signs or descriptions whatever, to guide him through the channel, decided to take the ship in without waiting for the return of the small boat.

Taking every precaution, including frequent soundings with a twenty-pound lead, which, however, was prevented from touching bottom by the swiftness of the current, he moved slowly forward. The wind blew strongly, threatening momentarily to tear out a mast, but the little vessel crept cautiously along until she had reached a point a league within the mouth and a quarter of a mile from the shore (in the vicinity of the present North Beach), when the wind suddenly fell calm. It should be observed here that the Spanish nautical league is equivalent to nearly four English miles, but the distances given by Ayala were probably only approximate. Anchor was dropped at half-past ten in twenty-two fathoms, sandy bottom.

Thus, on that breezy August evening, in the year before the bursting forth of the fires of revolution on the far Eastern shore of the continent, in the deepening darkness of the early night, at the ebb tide, the gallant little ship San Carlos, with her second and prophetic name Golden Fleece, made history as the first European vessel to pass through the narrow channel since become famous as the Golden Gate. Curiously enough, the Spaniards never gave any specific name to the strait, but simply referred to it as la boca (the mouth) of the bay. It remained for a member of an alien race, John C. Fremont, to give it the present felicitous name.

On the following day, having been joined by the small boat, the two vessels crossed over to an island, which they named Nuestra Senora de los Angeles, a poetic title which the island in question has had the happy fortune to retain in its translated form of Angel island. "Our Lady of the angels" was a name by which the Virgin was often designated among the Spaniards. In an "elbow" on the northwestern shore of this island, in nine fathoms, a pistol shot from shore, they found a

safe anchorage, sheltered from all winds.

When the native inhabitants awoke to see the wonderful stranger which had stolen in upon them unawares in the silence of the night, riding calmly at anchor on the great lonely expanse of the bay, they rushed in wild excitement to the beaches, where, with loud shouts and gesticulations, they frantically implored the visitors to come ashore. Their welcome to the white men was pitifully enthusiastic, and Ayala reports that during his entire stay in the port the relations between his men and the natives remained most agreeable. It is pleasant to know that the Spaniards were under orders to treat them with the greatest consideration—orders which seem to have been strictly obeyed.

Going ashore on the island of the Angels, they found fire-wood and fresh water in abundance. Repairs to the ship, including the stepping of the masts, were made, and here, on the 27th, a thanksgiving mass was celebrated on the beach by Father Santa Maria. After the religious ceremonies the Spanish flag was unfurled to the breeze, while the men of the crew gave nine "vivas" for Carlos III.

On the 12th, Captain Ayala went to examine another island, which he found "so bare and precipitous that there was no landing place even for a launch." To this island he gave the name of Los Alcatrases (the pelicans) because "of the abundant number of these birds seen there." This name, in its singular form, Alcatraz (pelican) has been retained, but an examination of the chart and diary discloses the interesting fact that the island given this name by Ayala was probably that which now bears the name of Yerba Buena (vulgarly called Goat). He naturally approached it on the precipitous side which faces the mouth. The island now called Alcatraz is described by him as lying near the mouth and dividing its current into two channels, but was left unnamed in both the chart and diary. Through some confusion the name of Alcatraz must have been transferred to its present location at a later date.

While the San Carlos lay at anchor the two pilotos, Canizares and Aguirre, taking the launch and dugout made at Monterey, went out at various times to make a thorough exploration of the shores of the bay. The "cayuco," after serving its makers faithfully in this work, broke loose from its moorings one day and was washed out to sea, where it became the plaything of the sportive waves and was finally washed on the beach below the site of the present Cliff House. Here this first example of Pacific Coast shipbuilding was afterwards found lying high and dry by the land party from Monterey. Because of the wounded foot from which he had been suffering since the first part of the voyage, Captain Ayala was compelled to depute most of the work of exploration to his subordinates.

The launch was sent to examine a bay lying to the west-north-west of their anchorage, which, because of a rock in the middle that to their fancy resembled a Carmelite nun, they called Carmelita, now known as Richardson's Bay. Here they saw a rancheria (village) of Indian huts. The inhabitants ran out, shouting and making signs for them to approach. The boat drew nearer. Seeing this, the Indians planted on the shore a stick which bore on its upper end a large plume of feathers, and which seemed designed to play the part of a flag of truce. The natives of the Northwest Coast sometimes carried a white leaf on a stick in this way as a sign of peace. Having no orders to treat with them the boat drew farther away. The Indians evidently thought this betokened fear, and, to reassure the Spaniards, first threw their bows on the ground, then, making circles in the air with the arrows, stuck them in the sand. The boat once more approached while the Indians beckoned and called —but the lack of an interpreter made it impossible to understand a word of their harangues.

San Pablo Bay (called by the Span-

iards La Bahia Redonda (the round bay), was thoroughly explored by the launch, and is described by Canizares as "bordered by broken hills, with no trees except two groves on the southwest bank, the rest of it being dry, bare and of a melancholy aspect." Passing through the strait they went on up through Suisun Bay as far as the mouth of the San Joaquin River, which they named San Juan Bautista. On the bank of this bay, near the entrance, they found a rancheria of four hundred souls, upon whom the pilot bestowed presents of beads and some of his own clothing, the last, considering that these Indians usually went entirely unclothed, a somewhat superfluous gift. The natives returned this generosity to the best of their poor resources, bringing presents of fish, seeds and pinole (meal made of seeds and acorns.) Canizares speaks of them in these favorable terms: "I found them always as amiable as at first, observing in them an urbane politeness, and what is still better, modesty and good deportment in the women. They were never impertinent, as were many others whom I have seen in this conquest, but only asked for things that they saw we were willing to give them." They readily ate the food given them by the Spaniards, in this differing from other natives of the coast, who very reasonably feared the food as the possible cause of the scurvy so prevalent among the white men. Like other Californians, they showed great aptitude in acquiring the Spanish language, and soon learned to ask for ship's biscuit by saying "dame pan" (give me bread.) This village had rafts, or rather canoes, made of tule leaves woven together, and so skillfully constructed that the Spaniards marveled at them. In these frail canoes, each of which held four men, they went fearlessly out to fish on the treacherous waters of the bay, and so swiftly did they paddle with their double-bladed oars that they often left the launch far behind. Probably because of the food supplies received from the Indians at this place, the village was named Los Cocorros (succor, or help.) Mare Island was observed by them and named Isla Plana (flat island.)

After the northern shore had been carefully examined, the second piloto, Aguirre, was sent to explore the southenr part, where he found many coves and good anchorages. He saw no natives except three, who did nothing but weep, for which reason he called the cove where they were La Ensenada de los Florones (the bay of the weepers.) This custom of wailing is mentioned by Drake, who says: "From a mile away we did with wonder and admiration heare the same, the women especially extending their voices in a most miserable and dolefull manner of shrieking." This cove with the tearful name is identified by Bancroft with what later became Mission Bay.

Several trips were made by the launch to a point on the shore southeast of the mouth, where it had been arranged that they were to meet the land party from Monterey. Finding no signs of them, Father Santa Maria prepared letters which were left at the foot of the cross on Point Lobos. This cross, erected by Rivera in 1773, had been respected by the Indians, through fear or superstition, and for the intervening two years had stood like a sacred sentinel, with its two great arms outstretched, keeping lonely guard at the gate to the puerto famoso (fine port) so recently discovered. Only the roar of the breakers as they foamed at its foot, the raucous barking of the seals on the rocks below, and the lazy flapping of the wings of multitudes of pelicans on the way to their resting place on the island within, disturbed the peaceful monotony of its solitude. This point was most fitly named by Ayala Angel de la Guarda (guardian angel), while the opposite point, now Bonita, was called Santiago, in honor of the patron saint of Spain. For reasons too lengthy to enter into here, the arrival of the land party fom Monterey was delayed until after the departure of the San Carlos from the bay.

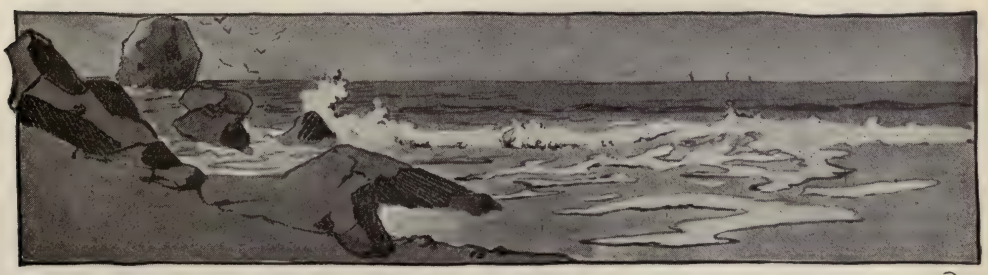
The two points, now Lime Point and Fort Point, which, in the language of the diary, "form the mouth of this fine bay," were called San Carlos and San Jose. On September 2d, the launch was sent to examine a bay called Consolacion, "which is formed by Point San Carlos and the southern point of Carmelita." This cove, where they found a good anchorage, is probably identical with Horse Shoe Bay.

The report of Canizares describes the bay of San Francisco in detail, with the depth of water, currents, etc., in every part. Ayala reported to the viceroy that the bay was one of "the best he had seen in those seas from Cape Horn up," and that it was "not one port, but many, with a single entrance." He goes on to say: "The said bay is a good port, not only because of the fine proportions which it offers to to the sight, but also because there is no scarcity of good water, wood and stone for ballast. Its climate, although cold, is entirely healthful, and is free from the annoying daily fogs experienced at Monterey. To all these advantages must be added the best of all, which is that the heathen Indians of the port are so faithful in their friendship and so docile in their disposition that I was greatly pleased to receive them on board. It must be admitted that this good fellowship served us greatly in permitting us to make the exploration for which we came with less fear." In reading this account, the most faithful admirers of San Francisco Bay must be inclined to believe that Ayala's stay there was singularly fortunate in regard to fogs.

After a sojourn in the bay of forty-four days, having given up hope of seeing the land party, they prepared to depart. On September 7th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, they raised anchor and left the shelter of the island of the Angels, but when opposite the mouth, they became much alarmed by the sight of the heavy seas breaking on the bar. The great lonely bay seemed reluctant to give up this first visitor from a foreign world, and the departure of the little vessel was not so easily accomplished as her entrance. Off Point San Carlos she ran on a hidden rock and damaged her rudder, being compelled to retire into Consolacion (Horse Shoe) Bay and make repairs. Some days later a north wind came up, opportunely for their purpose, and they were enabled to steer their way safely through the channel, passing out at 12 noon on September 18th. Although the ship immediately ran into a fog so dense that the land, even at the distance of a pistol shot, could not be seen, she crowded on all sail, and, favored by the north wind at her back, made such a speedy passage to Monterey that she was able to drop anchor in that bay at two o'clock the next afternoon, the 19th. This date has been incorrectly given in a number of histories as the 22d.

Thus ends the story of the first passage of a white man's ship through the famous Golden Gate. For years seamen had passed by the narrow entrance, fearing the imaginary perils that might lurk within, and when

"At last the deed was done
Of dangers there were none!"





DREAMING OF THE STORY OF THE OLD MISSIONS.

THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS

By Ramon Peralta

SPAIN'S policy during the days of her glory in the conquest and settlement of the Americas was to temper the military power with the spiritual influence of the Holy Church. Charles V appointed Las Casas to a bishopric in Mexico, and his sterling manhood and spiritual ideals won for him eternal honor in his great constructive work. He endeavored with all the strength of his noble character to save the Indians from the cruel exploitation of the Spanish adventurers. The natives died like flies in mines and on plantations, where they were whipped and tortured to undergo more cruel labors than those imposed on the early galley slaves. Las Casas' opposition proved so strong and his influence became so great that a cabal among the adventurers was instituted to destroy his power. Through back door diplomacy at the court of Spain this result was brought about. He resigned his bishopric and returned to Spain, 1551. Thus ended the active life of a great Dominican priest who is justly regarded by historians as one of the noblest souls that pioneered the cross on this continent. For fifty years he spread the gospel among the natives and strove in every churchly and practical way to make their domestic surroundings and every day life more humane. Las Casas and his fellow Dominicans were the pioneers on this continent in working out the central idea of the unique system whereby the missions and colony system as a unit was planted in the territory now covered by Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and Lower California. Fra Junipero Serra, later, inherited Las Casas mantle in this great work, and carried the cross and the mission idea successfully into upper California.

The object of the government was to have the Indians taught the rudiments of the Christian religion and at the same time train them in practical forms of labor and the arts; thereby preparing them for a fuller Christian life, all intended for a better standard in the home surroundings. Co-ordinately the military branch of this system established forts for defense at such strategic points in the territory as they sought fit, as at Yerba Buena (later San Francisco), San Diego and Monterey Bays, which were justly regarded as being worth defending against all hazards. A Mission was invariably built near such presidios and sometimes a pueblo (a village), that was usually the gathering place of half-breeds and off-scourings of the social order. The best of the social life of these colonies was centered in the presidio, the military officials taking the lead in all such affairs.

For over a century this system slowly advanced its way through the main sections of Mexico, which then included the present territory of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico. At that time, a few years before the opening of the Revolutionary War, 1775, California was an unknown land, and had been touched by only two Spanish navigators, who ventured to explore its shores, Cabrillo, who first discovered the coast line of California (1542), and entered San Diego Bay, and Vizcaino, who later touched at Monterey Bay (1602.) Later (1579), Sir Francis Drake, on one of his looting expeditions of Spanish towns around Panama, sailed north along the coast of California, and, passing by the Golden Gate, sailed some thirty miles further north to a little bay where he careened his vessel and prepared her for a voyage across the Pacific.



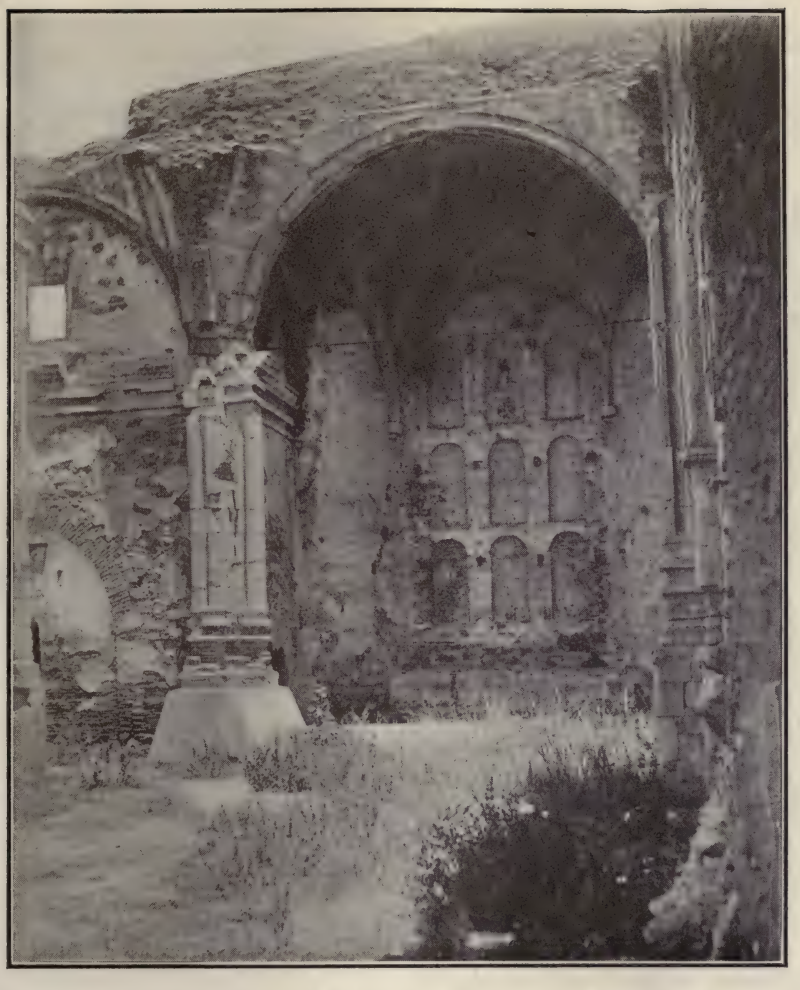
STATUE OF JUNIPERO SERRA in Golden Gate Park. Founder of the California Missions and the intrepid spirit that planted Christianity wherever he adventured. His plan was to carry the cross into the lands discovered by Cabriilo and other Spanish explorers, and link them inseparably with the Spanish crown. With his followers he began his work of founding Missions in Lower California, April 1, 1768. He had equal authority with the military commander on the same expedition. At that time he was '55 years old, and his body was wasted with fasting, scourging and tireless missionary work. He elected to go to Upper California by land, rather than by the usual ship route. Shortly after founding his first Mission at San Diego, he accompanied Portola on the latter's second expedition to locate Monterey Bay by the land route. At Monterey he built his second Mission, and Governor Portola erected a presidio and made that place the capital of California.



IN THE CEMETERY GARDEN of the Santa Barbara Mission, founded 1786, one of the best known Missions in California, and one of the favorites of Father Serra.



MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, justly regarded as the most picturesque and stately of the Mission structures. This view shows the ruined arches of the cloisters. An earthquake, 1812, demolished the great tower and domes, and its decline followed.



AN ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL, Mission San Juan Capistrano.

At that time California was a fabled land to the Spanish adventurers in Mexico and South America. Spain's great conquests in treasure and colonial lands roused the jealousy of the other European nations, and Russia, England and France, all eager to seize a share, sent their individual emissaries to explore the new wilds and report on the opportunities for seizure. The clash of these rival emissaries brought about a political crisis which quickly determined the control and settlement of California.

Spain suddenly learned that the Russians, under the guise of traders, were actively pressing southward from Alaska and were establishing forts along the north Pacific Coast. At the same time rumors were rife that the English and the French were working west overland to reach the same goal. Charles III at once notified Jose Galvaez, his representative in Mexico city, to press immediately every advantage in colonizing and protecting by adequate military power the territory of Upper California and to occupy and fortify its strategical points as indicated on the maps made by the early discoverers along the coast. Emphasis was laid on the fact that the territory must be preserved to Spain at all hazards.

Galvaez acted promptly. He selected Fra Junipero Serra, a Francis-

can monk, to take charge of the spiritual part of the expedition and Don Gaspar Portola to head the military division. Both leaders were equal in authority. Portola was to act as governor of the new territory. The pilgrimage north is one of the striking epics in the settlement of America. The 213 members of the expedition set forth in January, 1769. They sailed with their provisions and equipment in three ships to San Diego Bay. One vessel was lost, sickness prevailed heavily, and death took a large toll. Only the most robust were fit for hazardous adventures of those desperate times.

At San Diego Father Serra built his first Mission in the new territory, just across from the Mexican line as it exists to-day. A presidio was established under Portola's direction. Then eager to carry out Galvaez' pressing injunctions to hasten north and forestall the threatened invasion of the Russians, English and French into the new territory, Portola assembled the hardiest men among his soldiers and marched north 300 miles in search of Monterey bay, as described by the navigator Viscaino, where he was instructed to build a presidio. Portola failed to find Monterey Bay. Unknowingly he passed that open sheet of water of the broad Pacific Ocean, but by a happy accident one of his followers, hunting wild game over the hills, saw from a height the broad waters of a great bay not mentioned in the records. Later it was named after St. Francis, the patron saint of Fra Junipero Serra, and is now known as San Francisco bay.

Portola's failure to locate Monterey Bay by the land route led later to a second effort; one expedition was planned to go by sea and the other expedition to march overland to Monterey and then to furnish more information regarding the great bay reported by Portola. Both parties reached Monterey, and there Serra erected his second Mission in California, later (1771) it was removed to Carmel. Don Gaspar erected the necessary presidio, several adobe buildings, and proclaimed the settlement the capital of Alta California, and all the territory the domain of his sovereign, the King of Spain. News of this successful Spanish settlement in northern California was hurriedly sent to Spain by a special vessel; it caused a blaze of national enthusiasm and patriotism throughout the land. Spain felt that her grip on the Pacific shores of the American continents was now unbreakable, and under this feeling the slow growth of colonization was begun.

Thereafter, Father Serra and his brother friars devoted the energy of thirty years to building Missions and spreading the gospel and ideas of labor and home development among the natives. Nine Missions were built during 16 years, and over 6,000 Indians were brought into the Mission fold. In all, 21 Missions were established. Thirty years later saw most of them in decline. Practically all were located along the coast line or within some twenty miles of it. The distance between any two adjacent Missions was estimated to be a day's ride on horseback, so that the wayfarer might reach a resting place at sundown. The roadway that connected them, practically the only continuous roadway in the territory, was called El Camino Real, the King's Highway. It stretched from the Mission Dolores (San Francisco) in the north, south to San Diego —some four hundred miles. From that point there was a road leading to Mexico City. There is a legend that Father Junipero Serra and his fellow Franciscans scattered mustard seed from time to time along the roadway, so that strange wayfarers would always be able to readily find their direction by following the road bordered by yellow mustard plants.

In the social and administrative organization of Spanish California there were five elements: the presidios, pueblos, ranchos, Missions and Indian tribes. The last named were connected with each of the other four. A rough estimate of the Indian popula-



MISSION DOLORES, located in the heart of San Francisco, and the third Mission in California founded by Father Serra. This photograph was taken on the occasion of a celebration made by local residents to raise funds for the preservation of the old structure, originally built in 1776, at the time of the Revolutionary war.

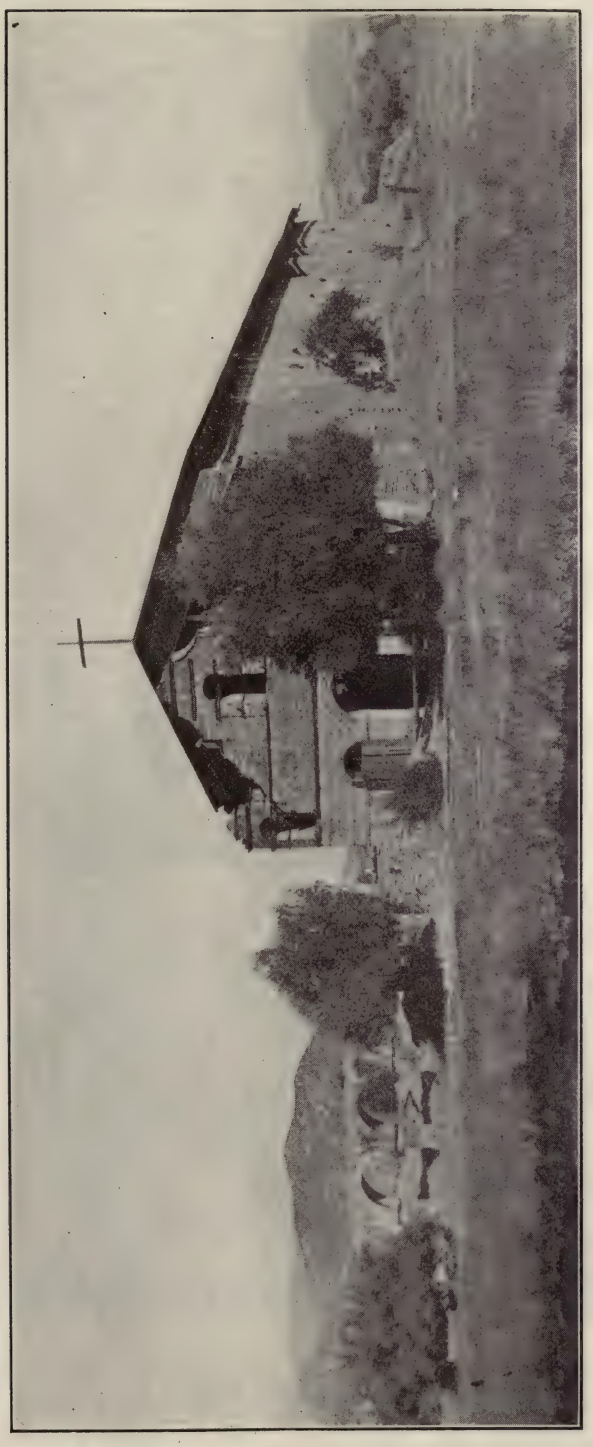


MISSION CARMEL, originally built at Monterey and later moved to Carmel. Fra Serra spent his time at Carmel when sojourning in the north. He died here, August 28, 1784, in his seventy-first year.

tion at the time of the advent of the Spaniards is placed at 700,000. Later the little population of less than 3,000 Spaniards easily held them in control. The backbone of the early Spanish establishments in California were, of course the presidios, where the military element were in control. Each Mission had its guard, usually a corporal and six soldiers, ample power to keep the Indians in safe subjection. The four presidios were San Diego (1769), Monterey (1770), San Francisco (1776), and Santa Barbara 1782), all four being regarded as strategic points for military purposes. Monterey was then the capital of the territory, and all the civil and military life circulated about the Governor's headquarters. The hidalgos of the great ranchos foregathered there on gala occasions, foreign traders made the heaviest sales of their goods there, and hospitality threw open its doors. There were no hotels or stopping places in all the territory. Every door was open to travelers, and food and lodgings, a fresh horse and money were freely given the stranger guest of the day. No white man was expected to work. Every man, woman and child were experts on horseback, the sole method of traveling. The Indians did all the work.

Two pueblos (towns) were also established: one at San Jose and the other at San Diego. Population was extremely scant at the period. Special offers were made to Spanish sojourners in the way of land, stock and equipment to locate in the territory. Spanish grandees were given large grants of land by the government to bring in their followers, and thus help to build up the territory. The trickling population continued pitifully slow till Fremont explored the West, in the early '40's, and reported to the government at Washington the extraordinary climate and fat valleys and plains awaiting the immigrants in the wonderfully abundant rich territory on the Pacific Slope.

Fra Junipero Serra passed away at Carmel, near Monterey, 1784, in his 71st year, leaving behind him a happy



MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA, founded 1711, near Jolon, Santa Lucia Mountains, Coast Range, California. Father Serra and his assistants journeyed inland from the Mission at Monterey, about twenty-five leagues. They found a beautiful valley, and here the new Mission was founded July 14, 1771.

and contented land, the most contented section on the continent, an ideal Arcadia. That was the period of the greatest prosperity the Missions enjoyed. They fathered some 30,000 Indians, and their future seemed to laden with great spiritual blessings and material wealth.

Their temporal development increased to immense proportions in lands, cattle, flocks and harvests, estimated at many millions of dollars. The glory of their day lasted some 63 years. Then came the charges of those who coveted their lands and great herds. Claim was made that they exploited the Indians in handling crops and driving them to daily chores about the Missions. Then came the revolt of Mexico from Spain (1821). The northern Missions remained loyal to the throne of Spain. Very shortly the government of Mexico inaugurated a series of reprisals beginning with the secularization of the Missions. These reprisals were continued from time to time until the final decree of their dismemberment was issued in 1833. Thereafter the Missions languished to ruins. Many of them have been restored by preservation societies,



MONUMENT AT MONTEREY to commemorate the founding of the missions in California by Father Junipero Serra. The inscription reads: "Here June 3, 1770, landed the Very Rev. Father Junipero Serra, O. S. F., and founded the following missions: San Diego, July 16, 1769; San Carlos, Monterey, June 3, 1770; San Antonio de Padua, July 14. 1771; San Gabriel, September 8, 1771; San Luis Obispo, Sept. 1, 1772; San Francisco de Los Dolores, Oct. 9, 1776; San Juan Capistrano, Nov. 1, 1776; Santa Clara, Jan . 18, 1777; San Buenaventura, March 21, 1782. And died August 28, 1784, in San Carlos Mission, Carmelo Valley. As the Lord Liveth even what my God saith will I speak. Erected by Jane L. Stanford in the year 1891.

and in this way the general picturesque lines have been in a measure maintained.

If the padres failed to do the impossible, to civilize the Indians in the time available, they did, at least, make Christians of many of them. Undeniably they left an impress upon local art, literature and sentiment. Perhaps their greatest service was in the indirect aid they furnished in holding the territory for Spain.

Like a dream the Missions came and like a dream they passed, and like all dreams the spirit that animated them had to have an awakening. The scattered records and ruins are all that is left of a unique period of early California history.

The twenty-one Missions in the order of their erection were: San Diego de Acala, 1769; San Carlos Barromeo de Monterey, 1770; San Gabriel Archangel, 1771; San Antonio de Padua, 1771; San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, 1772; San Juan Capistrano, 1775; San Francisco de Asis, 1776; Santa Clara, 1777; San Buena Ventura, 1782; Santa Barbara, 1786; La Purissima Concepsion, 1787; Santa Cruz, 1791; La Soledad, 1791; San Miguel Archangel, 1797; San Fernando Rey de Espagna, 1797; San Juan Bautista, 1797; Mission San Jose, 1797; San Luis Rey de Francia, 1798; Santa Inez, 1804; San Rafael Archangel, 1817; San Francisco Solano, 1823.



MISSION SAN GABRIEL, ARCHANGEL, and its picturesque campanile, the pueblo church of Los Angeles, showing the buttresses and choir stairway. Several missionaries accompanied by ten soldiers, came up from San Diego to establish this Mission. While they were examining the location, a large party of Indians fully armed suddenly appeared, and with wild demonstrations and yells opposed their work. The Holy Fathers, fearing danger, unrolled a piece of cloth with the image of Our Lady de los Dolores. At sight of the picture the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, and readily yielded their service to the strangers.

WILKES EXPLORING EXPEDITION

In California, 1841

By Helen Ramage

THE FIRST scientific expedition conducted under the flag of the United States made its appearance in California in 1841. It consisted of a fleet of six vessels, having on board 600 men, including over 80 officers and a scientific corps of 12 men, organized in 1838, and placed under the command of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes. The vessels sailed from Hampton Roads, August, 1838, and spent practically three years in exploring the Antarctic regions and the islands of the Pacific.

Wilkes carried special instructions to devote six months of his time to explorations on the Pacific Slope, and special attention was to be paid to the survey of San Francisco bay.

In August, 1841, Wilkes dispatched the Vincennes from the Columbia under command of Lieutenant Ringgold; the vessel arrived at San Francisco, August 14th, lying at anchor at Sausalito until November 1st. A party from the Vincennes spent several weeks exploring the bay, the San Joaquin River and the Valley of the Sacramento. At New Helvetia (now Sacramento) Lieutenant Ringgold and his men were welcomed by Captain Sutter, a former lieutenant in the Swiss Guard, who had settled in this region in 1839. On his arrival in California, Sutter had obtained from the government a grant of land thirty leagues square. Here he had erected his establishment of adobe buildings, called New Helvetia or Sutter's Fort, and over the whole he had supreme control. At the time of Ringgold's visit there were some forty Indians engaged in building a wall of defense to protect his place from the attacks that he feared "from the present authorities of the land." Captain Sutter for the most part treated the Indians kindly, and paid them well for their services, in order to attach them to his interests, so that he could rely upon their chiefs for assistance in case of need. His stock amounted to 2,000 horses, the same number of sheep, and about 2,500 head of cattle.

It was learned that the Russian establishment at Fort Ross had just been transferred to Captain Sutter for the consideration of $30,000. This fort had been founded by the Russians in 1812, in order to procure supplies for their Alaskan posts, but they were now abandoning the fort, as they had recently obtained a contract with the Hudson's Bay Company to furnish them with supplies. Wilkes writes: "The buildings at the two posts numbered from fifty to sixty, and frequently contained a population estimated at from four to five hundred souls. Since the breaking up of the establishment the majority of the Russians have returned to Sitka; the rest having remained in the employ of the present owner."

Ringgold's exploring party left New Helvetia to continue up the river on August 4th. By September 1st the Sacramento river banks had been surveyed to a point near the present site of Colusa. The party had now completed their work, and they set out on their return trip, again stopping at New Helvetia, and reaching the Vincennes after an absence of twenty days.

A detachment of the Wilkes Expedition consisting of thirty-nine persons under Lieutenant Emmons came down from Oregon, overland. This company crossed the Siskiyou Mountains on September 29th, and gained their first view of Mount Shasta, "whose

peak is a magnificent sight, rising as it does to a lofty height." October 4th they reached the headwaters of the Sacramento river, and continued their surveys down the valley to Sutter's Fort.

No rain had fallen that season, and they regarded the Sacramento Valley as being very arid.

The majority of the Emmons party embarked in the launch of the Vincennes, which met them near Sutter's Fort, and they arrived in San Francisco, October 24th. A detachment under midshipman Eld, with a young Spanish guide, took a route leading around the southern end of the bay. They crossed the San Joaquin River near the present site of Stockton, and proceeded toward the San Jose Mission, probably making use of Livermore and Niles passes. As they approached the Mission they were met by a large band of Indians in half-civilized dress, who were busy collecting acorns. Don Jose Antonio Estrada, the administrator to whom the party bore a letter of introduction from Captain Sutter, offered them no courtesies. But Ephraim Travel, an American from Philadelphia and the tailor of the establishment, showed them through the church and gardens. The buildings here were found to be falling into ruins, and the whole establishment presenting an appearance of neglect. The halcyon days of the Mission had passed away, and here was no longer the abode of hospitality and good living, since it had fallen into the hands of the administrators. There were about 600 Indians in charge of the Mission, two-thirds the number of two years before. The party next visited the Santa Clara Mission, where they were kindly received by Padre Mercador. They found it also in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and the long line of huts formerly occupied by Indians had fallen into decay. From here they proceeded to Mission Dolores, reaching Yerba Buena, October 28th.

Meanwhile Wilkes had sailed from the Columbia on the Porpoise, with the Flying Fish and Oregon. He entered the Golden Gate on October 19th, and anchored beside the Vincennes. Wilkes was deeply impressed with the harbor afforded by the bay of San Francisco, and wrote:

"The distant shores of the bay extend north and south far beyond the visible horizon, exhibiting one of the most spacious, as well as one of the safest ports in the world. Upper California may boast of one of the finest if not the very best harbor in the world —the Bay of San Francisco. . . Few are more extensive, or could be as readily defended as it, while the combined fleets of all the naval powers of Europe might moor in it. This is, however, the only good harbor that this country possesses, for the others, so called, may be frequented only during the fine season, being nothing more than mere roadsteads, affording little safety, and but few supplies to ships."

The commander of the squadron realized that here were afforded unparalleled opportunities for trade with South America, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, and China, as well as with Japan, which he believed destined to become an important field for American commercial enterprise. He prophesied that the political conditions in Upper California would soon cause its separation from Mexico. "It is very probable," he wrote, "that this country will become united with Oregon, with which it will perhaps form a State destined to control the Pacific. This future State is admirably situated to become a powerful maritime nation, with two of the finest ports in the world, that within the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and San Francisco . . . Such various climates will undoubtedly furnish the materials for a beneficial interchange of products, and an intercourse that must in time become immense, while this western coast, enjoying a climate in many respects superior to any other in the Pacific, possessed as it may be by the Anglo-Norman race, and having none to enter into rivalry with it but the indolent inhabitants of warm climates,

is evidently destined to fill a large place in the world's future history."

Wilkes learned that the destruction of the Missions, and the onerous duties and prohibitions placed on commerce, had practically destroyed the once profitable hide and tallow trade. The average exportation was now 150,000 hides and 200,000 arrobas of tallow. A few beaver skins which did not exceed 2,000 in number were obtained. From four to five hundred sea-otter skins were brought in by Americans, and in addition to these some 3,000 elk and deer skins.

The government was then very unpopular because of the enormous duties placed on imports, which sometimes amounted to 80 per cent ad valorem. In order to avoid this high rate the vessels did not land their cargoes, but sold them on board. Only those could thrive in trade "who enjoyed a full understanding with His Excellency the Governor." Because of these restrictions, Wilkes estimated that the whole commerce would amount to less than a million dollars per annum.

The yield of wheat was found to be remarkable, and this had been exported to the Russian posts to the extent of 12,000 bushels. The cultivation of vegetables was rapidly increasing, and these were declared to be of the finest quality. Wilkes writes: "The country appears to be well adapted for grapes. Those which have been tried yield most abundantly, and about 200 casks, each of eighteen gallons of brandy and about the same quantity of wine, are made.

In place of the imposing city of San Francisco, which now greets the incoming traveler, then the little village of Yerba Buena nestled among the hills. Its buildings could not be counted, and consisted of a frame structure occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company, a store kept by Mr. Spear, an American who furnished the expedition with supplies, a blacksmith shop, a billiard room and bar, "and a poop-cabin of a ship used as a dwelling by Captain Hinckley." In addition to these, there were a few other outlying shacks; the aspect of the whole being far from attractive. The one thing which marked the site of the Presidio, founded in 1776, was its solitary staff, from which floated no flag. The fortress itself was deserted, the walls had fallen to decay, the guns were dismounted, and everything around lay quiet. Wilkes learned that the Presidio had been practically abandoned, for the remnant of troops stationed here consisted of only an officer and one soldier.

California was at this time a province of Mexico, but because of the anarchical conditions existing in the latter there was practically no communication between the two. At the time of the visit of the exploring expedition, this country was also in a state of revolution that had prevailed for many years. Wilkes writes: "Although I had been prepared for anarchy and confusion, I was surprised when I found a total lack of all government in California, and even its forms and ceremonies thrown aside." At Yerba Buena there was an absence of all authority, and the only officer was the alcalde, who dwelt at the Mission three miles distant. Wilkes did not even succeed in learning his name. He especially considered these lower offices, such as the alcalde, to be in a deplorable condition, as they were filled by ignorant men who had no idea of justice, and he went so far as to predict that the situation in Upper California would within a few years cause its separation from Mexico.

Wilkes had been informed that the Pueblo of San Jose had the largest number of inhabitants of any in California; but they found it practically deserted. The Alcalde, whose "first appearance was that of a French pastry cook, with his white cap and apron," gave them a cordial reception. From him they learned that the pueblo contained 600 inhabitants, about 40 of whom were whites. The commander writes: "There were two Americans settled here, who own mills, but I was not fortunate enough to meet

them; the alcalde, however, gave them good characters."

Wilkes was much interested in the Indian portion of the population, and considered that they had made great advance under the rule of the padres, who were good managers and sincere Christians, and had exerted a salutary influence over all in any way connected with them. But he reports: "During the trouble of 1836, the Indians were cast off and neglected, and in fact deprived of the proceeds of their labors . . . The ravages of small pox two years prior to our visit had completed the destruction of these establishments, for it swept off one-half of the Indians and served to dispirit the others." The Mission of San Jose during 1841 had been compelled to order off 500 of its proselytes to procure subsistence as best they could. Smarting under such wrongs, it was not surprising that the natives were seeking ways of retaliation. Many of them had joined the wild Indians in committing acts of violence, and they were daily becoming more daring. In general, the commander sympathized with the Indians who were well disposed as long as they received just treatment from those in authority. He heard that the number of Indians in Upper California was variously stated at from twelve to fifteen thousand, but he believed that the ravages of smallpox among them had reduced their numbers to eight or nine thousand.

He estimated that the white population, which was usually given at 5,000, did not exceed 2,000 in number. In this, however, he did not include some two thousand persons of mixed blood, so that, accepting his figures, the total population of Upper California at the time of the squadron's visit was not more than 15,000.

The health and robustness of the white inhabitants impressed the members of the expedition as remarkable, and these they attributed to the fine climate and to their simple diet. Wilkes says: "This consists of beef roasted upon the coals, a few vegetables and the tortilla, which is a thin cake made of corn meal and baked upon a sheet of iron. Throughout the country this is the general fare; but some few luxuries have lately been introduced, among which are rice and tea. The latter is used so sparingly that the discoloration of the water is scarcely perceptible. At the Mission they live more after the Spanish fashion." The chief amusements of the Californians were cock fighting, bull and bear baiting, dancing and horseback riding. Both boys and girls were expert and fearless riders, but there were few families of any size which did not have to mourn the loss of some of their number by accidents.

The commander was not impressed with the industry of the white population, and reports: "The men have no trade and depend for everything upon the Indians at the Missions. . . The whites are so indolent, and withal have so much pride as to make them look upon all manual labor as debasing, and indeed they regard all those who labor as beneath them; they in consequence can never be induced to work." The state of morals had sadly declined since the withdrawal of the old Spanish priests. But in spite of some serious flaws of character, the inhabitants were found to be remarkably kind hearted and hospitable. They would give up every pursuit to entertain a stranger, and regarded the offer of money for such services as an insult.

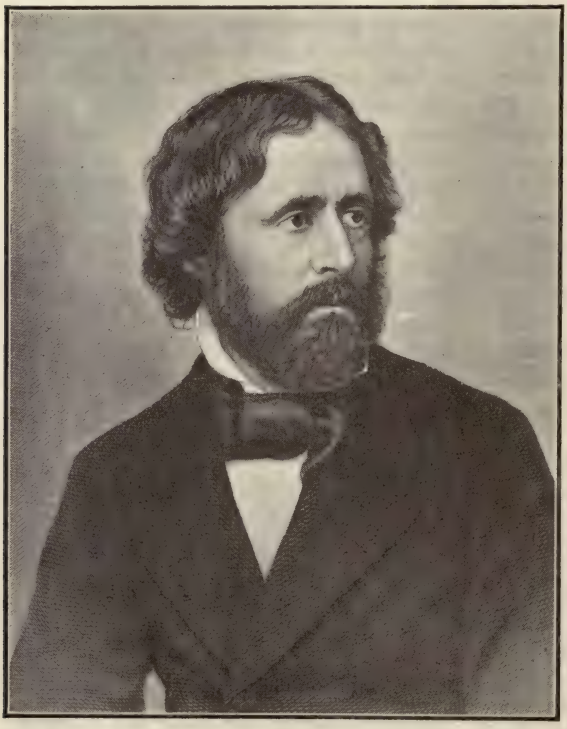
William Heath Davis, who was at this time a clerk for Spear, gives some interesting additional information concerning the expedition. He writes: "It was understood, and indeed stated by Wilkes to Spear, that the chief object of the visit to California was to quietly obtain and report accurate information in regard to San Francisco Bay to the government at Washington, with a view to future acquisition."

If this is true, the Wilkes expedition should be regarded of considerable political significance, but in 1841 no one could have anticipated that this region, then so little known, would so shortly become a part of the United States.

FREMONT AND THE BEAR FLAG

By C. J. Hickman

THE GENIUS of Fremont opened up the great Western section of the United States to settlement. Before his day the West was a terra incognita inhabited by roving bands of Indians and venturesome trappers and fur traders, who dared the wilds for a bare living. Fremont was filled with the same spirit that impelled Balboa, Cabrillo, Magellan and those intrepid Spanish explorers who followed in the wake of Columbus. He was enthusiastic, tireless and indefatigable in this pursuit. His reports to the Washington authorities were published, and created a wide and intense interest that later materialized into a hegira of immigrants seeking new homes in the rich agricultural lands in the West. London newspapers commented enthusiastically on Fremont's graphic reports, and lauded them as Spaniards that England should copy. His illuminating explorations made him so popular in every section of the country that twice he was nominated to the Presidency. Fremont will always be regarded as the most prominent figure in bringing California into the Union. He was the leading spirit in the organization of the Bear Flag revolution. Later he led troops successfully against the Mexican defense and fought in practically all the battles from Sonoma to Los Angeles.



GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT during the period 1840-1849, when his historical discoveries in opening up Western America to settlement won the admiration of this country and Europe. His vigorous and prompt action virtually gave the Mexican territory of California to the United States. (From a photo in the California collection of Phil B. Bekeart.)

Fremont was born in Savannah, Georgia, January 1, 1813. His father, a native of France, died when the boy was in his sixth year, and his mother, a member of an aristocratic Virginia family, then removed to Charleston, S. C. In 1828, young Fremont entered the junior class of the college there, and in a short time displayed marked ability, especially in mathematics, but his irregular attendance and disregard of college discipline led to his expulsion from the institution. Later, in 1836, the college conferred upon him a degree. For two and a half years thereafter he taught mathematics on board the sloop of war "Natchez," then on cruise along the South American coast. On his return to Charleston he was appointed professor of mathe-

matics in the U. S. Navy, but he snatched eagerly at another offer presented at the same time: to serve as assistant engineer of a survey undertaken to find a pass through the mountains for a proposed railroad from Charleston to Cincinnati. Thus early in life, he entered the career that was to make him famous.

In July, 1838, he was appointed second lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, U. S. A., and for three years was employed to survey and map out a large part of the country lying between the upper waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. In 1841 he surveyed the lower courses of the Des Moines river. The same year he married Jessie Benton, daughter of Senator Benton of Missouri. It was mainly through Senator Benton's influence that Fremont was able later to accomplish the great work of his life by opening up to settlement that great unknown territory lying between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Ocean.

The knowledge already acquired by Fremont of the northwestern territories was sufficient to reveal to him the utter ignorance upon the whole subject which prevailed generally all over the nation. He discovered that pretty much all that was known about the West was made up of travelers' tales over their campfires about fabulous rivers and mountains and lakes, which never had any existence except in the imagination of these frontier raconteurs. As late as 1846, one of the earlier editions of a general map of the United States for the year in the Congressional library at Washingington, regarded and quoted as an authority on the Oregon question, even by the President himself, with entire confidence, represented the great Salt Lake as discharging itself by three great rivers into the Pacific Ocean—from its southern extremity into the Gulf of California—from its western side through the Sierra Nevada range into the bay of San Francisco, and from its western extremity into the embouchure of the Columbia river.

In his several explorations, Fremont had already disabused his mind of many such absurdities as this, and had also become strongly impressed with the feasibility and the necessity of an overland communication of some kind between the Atlantic and Pacific States. The idea of a railroad connecting the East and West became almost an obsession.

In 1842 his first extended plan of geographical survey was projected, comprehending the whole of our Western territories lying between the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean. His first step was the exploration of the northern frontier of the State of Missouri, terminating eastwardly with the Wind River peak of the Rocky Mountains, upon the highest of which, 13,000 feet above the ocean, he succeeded in planting the American flag, since known as Fremont's Peak. Public interest became so interested in his



THE BEAR FLAG. A man named Todd volunteered to paint a flag for the Revolutionists. He cut a flour sack into flag shape, and sewed a piece of red flannel shirt to it. Then he painted a star in one corner and sketched in the figure of a bear. Underneath he printed CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC. The Mexican flag was hauled down on the plaza, Sonoma, and the Bear Flag fluttered in the breeze, emblematic of the revolution



A MEETING OF IMMIGRANT TRAINS on the plains bound for California.

work that he was sent out the next year by the government to complete a survey across the continent along the line of travel from St. Louis, Missouri, to the mouth of the Columbia river. This route opened up the famous Oregon trail. On this trip he also dispelled general ignorance with respect to the main features of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, the Great Salt Lake, the Great Basin, the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and the fertile valleys of California, at that time a Mexican province.

Meantime, Great Britain had been vigilantly watching developments in the territory of California, and suspicion was rife that she was awaiting an opportunity to seize the territory from weak Mexico. The government at Washington was vigilantly scrutinizing critical developments along the Pacific Coast. The next year, 1845, Fremont was sent again with instructions to explore farther in the Great Basin of the West, but it was suspected that he carried secret orders to save California for annexation to the United States, if possible. At the time there was growing friction between this country and Mexico, and war threatened. With a party of 61 men, Fremont arrived in California, January, 1846. Through the widespread publication of Fremont's exploration by the government, there was an increasing flow of immigration into the Western lands; large numbers of these settlers continued on to find homes in California. The local Mexican authorities, thoroughly alarmed at this increasing inflow, formally ordered Fremont out of the territory.

For answer, Fremont seized a mountain outside Monterey, the capital of the territory, and defied the Mexican authorities. This act proved the prologue leading up to the historical Bear Flag revolution. A few days later he started towards the Oregon border. A dispatch bearer overtook him with new instructions from Washington, and he promptly led his followers back over the trail. The causes shaping the events which quickly followed have always remained controversial. The Washington authorities engaged in a great political move to acquire Cali-

fornia for the Union and no record has yet been discovered which indicates how far Fremont had been authorized by the government to act.

Fremont gathered up all the Americans he could while riding back down the Sacramento Valley. He appointed commanders among these followers, and they attacked Sonoma, a Spanish settlement a few miles above the north shore of San Francisco bay. Fremont, an officer of the U. S. A., kept quietly in the background, and is more than suspected of furnishing instruction to his underlings on the prime moves of the attack. The Mexican presidio of Sonoma was easily taken. However, the four score of revolutionists were bent on making a prisoner of General Vallejo, the military commander of the Mexican forces in Northern California. Three of the leaders of the revolutionists were deputed to arrest Vallejo. The old General received them with his usual genial hospitality, plied them with his best liquors, and several days expired before the anxious revolutionists saw their leaders again.

About this time Commander Sloat seized the port of Monterey, and later put it in charge of Commodore Stockton. Stockton appointed Fremont Major of a battalion, and by January, 1847, they had completed the conquest of California. General Kearny was sent out by the government to handle the situation. A dispute over authority, in which Fremont was a subject, raged between Stockton and Kearny, with the result that Fremont was sent to Washington under arrest for disobedient conduct. He was sentenced to dismissal from the service, but later President Polk remitted the penalty and Fremont resigned.

Then Fremont centered all his aggressive energy in his pet project, a railway to connect the Atlantic and Pacific. He and Benton pooled money enough to meet the expense of the survey. Setbacks were encountered for a time, but ultimately he discovered the right mountain passes.

Immigrant Gap pass, now used by the Southern Pacific Company, was one of them, and Fremont's surveys were used at the time Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Colton decided to utilize it for the Central Pacific Railroad.

Fremont reached San Francisco on this exploring expedition, May, 1854, and remained here for a period. In December, 1849, he was elected one of the first two U. S. Senators sent to Washington. He drew the short term, but through extraordinary energetic action he introduced bills that proved of vital influence in putting California on its feet as a State. He was a strong opponent to slavery, and the pro-Slavery party united all their influence to defeat him at the next election. Later he returned to New York. His great popularity throughout the country led to his nomination for the presidency against Buchanan, 1856. He was defeated by 174 to 114 electoral votes.

Soon after the Civil War, Fremont was appointed Major-General and placed in command of the Western department, with headquarters at St. Louis. He was badly duped by dishonest contractors. In August, 1861, his anti-slavery proclivities led him to issue a proclamation in which he declared the property of Missourians in rebellion confiscated and their slaves emancipated. His action was contrary to an Act of Congress, and the policy of the administration. President Lincoln realized that the Act was premature, and would alienate Kentucky and other border States. Later Fremont was removed. Out of consideration for his great work and his myriads of admirers, he was later appointed to the department in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. In 1864 he was nominated by the "Radicals" to run against Lincoln; he saw the hopelessness of the contest and withdrew. He served as Governor of Arizona for four years, ending 1881, and in the last year of his life was appointed a Major-General and placed on the retired list. He died in New York, July 30, 1890.



ONE OF THE PROMINENT MONUMENTS erected in San Francisco to picture the early historical events of California. This resolute figure commemorates the admission of the State into the Union, September 9, 1850, and is dedicated to the Native Sons of the Golden West. The monument was designed by Douglas Tilden and presented to the city by James D. Phelan, both native sons.

MARSHALL'S DISCOVERY OF GOLD

(From the Official Report Made to the United States Government)

Headquarters Tenth Military Department

Monterey, Cal., August 17, 1848.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that, accompanied by Lieutenant W. T. Sherman, 3d Artillery, acting assistant adjutant general, I started on the 12th of June last to make a tour through the northern part of California. My principal purpose was to visit the newly-discovered gold placer mines in the valley of the Sacramento.

On the evening of the 24th, the horses of the escort were crossed to Sosolito in a launch, and on the following day we resumed the journey by way of Bodega and Sonoma, to Sutter's Fort (Sacramento), where we arrived on the morning of the 2d of July. Along the whole route mills were lying idle, fields of wheat were open to cattle and horses, houses vacant and farms going to waste. At Sutter's there was more life and business. Launches were discharging their cargoes at the river, and carts were hauling goods to the fort, where already were established several stores, a hotel, etc. Captain Sutter had only two mechanics in his employ—a wagon-maker and blacksmith—whom he was then paying ten dollars per day. Merchants pay him monthly rent of one hundred dollars per room, and whilst I was there a two-story house in the fort was rented as a hotel for $500 a month.

On July 5th I resumed the journey, and proceeded twenty-five miles up the American River fork, to a point on it now known as the lower mines, or Mormon diggings. The hills were thickly strewn with canvas tents and bush arbors. A store was erected, and several boarding shanties in operation.

The day was intensely hot; yet about two hundred men were at work in the full glare of the sun, washing for gold, some with tin pans, some with close-woven Indian baskets, but the greater part had a rude machine known as the cradle. This is on rockers six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and at its head has a coarse gate and sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleets nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine: one digs the gravel in the bank close by the stream, another carries it to the cradle and empties it on the grate, a third gives a violent rocking motion



MONUMENT ERECTED AT COLOMA
In memory of John Marshall, who discovered gold at Sutter's Mill, January, 1848.



Courtesy of Phil B. Bekeart.

From a painting by Arthur Nahl.

SUTTER'S MILL in the south fork of the American River, Coloma, California (called by the Indians Kuloma, meaning Pretty Valley), where gold was first discovered by James W. Marshall in the sluice race, January 24, 1848.



From a sketch by J. C. Wood. Reproduced by kind permission of Phil B. Bekeart.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1848. Ten months after Marshall's discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill. In that interim the rush to the gold fields in the foothills of the Sierras had drained almost all the residents from the thinly populated towns and ranches that had been reached by the slow process of carrying news on horseback. The report of the discovery of gold took several weeks to reach Monterey from San Francisco, about 100 miles. The little town of San Francisco (810 population) lost all the residents that could possibly get away, and its growth was retarded till the first vessels from Eastern and foreign ports arrived with the adventurers, who had received news of the rich gold discoveries. The four vessels lying in the harbor indicate that they were local trading craft, and likely used during this period for carrying supplies and gold seekers up the river to Sacramento. January 30, 1847, the old Mexican name of Yerba Buena was changed to San Francisco by order of the Alcalde, Washington A. Bartlett afterwards Mayor of San Francisco.



CALIFORNIA MINERS IN THE EARLY '50's, washing out gold by the "rocker" process. The second development in washing gold, the first being with a pan. (From an old daguerreotype in the Californiana Collection of Phil B. Bekeart.)

to the machine, whilst a fourth dashes water on from the stream itself. The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a fine heavy black sand above the first cleets. The sand and gold, mixed together, are then drawn off through augur holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterwards separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men thus employed at the lower mines averaged $100 a day. The Indians, and those who have nothing but pans or willow baskets, gradually wash out the earth and separate the gravel by hand, leaving nothing but the gold mixed with sand, which is separated in the manner before described. The gold in the lower mines is in fine bright scales, of which I send several specimens?

At the saw-mill, twenty-five miles above the lower washings, or fifty miles from Sutter's, the hills rise to about a thousand feet above the level of the Sacramento plain. Here a species of pine occurs, which led to the discovery of the gold. Captain Sutter, feeling the great want of lumber, contracted, in September last, with a Mr. Marshall to build a saw mill at that place. It was erected in the course of the past winter and spring—a dam and race constructed; but when the water was let on the wheel the tail race was found to be too narrow to permit the water to escape with sufficient rapidity. Mr. Marshall, to save labor, let the water directly into the race, with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and gravel was carried to the foot of the race.

One day Mr. Marshall, when walking down the race on this deposit of mud, observed some glittering particles at its upper edge; he gathered a few, examined them, and became satisfied of their value. He then went to the fort, told Captain Sutter of his discovery, and they agreed to keep it secret until a certain grist mill of Sutter's was finished. It, however, got out and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labors of the first explorers, and in a few



INTERIOR OF A MINER'S CABIN in the early '50's. Figuring on the value of the gold dust cleaned up on the day. (From the California collection of Phil B. Bekeart.)

weeks hundreds of men were drawn thither. At the time of my visit, but little more than three months after its first discovery, it was estimated that upwards of four thousand people were employed. At the mill there is a fine deposit, or bank of gravel, which the people respect as the property of Captain Sutter, although he pretends to no right to it, and would be perfectly satisfied with the simple promise of a pre-emption, on account of the mill which he has built there, at considerable cost.

Mr. Marshall was living near the mill, and informed me that many persons were employed above and below him, that they used the same machines as at the lower washings, and that their success was about the same, ranging from one to three ounces of gold per man daily. This gold, too, is in scales, a little coarser than those of the lower mines. From the mills Mr. Marshall guided me up the mountain on the opposite or north bank of the South Fork, where, in the beds of small streams, or ravines, now dry, a great deal of the coarse gold has been found. I there saw several parties at work, all of whom were doing very well. A great many specimens were shown me, some as heavy as four or five ounces in weight; and I send three pieces, labeled No. 5, presented by a Mr. Spence. You will perceive that some of the specimens accompanying his hold, mechanically, pieces of quartz, that the surface is rough, and evidently moulded in the crevice of a rock. This gold cannot have been carried far by water, but must have remained near where it was deposited from the rock that once bound it. I inquired of many people if they had encountered the metal in its matrix, but in every instance they said they had not, but that the gold was mixed with washed gravel, or lodged in the crevices of other rocks. All bore testimony that they had found gold in greater or less quantities in the numerous small gullies or ravines that occur in that mountainous region.

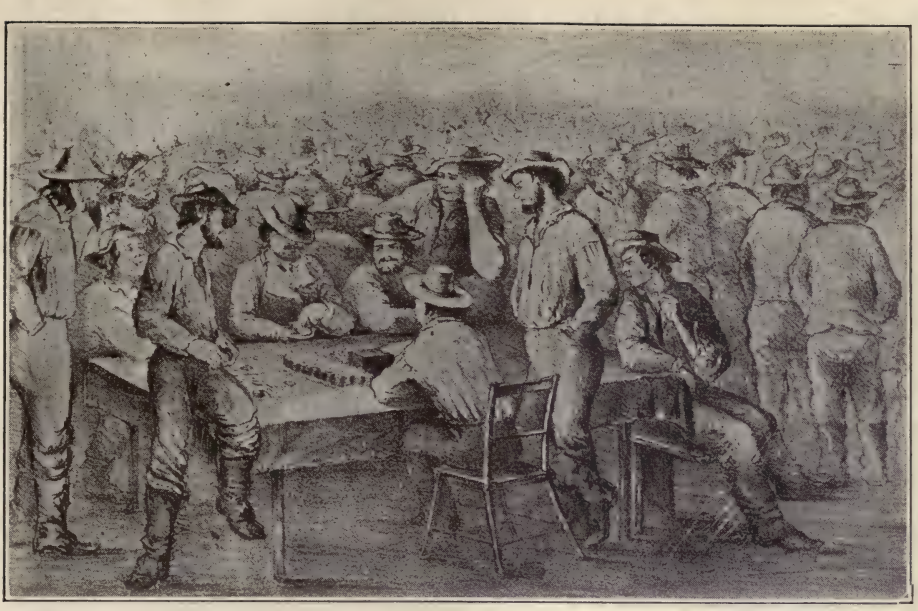
Captain Weber informed me that he knew that these two men had employed four white men and about a hundred Indians, and that, at the end of one week's work, they paid off their party and left with $10,000 worth of this gold. Another small ravine was shown me, from which had been taken $12,000 worth of gold. Hundreds of similar ravines, to all appearances, are as yet untouched. I could not have credited these reports had I not seen, in the abundance of the precious metal, evidence of their truth. Mr. Neligh, an agent of Commodore Stockton, had been at work about three weeks in the neighborhood, and showed me, in bags and bottles, over $2,000 worth of gold; and Mr. Lyman, a gentleman of education and worth of every credit, said he had been engaged with four others, with a machine on the American Fork, just below Sutter's sawmill, and they worked eight days, and that his share was at the rate of fifty dollars a day; but, hearing that others were doing better at Weber's place, they had removed there, and then were on the point of resuming operations.

I might tell of hundreds of similar instances; but to illustrate how plentiful the gold was in the pockets of common laborers, I will mention a simple occurrence which took place in my presence when I was at Weber's store. This store was nothing but an arbor of bushes, under which he had exposed for sale goods and groceries suited to his customers. A man came in, picked up a box of sedlitz powders and asked its price. Captain Weber told him it was not for sale. The man offered an ounce of gold ($16), but Captain Weber told him it only cost fifty cents, and he did not wish to sell it. The man then offered an ounce and a half, when Captain Weber *had* to take it. The prices of all things are high; and yet Indians, who before hardly knew what a breech-cloth was, can now afford to buy the most gaudy dresses.

* * *

The principal store at Sutter's Fort, that of Brannant & Co., had received in payment for goods $36,000 worth of this gold from the 1st of May to the 10th of July; other merchants had also made extensive sales. Large quantities of goods were daily sent forward to the mines, as the Indians, heretofore so poor and degraded, have suddenly become consumers of the luxuries of life. I before mentioned that the greater part of the farmers and rancheros had abandoned their fields to go to the mines; this is not the case with Captain Sutter, who was carefully gathering his wheat, estimated at 40,000 bushels. Flour is already worth at Sutter's $36 a barrel, and soon will be fifty. Unless large quantities of bread stuffs reach the country, much suffering will occur; but as each man is now able to pay a large price, it is believed the merchants will bring from Chili and Oregon a plentiful supply for the coming winter.

The most moderate estimate I could obtain from men acquainted with the subject was that upwards of four thousand men were working in the gold district, of whom more than half were Indians, and that from $30,000 to $50,000 worth of gold, if not more, was obtained daily. The entire gold district, with very few exceptions of grants made some years ago by the American authorities, is on land belonging to the United States. It was a matter of serious reflection with me how I could secure to the government certain rents or fees for the privilege of procuring *this* gold; but upon considering the large extent of country, the character of the people engaged, and the small scattered force at my command, I resolved not to interfere, but permit all to work freely, unless broils and crimes should call for interference. I was surprised to learn that crime of any kind was very infrequent, and that no theft or roberies had been committed in the gold district. All live in tents, in bush houses, or in the open air, and men have frequently about their persons thousands of dollars' worth of this gold; and it was to me a



A TYPICAL GAMBLING SCENE in the old El Dorado Saloon, located facing the Plaza, and one of the most famous gambling houses of its day.

matter of surprise that so peaceful and quiet a state of things should continue to exist. Conflicting claims to particular spots of ground may cause collisions, but they will be rare, as the extent of the country is so great and the gold is so abundant, that for the present there is room and enough for all; still the government is entitled to rents for this land, and immediate steps should be devised to collect them, for the longer it is delayed the more difficult it will become.

One plan I would suggest is to send out some United States surveyors, with high salaries, bound to serve specified periods; a superintendent to be appointed at Sutter's Fort, with power to grant licenses to work a spot of ground, say 100 yards square, for one year, at a rent of $100 to $1,000, at his discretion; the surveyors to measure the grounds and place the renter in possession. A better plan, however, will be to have the district surveyed and sold at public auction to the highest bidder, in small parcels, say from 20 to 40 acres. In either case there will be many intruders, whom for years it will be almost impossible to exclude.

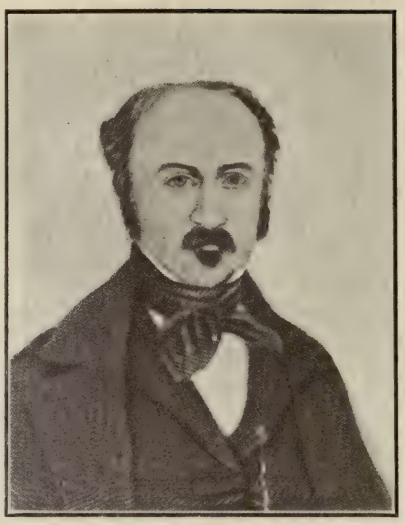
The discovery of these vast deposits of gold has entirely changed the character of Upper California. Its people, before engaged in cultivating their small patches of ground and guarding their herds of cattle and horses, have all gone to the mines, or are on their way thither; laborers of every trade have left their workbenches, and tradesmen their shops; sailors desert their ships as fast as they arrive on the coast, and several vessels have gone to sea with hardly enough hands to spread a sail; two or three are now at anchor in San Francisco with no crews on board. Many desertions, too, have taken place from the garrisons within the influence of the mines; 26 soldiers have deserted from the post of Sonoma, 24 from that of San Francisco, and 24 from Monterey. For a few days the evil appeared so threatening that great danger existed that the garrisons would leave in a body. I shall spare no exertions to apprehend and punish deserters; but I believe no time in the history of our country has presented such temptations to desert as now exist in California. The danger of apprehension is small, and the prospect of higher wages is certain; pay and bounties are trifles, as laboring men at

the mines can now earn in *one day* more than double a soldier's pay and allowance for a month, and even the pay of a lieutenant or captain cannot hire a servant. A carpenter or mechanic would not listen to an offer of less than fifteen or twenty dollars a day. Could any combination of affairs try a man's fidelity more than this? And I really think some extraordinary mark of favor should be given to those soldiers who remain faithful to their flag throughout this tempting crisis. No officer can now live in California on his pay. Money has so little value, the prices of necessary articles of clothing and subsistence are so exorbitant, and labor so high, that to hire a cook or servant has become an impossibility, save to those who are earning from thirty to fifty dollars a day.

Gold is believed also to exist on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and when at the mines I was informed by an intelligent Mormon that it had been found near the Great Salt Lake by some of his fraternity. Nearly all the Mormons are leaving California to go to the Salt Lake, and this they surely would not do unless they were sure of finding gold there in the same abundance as they now do on the Sacramento.

The gold "placer" near the mission of San Fernando has long been known, but has been but little sought for want of water. This is a spur that put off from the Sierra Nevada (see Fremont's map), the same in which the present mines occur. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that in the intervening space of five hundred miles (entirely unexplored) there must be many hidden and rich deposits.

The placer gold is now substituted as currency in this country; in trade it passes freely at $16 per ounce; as an article of commerce its value is not yet fixed. The only purchase I made was of the specimen No. 7, which I got of Mr. Neligh at $12 the ounce. This is about the present cash value in the country, although it has been sold for less. The great demand for goods and provisions made by this sudden development of wealth has increased the amount of commerce at San Francisco very much, and it will continue to increase.



GEN. JOHN SUTTER, born in Duchy of Baden (1803), who sought a fortune in the United States and Hawaii until 1839, when he came to California. Governor Alvarado gave him the license to settle on a fork of the Sacramento and American Rivers. Later he received a large grant of land, and was appointed a special government representative on the Sacramento River Frontier. He built a fort, house and stockade. That section was infested with outlaws and other hard characters. He called his place New Helvetia, and ruled like a feudal lord.

I would recommend that a mint be established at some eligible point on the bay of San Francisco, and that machinery and all the apparatus and workmen be sent by sea. These workmen must be bound by high wages and even bonds to secure their faithful services; else the whole plan may be frustrated by their going to the mines as soon as they arrive in California. If this course be not adopted, gold to the amount of many millions of dollars will pass yearly to other countries to enrich their merchants and capitalists.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

R. B. MASON
Colonel 1st Dragoons, Commanding.



SUTTER'S FORT, the greatest early "American" landmark of its day. In 1841, Captain John A. Sutter, an adventurous Swiss gentleman and of extraordinary prominence in the "gold discovery period" of California, purchased the provisions and supplies of the Russian-American Fur Co., then in possession of small trading stations at Fort Ross. The Russians were being sharply watched by the Spanish governors, and at last decided to relinquish their hold on California and return to Alaska. Capt. Sutter moved the purchased supplies to a place on the south bank of the Sacramento River, where he erected a stout fort and named the place New Helvetia, after his home, Switzerland. This fort was the first structure on the site of the present thriving city of Sacramento, now the Capital of California.



FRONT STREET, SACRAMENTO, 1850, two years after the discovery of gold in the placer mines some twenty miles east in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. The town grew up rapidly around Sutter's fort, and owing to its location and river facilities became the main source of supplies for the mines.



WASHING GOLD in a "Long Tom," at Cherokee Flat. The third development in the method of washing gold in placer formation. (From an old daguerreotype taken in the middle '50's.)

JIM MARSHALL'S discovery of grains and nuggets of gold in the South Fork of the American River at Sutter's Mill, January 24, 1848, started the great rush of argonauts to California, and the population grew by leaps for several years. But gold placers of richness had been discovered near the Mission of San Fernando in Southern California in 1843. In fact, these placers had been known to earlier residents. Over $100,000 in gold with crude appliances was taken out within two years, and a large part of it was shipped to the Philadelphia Mint for coining. These rich placers created practically no attention at the time. The country was under Mexican regime. Population was comparatively scant, and the indifferent natives regarded the discovery with shrugs of shoulders. They were living in the contented, drifting life of the "early '40's," in an Arcadian dream. There was the thinnest of communication with the outside world. In fact, the Mexican government at that time preferred as little communication with outsiders, as they had learned that the Gringos frequently proved trouble-breeders. At this period, too, there were no means of efficiently spreading the news even in California. Horseback was the swiftest method. The time was ripe in '48, however, two years later, when the several newspapers then established heralded the news in San Francisco, and these newspapers, mailed to relatives and friends in the East and Europe by local residents, started the great gold rush to California.

It is one of the grim ironies of Fate that Marshall and Comstock, both of whom presented mineral wealth valued at hundreds of millions of dollars annually in California and Nevada to this country, should have died in comparative poverty. So did General Sutter, who was accounted a millionaire at the time gold was discovered. Through his location at Sacramento he controlled the trade of the mines for a long period. But in later years "shyster" lawyers robbed him of his extensive land holdings, and bandits stole most of his great herds and boldly sold them to settlers.

PROVIDENCE was in a particularly genial mood when she laid bare to the wondering eyes of Marshall the simplest formation, the river placer, in which pure gold may be recovered.

Within a few minutes any novice may learn the trick. To recover gold in the quartz, at depth, in its native matrix, requires capital, skill, and in many instances, expert engineering.

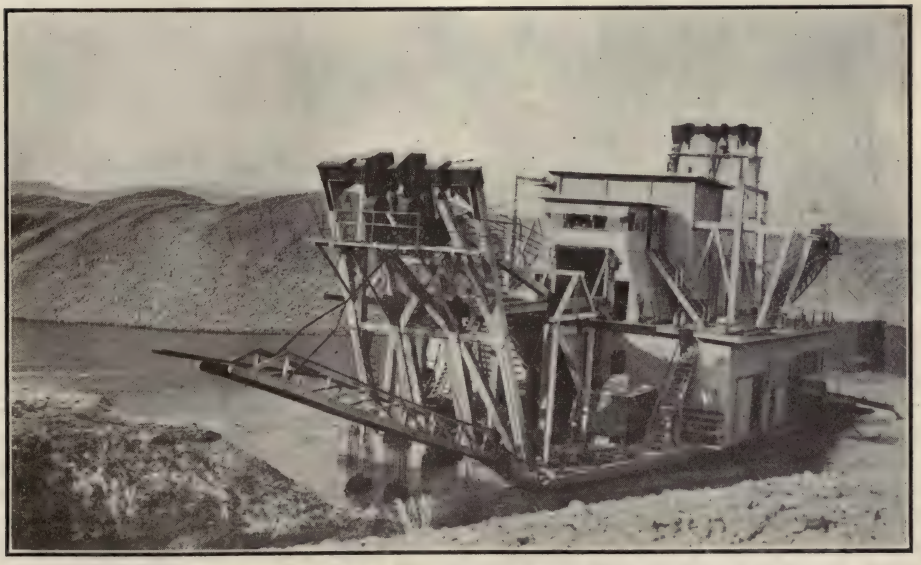
Old Dame Nature herself was the first placer miner, and she paved the way to make the process as simple as possible for the invading ignorant gold seekers. Quartz ledges, the home or matrix of gold and other metals, wedge their way through crevices reaching up from the depths of the earth. The rains come down heavily on the mountain side, and wash the softening surface deposits into the valleys below. By and by a mineralized quartz ledge is uncovered. Later the surface elements weather away the quartz, disintegrate it, and the particles of pure gold are exposed. The rains wash them down the mountain side, and, if the sluicing is persistent, they are carried down the watershed to the stream below.

The nugget that Jim Marshall picked up and startled the world was sucked through a flume tapping a mountain stream to conduct water to a mill race, a rough sample of placer mining. If Marshall had tacked a series of short slats cross-wise in his flumes for riffles, and had shoveled pay dirt from the hillside into it, he would have made a short cut to introducing the Long Tom, the third development in placer mining.

The first method in gold washing adopted by the inrush of green "miners" was with an ordinary pan something like the modern dairy milk pan.

The miner gathered his pay earth beside a stream, and by a sidelong see-saw dip of the pan washed the lighter earth over the side. The heavier gold particles and pebbles remained. The pebbles he tossed out, leaving the particles of gold, and these he gathered in a small bottle.

Naturally, this process proved too slow for the eager and impatient gold seekers. The intense pressure to gather a fortune quickly pricked their inventiveness—and the cradle followed. It was a box on rockers. Pay dirt was shoveled into the rocker set beside a stream. From it the miner scooped water and poured it into the



A MODERN GOLD DREDGER AT WORK. Usually these vessels are floated in an excavated basin, and begin to eat up the surrounding soil impregnated with gold particles. The great buckets scoop up the earth and pass it down to machinery that washes away the earth and stones, and the gold particles are accumulated. This process is the modern wholesale way of washing gold as compared with the simple "pan" washing as practiced by the '49ers.

cradle, rocking it the while. The water splashed over, carrying away the lighter dirt and leaving the gold and pebbles behind.

Impatience was still afloat, and a quicker process was demanded. Ingenuity hit upon the "Long Tom." By this method a box flume many yards in length was built with small slats tacked crosswise on the bottom. A stream of ready water was conducted through this flume. Pay dirt was shoveled into the long box, and the debris quickly washed away, the running water doing the work of washing. Sometimes the miners spent several days in feeding their flume before they made a "clean up" by gathing the accumulated gold caught by the "riffle" slats.

Following the "Long Tom" came the germ of an idea which still remains a cardinal method of mining in the West. It was one of the prime methods used so readily in cutting the Panama Canal. It is now known as the hydraulic giant, a huge nozzle almost as large as the great gun commanding the fore turret of a battle ship. Its enormous power is backed by a mountain stream of water utilizing enormous pressure. An ordinary one will throw 50,175 gallons of water at the bluff of a mountain side per minute. Such tremendous force literally tears a mountain side to pieces. The debris is carried by the rushing waters into ready sluice boxes, and the gold is accumulated there. It is "panning" gold backed by titanic force —the last word in placer mining.

Back in the early '50's, however, this same conception failed for lack of proper machinery, the force of water being extremely weak in comparison, as rolls of canvas was all that could be commandeered for piping. Later, connected stone pipes were used. The idea was there, but the miners could not get the machine-made pipes they wanted. Later days brought the required pipes, and produced the present giants.

The dredger is a comparatively modern instrument in furnishing the maximum efforts to wash loose gold from the earth in placer mining. Years ago attempts were made to use them, but without success. Certain problems affect certain placer areas, and special dredgers must be constructed to meet these problems. By the early '90's these problems have been fairly solved, and success soon followed. Fruit and farm lands in certain sections of Northern California are mineralized and readily furnish pay dirt on a widespread scale, according to borings carefully made. These lands are purchased by the owners of the dredgers, and the great machines slowly and persistently eat up the top soil, and pass the "dirt" by a chain of endless buckets down to the riffles, where the gold is washed out. Early in their career these dredgers left nothing but huge boulders and rocks behind them, but now a system has been introduced to restore the land to its original agricultural purpose. These dredgers cost from $100,000 to $200,000, but they earn enormous profits when properly managed. Between 1898-1908 they accumulated over $25,000,000 worth of placer gold.

For several years during the early rush of the placer miners, gold was produced at the rate of $65,000,000 annually.

In 1856 it became obvious that the great placer belt of California was petering out. Hard times followed for a while, and reaction followed. Gradually it began to dawn on many of these argonauts that California was enormously rich in other resources, and these they manfully began to develop. Mining backed by capital and expert experience continued along the Mother Lode, a strip of mineralized ore extending north and south on the western flank of the Sierras, and the source of much of the treasure furnished by placer mines. California still contributes over $20,000,000 annually to the gold supply of the nation. Her total value in the mineral industries for this year will exceed $100,000,000.



THE FAMOUS LAKEVIEW GUSHER, Midway Oil Field, California, which produced for a long period at the rate of 100,000 bbls. a day, and produced approximately 10,000,000 bbls. of oil; some 4,000,000 was lost despite the strong efforts made to restrain the great flood which poured out under immense natural gas pressure. In the first 38 years of its oil industry California produced roundly 689,000,000 bbls., valued at $302,000,000. In 1912 it furnished 26 per cent of the world's total production. In August, this year, the 11 oil fields of the State produced 247,644 bbls. per day from 6,501 wells. The price per bbl. ranges from 68 cents to $1, according to gravity. In August the crude stock on hand totaled 60,162,277 bbls; the total shipments were 7,924,656 bbls. This crude oil and its refined products are shipped to all parts of the world. California's industries have been enormously stimulated by these home oil fields.



THE FAMOUS MALAKOFF PLACER DEPOSITS, CALIFORNIA, with four "giants," under 500 feet head and the enormous pressure of 10,000 miner's inches of water. This terrific force literally tears down the earth formation in great masses. The gold particles are washed down into sluice boxes and gathered. This is one of the several mining forms of "cleaning up" free gold on a wholesale scale in modern placer mining. A '49er would have failed to make a living on this ground, but modern machinery, with its expeditious and efficient service, is enabled to gather a large profit on the investment. These same "giants" were used successfully in helping to excavate the Panama Canal. They are shipped from California to all parts of the mining world.



THE FIRST CUSTOM HOUSE in SAN FRANCISCO, an old Spanish adobe building with a red tile roof. It was located in the heart of the city. Used in '49. Some 40,000 gold seekers landed in the city and hastened to the mines in that year.



THE FAMOUS OLD CITY HOTEL, located on the plaza at the corner of Kearny and Clay streets, which passed safely through three big conflagrations, to be swept away by the fourth, that of June, 1851. The hotel was started in 1846, when Yerba Buena, then a Mexican village, was struggling to get on its feet. A year later the little town was renamed San Francisco. On the discovery of gold, the City Hotel became the center of active life, and the active headquarters of the gambling element of 1848-49. Fortunes were lost there. In the spring of 1849 the building was leased at $16,000 per year, and divided into rooms and stores.



VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO, 1850. Taken from Telegraph Hill in April, by William B. McMurtrie, Draughtsman, of the U. S. Surveying Expedition. Photographed from the original in Golden Gate Park Museum with the permission of R. P. Schwerin, Owner. The first newspaper, "The Californian," a weekly, had been established in Monterey, August 15, 1846. Its first editorial feature was a ringing editorial on the annexation of California to the United States. Subsequently "The Californian" was removed to San Francisco, and later merged into the "Alta California," 1850, the latter being the first daily paper in the city. Papers flourished fast and furious in those days of personal journalism, and personal encounters were not infrequent. The politics of that period was characterized by gross carelessness and a tendency on the part of a certain class to lawlessness. Consequently, editors had ample work daily provided them. The acts of these politicians and their criminal aids led to the formation of the first Vigilance Committee the following year.

LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO, 1856

By Charles B. Turrill

(Historian Lincoln Grammar School Association and Member Advisory Committee California Historical Survey Commission)

WHAT manner of town was this, our San Francisco in 1856? It is not the purpose of this article to sketch, even briefly, the great world-changes resulting from the discovery of gold in California, or the interesting circumstances of our city's growth prior to 1856. We must place ourselves in the position of a newly arrived visitor from "the States," who has come hither on the then new side-wheel steamship "Orizaba."

The little ten year old city was a strange looking place, with its well devised and constructed edifices, the equals of similar ones in hundred-years-old cities of the Atlantic seaboard, and its hurriedly built structures of wood and sheet iron which adjoined them.

True, the beginning of a settlement on the beautiful little Yerba Buena Cove had been made in 1836, when Jacob Primer Leese celebrated the completion of his home and warehouse and the American 4th of July (on Mexican soil) by hoisting the flag of the United States and inviting all the Mexican population for miles around the bay to his merry-making. The little hamlet that had grown around this nucleus was known as Yerba Buena. That name was in use even after Captain Montgomery, on July 8th, hoisted the flag of our country on the Plaza flag pole. In January, 1847, by ordinance, the name of the ambitious settlement was officially changed from Yerba Buena to San Francisco. Hence, for our present purpose we may say the city was ten years old.

The topographical features of the northern end of the peninsula impressed all who came here by steamer. For days they had caught occasional glimpses of an uninteresting Californian coast. They had been no more impressed with California's scenic beauties than had those earlier navigators of Spain. Like the prudent maiden, California does not display her charms to the casual passer, but saves and cherishes them for the expected lover. As the "Orizaba" neared her destined port, low headlands, at whose feet the waves broke in spray, were discerned. Wide expanses of yellowish drifting sands stretched inland, driven by the wind's action, and repeating the forms of the waves that had brought them to the shore. All were on deck as the steamer entered the Golden Gate. All eyes eagerly scanned the welcome shores of a new land of endeavor. The treeless slopes of the Presidio were grass-covered in their garniture of green. Slowly the "Orizaba" passed the little settlement at North Beach, where Harry Meiggs had built his wharf, and where mail was sent ashore.

Telegraph Hill arrested attention with its observatory maintained by the jewelers, Barrett & Sherwood, that they might accurately adjust the chronometers of captains who navigated waters not too thoroughly charted. The passengers eagerly looked upon the pretty cottages on the slopes of Telegraph Hill, among which was the home of the actor, Junius Brutus Booth who was stage manager of the Metropolitan Theatre on Montgomery street, near Washington. Years later his brother, Edwin, established his reputation on the boards of a San Francisco play house. Quietly the steamer

glided past North Point, rounded Clark's Point (near the present corner of Battery street and Broadway), and disclosed a view of the city as she approached her wharf.

On the right was the mass of Telegraph Hill, and on the left Rincon Hill —where the homes of the Forbes, Griffith, Babcock and other prominent families formed the center of social life. Down nearer Rincon Point stood the recently completed handsome brick United States Marine Hospital, of which Dr. H. H. Toland, who later would found the "Toland Medical College," was Physician and Surgeon. The little city nestled at the foot of high hills on whose eastern slopes strange looking houses clung like swallows' nests beneath the eaves of the barn "back home." Streets laid out at right angles to each other were in all conditions of "improvement" from trail to thoroughfare. On these hills the scrub-oak, similar to those nearer the Golden Gate, had disappeared before the fuel wants of earlier comers, and drifting sand was quiescent only when the wind did not blow. The foreground of the picture was filled with irregularly constructed private wharves —mostly the extensions to deep water of streets which at their other ends wandered up over the hills and were lost. Along the sides of these wharves all manner of craft were fastened, discharging or taking on cargo. Some of these, like the "Antelope," had been ocean steamers, but recently converted into river boats similar to those then plying on the Hudson and Mississippi. In those days Captain Poole had no difficulty in reaching Sacramento in a deep sea ship. The snags and bars in the river were only incidents of the passage. This "Antelope," with her "state-room and sleeping accommodations for 150 cabin passengers," was but one of a considerable fleet of similar vessels by which the adventurous traveler might reach Sacramento, whence from the Orleans Hotel (still standing), the California Stage Company "run daily lines of coaches communicating with all the interior towns and mines."

Out in the stream other craft were resting from their buffeting trip around Cape Horn and mustering courage and crews to again venture its gales. Within the line of pier heads were a motley multitude of earlier arrivals, within whose confined cabins "gold seekers" had impatiently cursed the fate that had denied them passage in speedier craft, while they feared all California's golden store would be gathered ere their vessels reached the journey's end. Deserted by passengers and crews, these vessels, anchored in shallow water, were utilized as store-ships when warehouses on shore were few. One had been bought by the municipality and fitted up as a jail. Others had served as foundations for saloons and hotels. All were connected with the wharves by plank walks, while gradually the space around them was "filled in" from newly "graded" streets. Flimsy stores and houses bordered the sides of wharves at their shoreward ends. In one of these, Charles P. Kimball's untiring industry and enterprise had given the little town its first City Directory. Beneath these frail structures, at high tide, the waves washed in rhythmic cadence. The passer-by knew when the tide was "out" through the sense of smell. Within the wharf area, where Fremont and Beale streets are now, the boys swam, unhampered by bathing suits, while from the window of his father's cabin, back of the Union Iron Works, at First and Mission streets, youthful A. Harris fished for smelt and flounders.

What a strange town was that, the San Francisco of 1856, in its speedy transition from a city of tents and shacks to one of brick and stone buildings, architecturally on a par with those of Atlantic seaboard cities, and its flimsy wooden and more pretentious sheet iron buildings filling in the spaces between. The idea of permanency had come to prosperous Argonauts, and some of the three-story brick and granite buildings then erected endure to this present day, having



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH established in San Francisco. In October, 1848, Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, who had been in the service of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, arrived in San Francisco fom Hawaii, and was the first Protestant clergyman in California. Three days after his arrival, he was formally invited by the prominent citizens of every religious persuasion to remain in the town and act as chaplain for one year. His compensation was fixed at $2,500, and was quickly subscribed at a public meeting. His first church quarters was the school house on the plaza, and there he delivered two sermons every Sabbath. In less than a month the congregation crowded the doors and listened at the windows. Before the discovery of gold in 1848, the religiously inclined gathered in small parties at one another's houses. Occasionally a minister on his travels stopped for a Sunday or two and held services. It was during this period that some of the merchants began the observance of closing their stores on Sundays. On the first Sunday in January, 1849, the first Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to twelve communicants of five or six denominations. Men and women gathered together to do honor to their common Maker, with no cavilling regarding creeds—a typical California action.

survived, unimpaired, all San Francisco's trembling troubles and devastating fires as mute memorials to rational architecture and honest construction. As the reader to-day passes down Montgomery street, let him pause at the northwest corner of California street in front of the granite building erected in 1852, which so long was the headquarters of Wells Fargo & Co.'s Express and the Union Club, and stop again at the corner of Washington street to look upon the "Montgomery Block," built in 1853, and in which at different periods many of San Francisco's most noted men have had their offices, and where that part of the valuable Sutro Library which escaped the fire of 1906 was housed. If his contemplation promotes thirst, the old "Bank Exchange," on the corner, a survivor of the earlier days, can be entered with impunity and a modern purse.

Our traveler of sixty years ago had ample opportunity in selection among nearly sixty hotels. Through the association of their names, these appealed for patronage. Among them we may mention: Brooklyn, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Germania, Isthmus, Keystone, Louisiana Mobile Exchange, New Texas, Queen City, St. Charles, St. Nicholas, Tammany Hall, United States and Western. The American then stood on Montgomery street, on the site in later years occupied by the Nevada Bank building. The Globe,

kept by J. P. Schaefer, was at the corner of Dupont (Grant avenue) and Jackson streets. In its earlier days it was most popular, and in its later life was a swarming hive of Chinese till the fire of '06 removed it. Isaac Hillman kept "Hillman's Temperance House" at 80 and 82 Davis street in 1856. The International at Jackson and Kearny for a generation was a profitable investment. Parrish & Wood conducted the Niantic, built on the hull of that old ship, on the corner of Clay and Sansome. "The Tehama House," kept by Geo. W. Frink, and noted in political annals, occupied the present site of the Bank of California. The fashionable Oriental of mine host A. Richardson, was at the corner of Bush and Battery, while a block away, at Bush and Sansome, Joseph Rasette presided over the destinies of the equally noted "Rasette House," which, in later years, gave place to the sumptuous Cosmopolitan of the '60's. The St. Francis of the early period was at the corner of Dupont and Clay. It differed from its later namesake. On the corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorf, R. B. Woodward was conducting his "What Cheer House," where he accumulated the money that made possible San Francisco's most loved public resort, "Woodward's Gardens," out on Mission street at the corner of Fourteenth.

These old time hotel men well understood the art of advertising. The "ad" of the Rail Road House, a four story brick building on Sacramento street, extending through to Commercial and near Front street, is worthy of preservation. "A first class hotel; fire proof; water and all modern improvements in every story. Situated centrally, and near the landings. The cheapest and best house on the Pacific, and capable of accommodating two hundred persons at one time. Single and double rooms, and the best of beds and bedding, always clean." The beautiful little locomotive on the weather vane above the tower of the building was the first one in California, and was a harbinger of the hoped for time when the city should be linked by rail with "the States."

Our visitor of '56 found the spaces between the numerous hills designated by names, most of which are long since forgotten. Out back of the Rasette House in the neighborhood of Mission and First street was "Happy Valley," built up with pretty little homes, a school and church, and where Peter Donahue, at First and Mission, had his brass and iron works, and laid the foundation of the present Union Iron Works. With James and Michael Donahue, in 1849, Peter had established the first iron foundry in California. It was there that the gas works was located. Joseph G. Eastland was then secretary of that little enterprise.

Out among the sand hills, at the present corner of Market and Powell streets, was "St. Ann's Alley," and on its slope, where the Emporium now stands, Father Maraschi, S. J., had built his little wooden church and one small school room, from which humble beginning the great Church and University of St. Ignatius has grown. Perhaps an idea of the surroundings may be gathered when we recall that the good Father employed a man for nearly two weeks to dig a depression in the sand hill back of his school, so the boys coming from Mission street might more easily reach the class room. The trade winds of summer did not approve of the work, and in an afternoon filled up the depression with sand. The boys climbed up and slid down as formerly.

Out beyond the western limits of the surveyed city, beyond Larkin street, the furthest bound in that direction was "Washwoman's Lake," around which much of the city's laundrying was done, and beside which the white sheets and pillow slips of ocean steamers dried in the westerly winds.

On the triangular block bounded by McAllister, Market and Larkin streets, out in the sand hills, was Yerba Buena Cemetery. Its ample space had been nearly filled through a visitation of cholera.



INTERIOR OF WINN'S BRANCH FOUNTAIN HEAD, one of the two most distinguished dining centers. They were opened in July, 1851, and were the acknowledged ultra fashionable "refectory" salons of that period. Winn's was "celebrated for its gentility and more especially for the exclusion of all spirituous and intoxicating drinks." Men could go elsewhere, but the ladies of that period could not. Ice cream, jellies, cakes and other delicate refreshments were sold, and the advertisements of the establishment in the daily prints of the day announced emphatically that "the visitors embraced the most respectable ladies as well as gentlemen of the country." San Francisco was a "restaurant" city in that day, for Winn catered to from 3,000 to 5,000 patrons daily, the seating capacity being 450. His rents per year were, 55 years ago, $54,000; improvements, $34,000. He used up $28,000 worth of eggs and ice cream in the five months season. During July he handed out 1,500 glasses of ice cream daily. His oil bill for lighting purposes cost him $500 per month. There was no gas in California in that period. His advertising cost him $1,600 per month. His receipts were placed at $2,000 per day, $57,000 per month. Winn was the pioneer of the present cafe establishment of the present day. He knew his public and catered to ice cream, etc., and the society of that day.

Two years earlier, Lone Mountain Cemetery (Laurel Hill) had been impressively dedicated. That was then a day's journey distant from the city, and none dreamed the homes of the living would ever approach near it.

Out in the country, "two miles S. W. of San Francisco," stood the landmark, Mission Dolores. Around it were clustered adobe houses and a little settlement, which was connected with the then city of San Francisco by Plank roads on Mission and Folsom streets, crossing marshy stretches and passing intervening sand hills. Half hourly 'buses traversed these roads between the Plaza and the Mansion House, which had been established in an outlying building of the old Mission.

Over near South Beach, on the block bounded by Third, Second, Bryant and Brannan streets, George Gordon had located South Park on "the only level spot of equal area free from sand within the city limits." A public garden, 75 by 550 feet, had been laid out in the center, "surrounded by an ornamental iron railing," around which run avenues forty feet wide. Bordering these avenues two story brick houses had been erected. The brick for each was made from the clay excavated from its basement. An old announcement says: "Water is obtainable at a depth of 25 feet. The general situation of South Park is one of great beauty and salubrity. Omnibus lines run to it every ten minutes." The real estate boomer was living in San Fran-



BY JULY, '49, the activities of the rough element or "hounds," as they were called, became so violent that the business men armed and organized to suppress them. Several violent conflicts ensued, with victory for the citizens. The two vessels represented in the above cut were bought by the citizens. The Apollo was used as a store house, and the brig Euphemia, lying in shoal water, was converted into a prison for criminals. This was the first jail established in the town where convicted criminals could be held in custody. Later, the Apollo was used as a lodging house and saloon. As time went by, the sand hills were dumped around the Apollo, and strangers visiting the city were astonished to find a vessel used for business in the commercial district, and located many blocks from the bay waters. The Niantic and other vessels were used in the same way. The Niantic was anchored at the present Sansome and Clay streets, and was a popular hotel for years. The Niantic building now occupies the site. This practice of utilizing vessels for storage and business occupations was in a measure forced upon the early residents. Lumber was scarce and vessels plenty, many of them were old hulks patched up to carry the rush of gold seekers to California. Crews quickly deserted them to reach the mines, and the owners were glad to sell their hulks at a fair price.

cisco when our tourist of '56 reached here!

The statement of water at a depth of 25 feet was not without its charm to old settlers, who still obtained water peddled around town in carts at twenty-five cents a bucket. Wells and windmills were not uncommon in different parts of the city, while artesian wells were also utilized. At the San Francisco Steam Sugar Refinery, on the corner of Harrison and Price (8th) streets, two artesian wells discharged 70,000 gallons of water daily five feet above the surface of the ground. A writer in 1856 says: "The want of an abundant supply of pure, soft water for household purposes, to say nothing of its importance in other respects, is certainly a serious evil in this city. Nothing speaks so convincingly of the purity of the atmosphere of this locality as the absence of anything like pestilential diseases, notwithstanding the accumulations of filth and garbage in the numerous courts of the city and the horrible state of many of the slips and docks. Very much of this filth is justly chargeable to the scarcity of water, which, purchased by the bucket, is too expensive to be used except for the indispensable purposes of drinking, cooking and very slight lavations. The organizations formed with a view to meet this requirement seem to be too much embarrassed with objects of



"STEAMER DAY," the two busiest and most exciting days in each month, and an extraordinary feature in the peculiar business and social life of early San Francisco. On the 1st and 16th of each month, every merchant in town had to meet his bills with cash. Those were the eventful dates on which the steamers called, the only connecting link with New York and the outside world. Gold bullion, cash and drafts, amounting to many millions of dollars were shipped on these outgoing steamers. The incoming steamers brought important letters, the arrival of friends or relatives and newspapers bringing the news of the outside world.

private speculation to subserve adequately the necessities of the public, in this most vital matter. Steps should be taken at an early day to make such provision as is required, and to retain a proper control of it in the hands of the people." It may be stated, incidentally, that the San Francisco Water Works, organized to supply water from Lobos Creek, was incorporated in June, 1857, and was later absorbed into the Spring Valley Water Works, which was incorporated in June, 1858.

The Civic Center of the San Francisco of 1856 was Portsmouth Square, or, as it was more generally known, "The Plaza." Facing it, on Kearny street, stood the City Hall. This had originally been the Jenny Lind Theatre, built by Thomas Maguire, with a seating capacity of two thousand. In 1852 the municipality purchased it, and altering the interior for city uses, occupied it until the completion of the building on McAllister and Larkin streets. When the supervisors had refused to pay the city's gas bills, and the gas company had removed nearly all the "lanterns" from the gas posts on the streets, and turned off the gas from the City Hall, the city "dads," each with a candle brought from home, stumbled up the narrow stairs of that old City Hall to their meeting room to discuss the lighting situation.

All the 'buses left the Plaza for North Beach, South Park, Mission Dolores and the Presidio, while from the same corner stages for points down the peninsula, and later the overland stages, took their departure. Around the sides of the Plaza, the useful and well patronized hacks stood in solid line when their services were not required.

Around the Plaza, on Benham Place, stood the engine house of Monumental Six. The first great fire, December 24, 1849, had called a volunteer fire department into existence. Companies had been formed, as in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities. Those who had belonged to fire companies in those cities formed the nucleus of these local companies, which became rallying places for former citizens of Eastern cities. Active and honorary memberships in these companies was a coveted honor. Company pride caused much rivalry. The roster of these old fire companies contains the names of many men who became noted in our city's annals.

What manner of men were those, our visitors of 1856, met upon the streets of San Francisco?

No city, in its infancy, gathered within its confines so heterogeneous a population as did our own. From all parts of the world young men had come, lured by reports of near-by abundant gold fields. Very few came impelled by the greed of gold itself. Long periods of hard times had made the means of alleviating them desirable. That great pilgrimage to California was not a mad scramble for wealth, but rather a journey toward prosperity.

Social conditions in San Francisco had become well established by 1856. The exuberance of youthful endeavor had settled down to more sedate maturity. Business houses had been established, many of which exist to this day, even under the same name as founded. The churches and schools of "early days" had been growing and enlarging their usefulness. The comradeship of struggle had promoted the fraternal organizations which were in thrifty circumstances. The demands of business had called into life a Chamber of Commerce. Two thrifty libraries, the Mercantile and Mechanics, long years afterward destined to be merged, were stocking their shelves with the best books, and were well supported. Two social clubs, the Union and the Pacific, were in thriving condition. The earlier arrivals had organized the Society of California Pioneers. Home life had become an established feature, and social gatherings vied with operas and high class theatrical performances in furnishing respite from the cares of business life. The distance separating San Francisco from "the States" created local business conditions and customs that closer connections of later times have altered or abolished. Factories had become features of the city activities, and the numerous newspaper and other publications were always active in efforts to promote the city's welfare. Busy people were fully occupied in their affairs, and if they allowed "practical politicians" to obtain a foothold, they endured them, as their wives did the flies, until they became too annoying, and then remedied the civic evil in about the same way their wives did the domestic ones.

So, our visitors of 1856, landing from the "Orizaba," at the then Washington street wharf, found no more difficulty in adopting himself to the new surroundings of a strange city than he would to-day if arriving at the present Ferry Depot. Social, political and business conditions then differed no more from those of Atlantic cities of that period than present San Francisco manners and customs vary from present Eastern ones.

We have always been a people tolerant of the rights of others, and, while we may have sometimes surprised and shocked some by unconventionality, we have been honest in our endeavor to build up a city that would be a decent and orderly place in which to live, and where we may invite company without reproach to the memories of those noble, hard working men and women who, through the travail of their youthful activities, have left us San Francisco as an heritage.



W. & N. Hanhart, Litho, San Francisco, 1851. Photo from the original print, courtesy of R. P. Schwerin, Owner.

VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO AND HARBOR, 1851. From a viewpoint on the lower slopes of Telegraph Hill. In 1851 the western line of the city was just reaching Mason street, near Jackson street. Beyond were sandhills covered with brush, reaching westward to the Presidio. The only road in that direction started from the head of Pacific street, which then ended at Mason street, and wound its way through the sand dunes to the Presidio and ocean shore. Numbers of the vessels in the foreground were deserted by the sailors to join the gold rush. The first Vigilants Committee, 1851, was organized at this period. The original of this picture was drawn on shore by W. Boosey from a sketch by Captain Collinson, R. E., and published in London, Eng., Nov. 20, 1851, by Achermann & Company, the Strand.



A LITHOGRAPHER'S STORY OF THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 22, 1851. The flames destroyed houses and merchandise valued at $3,000,000. It started on the west side of Telegraph Hill, near Broadway, and swept south along Stockton street, carried by a heavy gale. At that time the leading residence part of the city lay directly in its course, which explains the comparatively small loss. The fire companies of that day were manned by volunteers, over a hundred men in each company, of business and workingmen, who pulled the engine by a long rope to the fires. In a conflagration like that in the picture the fire checking resources of the city were utterly inadequate, which explains the many big fires and immense losses during the pioneer period. The view is taken from Russian Hill. Many citizens watched the fire from this site, just as many residents did during the three days' burning of the city, April, 1906. The flag in the right center of the picture marks the site of the Plaza. In line with the flag is the famous El Dorado gambling house. To the right of the flag is the Union Hotel, a landmark in its day. This fire roused suspicion of incendiary origin. Business men started an inquiry, which later led to the formation of the Vigilance Committee of 1851.



THE BIG FIRE OF 1906 started about sunrise in several places simultaneously in the wholesale district of San Francisco. The flames gathered headway and were soon beyond control. By nine o'clock in the morning, merchants and residents in its locality gave up all hope of saving their goods, and concentrated themselves in saving their books and valuable papers. In the three days of conflagration the wholesale, manufacturing, office, hotel, theatre and shopping districts were reduced to ashes and twisted iron, together with several square miles of hillside residences. The loss was estimated by United States Government experts at $500,000,000, less than one-fourth of which was insured. Practically all these structures, reaching to the bay shore, as shown in this photograph, were destroyed. This view was taken several hours after the flames started.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BIG FIRE OF 1906

THE great fire that devastated San Francisco, Tuesday, April 18, 1906, was started by an earthquake at 5:10 a. m. Almost immediately sixteen fire alarms from as many separate localities were turned in to the central station. These fires were chiefly caused by the upsetting of lamps and gasoline stoves, the rupturing of house chimneys, the scattering of chemicals and upsetting of furnaces. Electricity cut practically no figure.

Unfortunately for the city, Chief Engineer Sullivan of the Fire Department was ill in bed at the time, and was killed by bricks that fell upon him from a toppling chimney. He was generally regarded as an unusually capable expert in handling big fires, and undoubtedly would have saved a large part of the burned section had he lived. He was thoroughly familiar with every angle of the fire department and had made a close and careful study of plans to save the city in case of a great conflagration.

The fire department responded to the sixteen alarms with alacrity, only to discover that their chief was dead and that the water mains in many districts of the city had been wrecked out of service. In private buildings the incipient fires were quickly extinguished —but in the wholesale and factory centers the flames, fed by chemicals and light materials, made racing headway and quickly grew to alarming proportions, and no facilities at hand to check them. Within three hours there were nine big independent fires raging in the heart of the wholesale district and in the Mission store and residence section. There was little wind at first, but the heat increased rapidly to a degree where it ignited buildings across the street by spontaneous combustion. Currents of scorching air swept the flames in all directions, served by the rising winds. Within twenty-four hours the fire had consumed nearly a square mile of the city on the south side of Market street. In the afternoon it swept across that main thoroughfare, dividing San Francisco north and south, near the location of Newspaper Row and the Palace Hotel. Once across that broad line it began wiping out the structures of the northern section of the city. A wall of flame swept through Chinatown and over the nearby Latin quarter, and later joined the roaring column of fire spreading along the water front. The wharves and harbor buildings were saved by the great torrents of salt water pumped from the bay by scores of tugs and bay steamers. On the third day the flames raged westward, and leveled the wooden residences to ashes on the western hill slopes.

Three hours after the big fire started attempts were made to check its advance by dynamiting buildings. The men fought bravely, but were unskilled and succeeded only in scattering the flames. Late on Thursday a dynamite expert was put in charge, but by that time the fire was apparently master of everything in sight. Later at Van Ness avenue, one of the broadest thoroughfares in the city, a well organized stand was made by the dynamiters, and the western residence section of the city was saved.

The area burned covered 4.05 sq. miles, or 2,593 acres, and included 490 city blocks burned and 32 blocks partially burned. Heaps of bricks, stones, twisted iron and cinders covered the burned area, a chaotic mess. The U. S. Mint and a few other stone buildings survived the terrific heat Great skyscrapers were reduced to twisted scrap iron gripping portions of masonry.

United States Government agents classed the conflagration as the greatest fire in history, and estimated the loss in values at $500,000,000, less one-quarter insured. The loss of human lives was placed at 800. The local authorities gave a lesser figure. This fire was the seventh of the great fires that have become historical in the life of the city.



BEFORE THE ASHES OF THE BIG FIRE OF APRIL, 1906, WERE COLD, the residents of the burned district, 2,593 acres in extent, began to return and erect tents and shacks on their lots. Water, fuel, lights and transportation were scant for a time, but within a few weeks the Relief Committee appointed by the Mayor had the situation well in hand. Bread lines existed for a short time. Many families went to relatives in the country, and thus helped to relieve the great strain. Later a flood of insurance money poured into the city and rehabitation quickly followed.



VIEW OF THE PLAZA (THE PRESENT PORTSMOUTH SQUARE) JULY 4, 1851. Depicting the residents celebrating the first Fourth of July following the acceptance of the first Constitution of California, adopted September 9, 1850. The view is taken from Kearny street on the east side of Portsmouth Square, then the popular gathering place of the city, where all big outdoor general gatherings were held. The buildings in the background face the present Brennan place, named after C. J. Brennan, former Mayor of the city. The center building is the home of the famous Monumental Engine Company, which existed and was used as an engine house down to its destruction in the great conflagration of April, 1906. The buildings are typical of the architecture of the '49 period. The house on the extreme right with a streaming American flag is the Justice's Court. The Postoffice is the smallest building on Brennan Place; the second entrance on the extreme right of the building occupied by the lithographer. The Postoffice of that day would barely furnish a stamp window for the present big Postoffice.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF '56

By Joseph L. King

Son of James King of William, whose murder precipitated the Second Vigilance Committee

IT WAS all over. My mother, with her six children, the oldest twelve, the youngest scarcely three, followed the pall bearers through the church door. My brothers and sisters were placed in the carriage with their mother. I, a boy of ten, was placed in the carriage with Mrs. John Sime. Her husband, on horseback, was superintending the funeral procession, and joined us later on Bush street.

Mrs. Sime, ever a second mother to me, placed me by her side, on the back seat, to her left. How considerate, consoling, kind, was she to me, on this the saddest event of our family life.

We moved north on Stockton street, from the Unitarian Church, thence down Washington to Montgomery street, thence along Montgomery street south through a dense multitude crowding the sidewalks. Suddenly, as we approached Sacramento street Mrs. Sime, grasping my hands with one of her own, reached across and with her other hand quickly lowered the carriage blind looking down Sacramento street. It is possible that I looked into her face with childish wonder. But everything she did was right, correct, thoughtful, and therefore submitted to in silence.

When we arrived at home, after the funeral, I learned the reason of this action. Those looking down Sacramento street could see the murderer of my father, and also another murderer, Casey and Cora, hanging by their necks in front of the rooms of the Vigilance Committee.

The law had died. Crime, in all its revolting phases, absolute crime, unpunished, remorseless, vindictive crime caused the people of San Francisco to rise in their might, and on two separate occasions to take the law into their own hands.

The first occasion was on June 9, 1851, and their organization is known as the Committee of Vigilance of 1851.

The second occasion was on May 14, 1856, and that organization is known as the Committee of Vigilance of 1856.

At the close of the war with Mexico in 1848, California being properly ceded to the United States, immigration immediately commenced. The discovery of gold in California in January, 1848, caused a much greater immigration, and from all parts of the world. Among others, convicts recently released from jail, and companions equally as vile, flocked to our shores. At that time, England was sending her malefactors to Australia who as rapidly as they could sailed for San Francisco. This particular branch of lawbreakers was known as "Sydney Ducks."

The population of the new city of San Francisco grew rapidly, and as each inhabitant was busy making money, little attention was paid to the making of laws, and still less to their execution.

Criminals and lawbreakers ascertained this fact, and became correspondingly bold. Theft, brutality, murder went unpunished. Evil men banded together, committed all three of the above crimes, and remained unpunished. Each citizen felt it necessary to carry a revolver, and it was dangerous to be out at night in certain localities. Those accused of crime were tried before unprincipled juries, and were soon at liberty, com-

mitting greater atrocities.

When a merchant at his desk could be approached by a ruffian, his small safe, containing his money and valuables, taken away, and he himself, if objecting to the procedure, should be struck insensible by a slingshot, and left for dead on his office floor—it can be readily seen that it was high time for citizens to protect themselves, where the law would not or could not act.

That was the reason of the good citizens joining together under the name of the Committee of Vigilance of 1851.

Four criminals were hung, and hundreds fled into the interior, or to other countries. The mining camps and interior towns formed similar organizations, and so intimidated the malefactors that they eventually fled from California, thus leaving us for a time in a much safer condition.

The Vigilance Committee of 1856 captured the crooked old glass ballot boxes, and put them on exhibition at their rooms on Sacramento street. In case where their favorites were elected juries would be formed of men previously agreed upon. Murder could be committed, and the accused, upon trial, could have some assurance of being acquitted. An atrocious murder was finally committed. A gambler named Charles Cora, having a grudge against the United States Marshal Richardson, met him on Clay street, in front of Fox & O'Connor's establishment, and deliberately pinning him against the closed iron doors, shot and killed him. Money was raised; he was defended by able lawyers; on the trial the jury disagreed, and subsequent legal proceedings drawled out to such a length that it became a question whether he would not eventually be acquitted. Silent and deep indignation prevailed among the citizens. The opinion became general that any citizen could be shot down, and in time the murderer escape punishment.

On October 8, 1855, the first copy of the Evening Bulletin appeared. Its tone, its effort to remedy existing evils and particularly its fearlessness of utterance, attracted the attention of the community. It was quite a small sheet on its first appearance, but as its editorials began to attract attention, its circulation increased, and the editor was compelled to increase its size.

At the head of the editorial page of all newspapers at that date in the previous century, the name of the editor appeared in fairly large type. On the editorial page of the Bulletin appeared the name:

JAMES KING, OF WILLIAM,. EDITOR.

James King, of William, was born in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, on January 28, 1822. He was of Scotch-Irish parentage, his grandfather, Francis King, having emigrated to the United States in 1774. Francis King was born in County Armagh, Ireland, of the Protestant faith. As a young man, James King was a clerk in the banking house of Corcoran & Riggs, in Washington, D. C. There were thirteen James Kings in Washington, at that time, and his letters were often delivered to others of the same name. In order to distinguish himself from the other twelve, he complied with a prevalent custom. His name was changed to James King, the son of William King; or, abbreviated, James King, of William.

At the close of the Mexican war he left his family in Georgetown, and sailed for California, May 11, 1848, going around Cape Horn. On arriving at Valparaiso, the passengers first heard of the discovery of gold in California. Mr. King hired a number of Chilenos, intending to use them in mining for gold; and proceeded on to San Francisco, arriving there on November 10, 1848. He left San Francisco for the Atlantic States, August 2, 1849, and returning again, arrived in San Francisco December 1, 1849. On December 5, 1849, he opened the banking house of James King, of William & Co., with Major Jacob Snyder as partner. In the next two or three years



THE EXECUTION OF SAMUEL WHITAKER AND ROBERT McKENZIE. The men were taken from the city authorities and hanged by the Vigilance Committee, Sunday, August 24, 1851, midafternoon, before 15,000 people. From a print in Pioneer Section, Golden Gate Park.



SAN FRANCISCO DURING THE STIRRING TIMES OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF '56. probably developed the most violent and bitter partisanship. Only an explosion could clear the atmo a notorious politician. Within twenty-four hours the Vigilance Committee organized, armed and bega

Major Snyder and others withdrew from the firm and the bank was afterwards conducted under the name of James King, of William.

The great banking firm of Adams & Co., with its parent house in the East, opened an office in San Francisco, and in 1854, purchased the Bank of James King, of William, which was merged into that of the greater firm. Adams & Co. suspended February 22, 1855.

Mr. King's fortune, or what was left of it, was swept away by this disaster. In those days Californians did not stop to whine or mope over any failure or disaster. The time was just ripe for a newspaper to expose the prevalent evils, and the Bulletin was started. In looking around for a partner to conduct the business end of the new enterprise, he selected C. O. Gerberding, a former bookkeeper, in his bank.

As the paper continued in its daily issues to expose these evils already enumerated, its circulation rapidly increased, the orderly portion of the inhabitants being in sympathy.



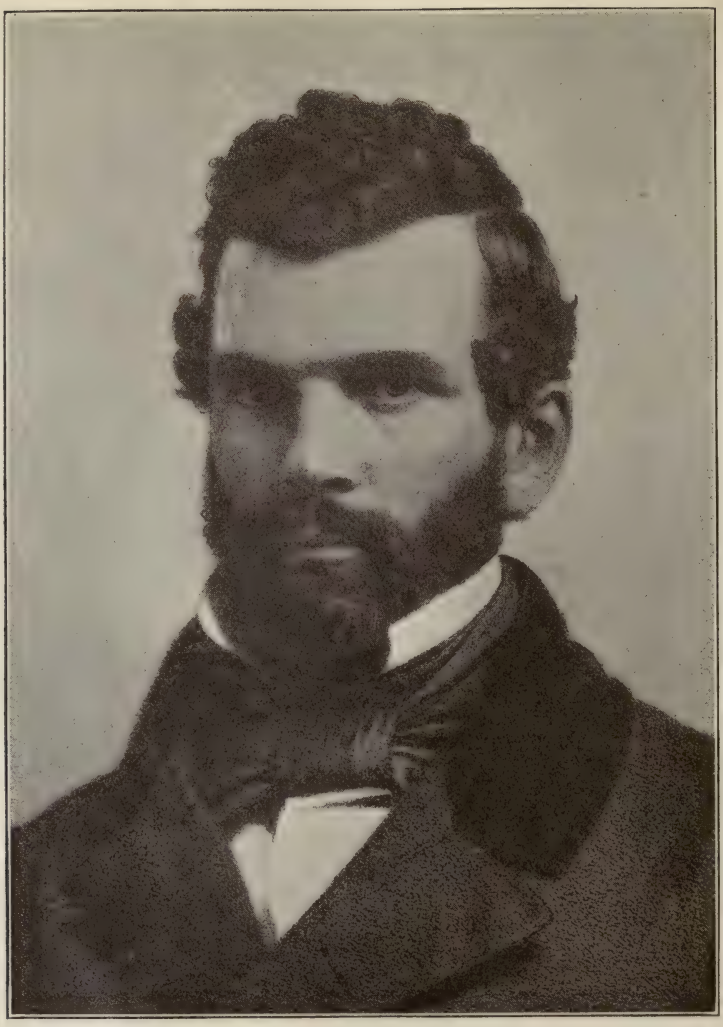
From the original photograph reprinted by courtesy Wm. A. Magee, owner.

l history of the city from its inception has been characterized by bitter feuds and contests, and 1855-56 that came with the shooting of James King, of William, editor of the Evening Bulletin, by James Casey, attack on the criminal element.

Said one, writing to the Bulletin:

"In November, 1853, the Grand Jury of this county indicted Hamilton Bowie, Lewis Teal, Roderick Mathewson, all city officials, for illegal and fraudulent practices, and robbing the City Treasury by first forcing the citizens to pay dues in cash, in place of warrants, and then with the cash purchasing warrants at 70 and 80 cents, and substituting these for the money received by them—of course pocketing the difference and defrauding the city to that amount. James King, of William, was foreman of that Grand Jury.

"Great was the commotion of the Hounds in consequence of these indictments. Everything within their power was tried to prevent an investigation. The members of the Grand Jury were threatened and bullied, and some were attacked. Hamilton Bowie made himself particularly prominent by his threats and bluster. To intimidate Mr. King, he was threatened, and a note brought to him to sign, which declared his belief in the entire innocence of Mr. Bowie. The intimation



JAMES KING OF WILLIAM, editor of the Bulletin, whose murder by James Casey precipitated the organization of the Vigilance Committee of '56.

was given that this would save him from a personal attack, and if he did so, Mr. Bowie would only whip or shoot some of the other members of the body. Mr. King indignantly refused to sign this, and characterized the proposition as dishonorable. He was repeatedly warned and entreated by his friends to arm himself, as his life was then in danger; but he refused —saying that he feared no attack.

"The motives of the Grand Jury were questioned and they were charged with bringing in the bill without any evidence. In reply they published the evidence before them, and which was a complete justification. Mr. King also published a letter, mentioning the threats made and his contempt for them, and the threats against others and particularly a Mr. Young. He likewise mentions that his business had been injured to the amount of at least $2,000 by his attendance, which was not voluntary, and says that in all the action taken, he had but performed the duty of a good citizen.

"His whole conduct and his letter were thoroughly characteristic, and precisely in keeping with his after



THE FORTIFICATION OF FORT GUNNYBAGS. The defense of the headquarters of the Vigilance Committee of '56 consisted of coarse sacks filled with sand and piled up as seen in the picture, nearly 6 feet thick and 10 feet high. Cannon were placed at the embrasures at each corner. Inside was a platform and openings, from which a scathing fire of musketry could be fired. There was a strong impression at the time that the rival Law and Order Party had obtained a hold on certain surrounding buildings from which they might control the situation by arms. To meet such an attack the Vigilantes placed cannon on the roof of Fort Gunnybags. These defenses could have been raided readily by a strong force, but the show of ample defense seemingly attained the object of the organization. This old stone building on the south side of Sacramento street, near Davis, was destroyed by the big fire of 1906.

course as editor of the Bulletin. A mere mention of the circumstance will be sufficient to recall it to the memory of many of your readers, while the incident itself deserves a place and mention among the other good deeds of his life, by which the city was benefited. And which, hereafter, will be spoken of and pointed to, with admiration and gratitude."

CITIZEN.

San Francisco, June 12, 1856.

The editorials of the Bulletin, at this time, had not only great weight, but controlled and influenced public opinion, and this influence extended beyond San Francisco, future events showing conclusively that it affected the entire State. The editor did not wait to ascertain public opinion, but created and led it. His tragic death and accompanying events are still remembered among his admirers and supporters of his views, even after a lapse of half a century.

As a banker he had commanded and received the respect of the business community. In acting as an editor he acknowledged that he did not possess that literary ability displayed by those educated and trained in newspaper business; but the truths of the existing evils, supported by the facts and expressed in that homely, straightforward manner that a child could understand, endeared him to the thousands that read his paper and sympathized with him.

The critic of the twentieth century should recognize the fact that his business had been that of a banker; and that he had been allowed but seven months' experience as an editor. His style, his expressions, and the matters most ably discussed, were those generally used and known among bankers and business men.

A man named James P. Casey was the editor of a weekly paper in San Francisco, and was connected with those who politically had some power in the city. On the 14th of May, 1856, an editorial in the Bulletin, in mentioning this person, stated that the fact that Casey had been an inmate of Sing Sing Prison, in New York, did not invalidate him from being a voter in San Francisco. This statement, that he had once been a convict in the New York State Penitentiary, although true, irritated the convict, and he called at the editorial rooms of the Bulletin. After some words he was ordered out of the office.

Shortly after five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. King left the editorial rooms, and walking up Merchant street and along Montgomery street, in front of Montgomery Block, to Washington street, crossed diagonally, from the southeast corner to the northwest corner of Washington and Montgomery streets. As he approached the north side of Montgomery street, Casey stepped out from behind an express wagon, stationed there, with a drawn pistol, fired, and the bullet entered the left breast of Mr. King, just above the nipple, coming out at the left arm. It is stated that the murderer uttered the words, "Defend yourself." If such words were uttered the firing occurred so rapidly that Mr. King had no time to protect himself, and staggered into the Pacific Express Company's office, located on the corner; and one of the employees of the Express Company, Mr. Thomas Cole, in after years told me that he caught him in his arms, and with other employees laid him gently on the floor. The doors were closed, and medical assistance summoned. Dr. William Hammond, the family physician being in charge, assisted by the foremost of the city surgeons. The fact that the murderer was taken immediately, by several acquaintances, to the City Hall, on Kearny street, has always led to the belief that the murder was an intentional, pre-arranged affair, and well known to others. He was taken to the City Jail, on Kearny, near Merchant street, and subsequently, for greater safety, to the County Jail, on Broadway.

The news brought an immense concourse to the place of shooting, and also to the County Jail.

Straw was placed on Montgomery street, and ropes were stretched across Washington and Montgomery streets, to prevent wagons passing and disturbing the patient, who the next day was removed to rooms on the second floor of Montgomery Block, on the Merchant street side. Mrs. King was instantly escorted to the side of her wounded husband.

On that day and night, and also on the next day and night (May 15th), steps were taken to form the Second Vigilance Committee of San Francisco.

The renewed activity of the lawless element, since the Vigilance Committee of 1851, the insecurity of the ballot box, and consequent placing in power of unscrupulous men, who dictated the selection of jurymen, who could acquit any one of their own element accused of crime, the recent deliberate, and outrageous, cold-blooded murder of the United States Marshal Richardson, the apparent and expected speedy acquittal of his murderer, the consequent speedy acquittal of any murderer, or malefactor, of any crime, by those in power, had aroused the patience of the public to a high pitch; and the attempted assassination of Mr. King, who had endeavored to correct these evils, capped the climax—there was nothing further to do than to take the law into their own hands, and to rid San Francisco, for good and forever, of this lawless and turbulent and murderous element—an element which would not stop at murder itself to gain their ends. The easy acquittal of former malefactors convinced the public that there was no security whatever to life, and those arose with a determination to act speedily and forcibly.

The stand taken by Mr. King for the right, and his fearless condemnation and criticism of wrong doers, had endeared him to a host of friends, and to a sympathetic public, who may not have known him personally. To know that he had been shot down by a convict from another State, possibly chosen to do so by others, who dreaded to have their deeds made public, animated the citizens of San Francisco to a pitch hardly ever reached before.

The citizens were the descendents of Revolutionary stock, and generally law, order and religion prevailed. It was the sons of this class of people, raised with their fathers with a strict regard of law and religion, who felt compelled to rise, and for their own security to take the law into their own hands. This was the class that formed the Vigilance Committee of 1856. New Englanders, Middle States men, Southerners, Westerners, joined by the better class of the foreign element, signed the rolls, and stood ready to obey the orders of their chiefs. They were not known by names. Each member was given a number, and by that number he was designated. The secretary was Isaac Bluxome, but all orders were signed, 33 Secretary, and 33 was Mr. Bluxome's number. William T. Coleman was president, and Charles Doane was marshal. Turn Verein Hall, on the north side of Bush street, near Powell, had been used as a rendezvous and place of formation, but rooms were soon taken on the south side of Sacramento street, between Davis and Front, where the Committee located their Fort Gunnybags.

A large iron triangle, succeeded afterwards by a large bell, was placed on the top of the building, which triangle, when struck, called the members together. At the sound of that triangle the members instantly hurried to the Committee rooms.

Some time after their organization, grain bags, were filled with sand, and piled in the street in front of the Committee rooms, in a rectangular shape, higher than a man's head, with loop holes and cannon frowning from them. It gained the name of Fort Gunny Bags from this fact.

Sunday, May 18, 1856, was a day long remembered among early Californians. While the usual religious services were carried on in the various churches and Sunday Schools, the members of the Committee had assembled at their rooms, on Sacramento street, and being marshaled by Charles

Doane, the Military Chief, were awaiting orders from the Executive Committee. San Francisco soon witnessed a strange sight. While a large force remained to take care of the Committee rooms, armed companies, properly officered, were marching in military order, in different directions, and surrounded the County Jail, on Broadway, between Dupont and Kearny streets. An immense multitude followed them, and soon the hills, streets and dwellings in that vicinity were black with people. A demand was made on Sheriff David Scannell for the person of Casey. A number of persons had been summoned to the jail by the Sheriff, and at first he declined to submit. Several citizens were admitted to the prisoner's cell, assuring him he would have a fair trial. He was armed with a large knife, and after an hour's explanation, the Sheriff yielded, the prisoner was placed in a hack and driven to the rooms of the Committee. Another demand was now made for the person of Charles Cora, the murderer of United States Marshal Richardson, who was also eventually surrendered and driven to the Committee's rooms. During all these proceedings the members of the Committee were drawn up in military style in front of the jail, and a cannon loaded and placed in front of the iron doors of the jail, it being known in case of the refusal to surrender the prisoners the jail door would be blown open.

Having accomplished their object, the Committee's soldiers marched back to their rooms, and the crowds dispersed.

As the different Sunday schools were closing in the midst of these events, the children, totally unconscious of these momentous events, were simply urged to proceed immediately to their homes, not stopping on the way.

Monday and Tuesday passed. Suppressed excitement continually prevailed. We children were left at home in charge of a servant, my mother being able to pay her home only a hurried visit each day. It was deemed best that we should attend school as usual, on the corner of Bush and Stockton streets, Mr. James Denman, principal.

On Tuesday, the 20th of May, I, a boy of ten, was studying in my seat at school. A life-long friend, Joseph Marks, was sitting two seats behind me. Suddenly at half-past one a bell tolled, and soon numerous bells were tolling throughout the city. With an indistinct idea of what it meant, I looked up and found my teacher, Mr. Denman, gazing at me in a fixed, earnest manner. Just then came a knock at the school door, and Mr. and Mrs. William Hooper, old friends of our family, entered, holding a whispered conversation with Mr. Denman. I was called to the desk, excused for the day, and left in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Hooper.

They would give me no positive answer to my question. I was told that my father was very low, but the continual tolling of the bells, on the way to Montgomery Block, soon forced the knowledge upon me that I was fatherless. The family were gathered at the rooms, and I then learned that my father had died at half-past one, and although I had been sent for before that event, it had occurred before my arrival.

For some reason unexplained to us at the time, it was deemed best to place the body on a cot, in the hall of Montgomery Block, in front of the rooms where he had died, and thousands saw the remains. That night my mother took us all down there to take a last look.

The prisoners had a trial at the rooms of the Committee, some persons were appointed to defend them, and a jury decided their fate—to be hanged.

On Thursday, May 22, 1856, the funeral took place from the First Unitarian Church, and the body deposited in the receiving vault at Lone Mountain Cemetery. As described before, the two prisoners were hanged the same day, at the Committee rooms on Sacramento street, the bodies remain-

ing suspended while the funeral passed on to the cemetery.

Actions of grave moment to the Vigilance Committee followed the hanging of Casey and Cora. On June 21, 1856, Steven Hipkins, a member of the committee in discharging his duties in arresting a suspected malefactor, was stabbed by Judge Terry. Hopkins finally recovered and Terry was released—and thus passed a crisis. During the same month Joseph Hetherington killed Andrew Randall. Hetherington and Philander Brace, another murderer, were hanged by the committee, July 30th.

It must not be supposed, for a moment, that the State, county and city officers were quiescent during this period. Sheriff David Scannell and the police officers were relieved of much onerous duty, as the police of the Committee took preference for the while, arresting malefactors. However, cases of petty thefts and drunkenness were turned over to the regular police.

The city was absolutely under the control of the Vigilance Committee. Minor offenses were turned over to the usual courts. A number of disreputable men, ballot-box stuffers, and bullies likely to browbeat peaceable citizens, were arrested from time to time, and many were exported, and told never to return.

The Governor of California, J. Neely Johnson, came down from Sacramento at the early organization of the Committee, and visited their rooms at the Turn Verein Hall, on Bush street near Powell, expressing, as it was then believed, his sympathies and approbation of their conduct. This was subsequently denied, and after consultation with those opposed to the Committee, he issued a proclamation declaring the city to be in insurrection.

He appointed Wm. Tecumseh Sherman Major-General, commanding the second Division California Militia. Sherman was a partner in the banking house of Lucas Turner & Co.

It was thought at one time that the forces that could be enlisted under the Governor's proclamation would be a formidable host; but it was soon ascertained that this was an illusion. Some few did volunteer, but the numbers were so insignificant, compared to the thousands enlisted under the orders of the Vigilance Committee, that it was soon apparent no fear need be entertained from this force. They were called "The Law and Order Party."

Sherman, after his appointment, assumed active duties in and around San Francisco, on June 2d, and resigned his position June 9, 1856. In his published card it would seem that the principal reason for resigning was that the moderate counsels he advocated did not coincide with the views of Governor Johnson. It was learned that General John E. Wool, commanding the United States forces at the Presidio, refused to furnish the Governor with cannon, arms or ammunition, without an order from the President of the United States. It was extremely difficult for the Governor to obtain these necessaries of war, and almost all of the militia companies in San Francisco refused to act against the Committee, and in many cases disbanded, and brought their armament to, and joined the Committee. Similar acts of sympathy were also performed in Sacramento, and other interior cities, and the Committee received unlimited promises of men and guns from all parts of the State.

On the 3d of June the triangle on the roof of the rooms occupied by the Vigilance Committee was removed, and a bell was substituted. This bell became famous in after years, in California, and is at present located in Petaluma, California.

On June 10, 1856, as it was rumored that the Vigilance Committee at their rooms were to be attacked by their opponents, they filled a number of sacks with sand, and with these erected a barricade or fort, in front of their headquarters, which was afterwards still further enlarged. In the beginning the fortification consisted of a double row of sand bags, six feet

high, with port holes on three sides, outward, for cannon. The gunny bags ran up and down the middle of the street, for sixty feet, in front of the rooms of the Committee, and at that date were thought to be of sufficient protection, as were the cotton bags at the battle of New Orleans, which battle occurred 40 years previously.

The remaining members of the Vigilance Committtee of 1851 were the nucleus of the Committee of 1856. The Committee of 1856 was an organization, regularly formed, with rules and agreements to guide them.

Members with whom I have spoken in after years declared that it was a secret organization. Very few of the actions of their officers were known until consummated, their understanding being that their only duty was to obey the orders of their superiors, and to have this thoroughly accomplished each member took an oath to obey any orders given him.

The illegal election of persons to office, to accomplish which the ballot boxes were stuffed with a sufficient quantity of votes, that were never cast by the voters, was one of the great offenses the Committee determined to stop. After the first executions this was the predominant evil under consideration, and the Committee determined to eradicate it. It was the principal source of evil. Men illegally elected to office were bound to favor the unprincipled class who voted them into office. In such a case property, just rights, and life itself were insecure. The Bulletin of June 4, 1856, shows in the following how persons were tried by the Committee:

"In the first place, the party to be tried by the Committee is arraigned before the entire Executive Committee of about forty members (not twenty-nine as is generally supposed) and able legal counsel is assigned, both the Committee and the defendant; and the defendant has the right to send for any witnesses he may think proper. And in the decision of the case, it is required that the vote shall be unanimous.

"And the chances for the accused do not rest here; the cause in the next place is submitted to the final vote, after hearing all the testimony read, of a delegated body, including the Executive Committee, or nearly three hundred members of the most reliable and responsible persons that can be selected; and again the vote of the entire convention has to be unanimous for conviction, before any sentence can be passed."

Prominent citizens in sympathy with but not members of the Vigilance Committee were much concerned over the Governor's proclamation, and the calling to arms under the orders of General W. T. Sherman, of all men subject to military duty. It looked like a clash of authority, in which case it would have been civil war. Citizens importuned the Governor to withdraw his proclamation, without effect, as it remained published daily in many papers for many weeks. The force responding to this call daily diminished.

On the 9th of June, 1856, the Vigilance Committee published a card in the newspapers to the effect that their work in cleansing the city of crime was completed; order again prevailed and the "Committee of Vigilance will find great pleasure in resigning their power into the hands of the people."

(Signed) SECRETARY 33."

After a grand military display, Aug. 18, 1856, took place, with 6,000 of the committee in line. On August 21, 1856, the Committee disbanded.

Thus the Vigilance Committee of '56 perfected the work that James King, of William, began.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PENINSULA OF SAN FRANCISCO IN 1869, showing the water front and the fairway through the Golden Gate to the Pacific Ocean. From a lithograph by Snow & May. Reproduced by permission of the owner, R. P. Schwerin, and now in the Pioneer section, Museum, Golden Gate Park.



SONOMA, 1850, the northern outpost of Spanish settlement in California, some 15 miles north of San Francisco Bay. A mission and military presidio was established, 1823. In 1846, the historical Bear Flag revolution occurred there under Fremont's direction. In July, the last of the Spaniards laid down their arms, and about the same time news came from the East that the United States had declared war with Mexico.
—Courtesy of Otto von Geldern.

The Old Spanish Town of Sonoma

(Most Northern Spanish Settlement in California)

By Otto von Geldern

THE little picture represents the plaza of the historic town of Sonoma, as it was from its earliest days to the post-pioneer period at the end of the '60's.

The view is directly to the north, with a background of the most beautiful and picturesque range of hills; here, above the town, lie many of the pioneers in their last sleep, the men and women who helped to build the State and to create the present commonwealth.

The buildings of the town were, in their day, all of the adobe type, and they fitted into the landscape, both in design and coloring, as no modern architectural grimalkin can.

The flag pole is the first object of historic interest; it is not the original one, to be sure, but it stands within the actual environment, and when the bear-flag incident occurred, the town had the appearance as shown in the picture, which dates back to the early '50's.

Behind the flag pole are the so-called barracks, the Mexican military center of the town, which disappeared in 1872, when it was transformed into a general merchandise store.

Almost adjoining it on the east stands the old Mission San Francisco de Solano, the oldest landmark, which has been partially restored within recent years; the older people cherish for this venerable building an almost sacred sentiment.

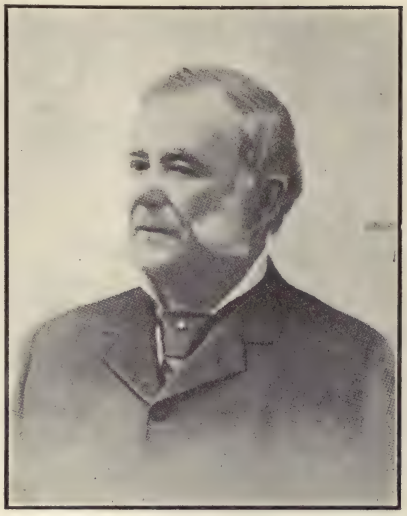
Immediately opposite the ancient barrack building is located a low house which was known as the Hudson corner; it disappeared in the post-pio-

ncer period. The other buildings along the east side of the plaza were destroyed by fire about five or six years ago.

The great central edifice on the north side is the Casa Grande, the then town-residence of General Vallejo, which was also lost through an unfortunate fire in February, 1867. The adobe buildings adjoining it on the west are still there.

The most pretentious building, next to the Casa Grande, which still exists, but which within recent years has been so remodeled and modernized as not to be recognizable, is the El Dorado, one of the larger adobe structures of the town. It may be seen in the picture at the extreme left-hand corner; it occupies the northern end of the west side of the plaza.

It is a great pity that nearly all of these picturesque buildings have dis-



GEN. M. G. VALLEJO, Commandante of Northern California. Vallejo's home was the center of attack of Fremont's recruits, when the Bear Flag episode suddenly broke, June 14, 1845. Vallejo had no soldiers at the time.



THE SWISS CHALET which General Vallejo, Mexican Governor of Northern California, bought in Switzerland and had brought around Cape Horn in a sailing vessel to adorn his broad principality located at Sonoma. This act reflects the lavish expenditures of the wealthy men of that period to gratify a wish. Cost was no consideration with them in their intense longing to surround themselves with the best to be had in the artistic world. In the period of this great wealth, General Vallejo was surrounded with an extraordinary collection of the world's best books, paintings, wood carvings, tapestries and art hapoyvendea endeavors, despite the great sea distance between him and Europe and the Orient.



GOVERNOR ALVARADO'S HOUSE, Monterey, then the capital of California.

appeared. They have gone with the time and with the people of whom they were a part. Ruthless behavior has dealt mercilessly with them.

Nothing was more delightful than a visit to this little village in the post-pioneer days, when not only the buildings were intact, but when those who belonged to them were still alive, those sturdy men and delightful women of the pioneer stock. It was a pleasure to meet them and to partake of their generous hospitality. They were principally of Spanish, French and German families, who preferred the quiet rural life to the busy activities of the great city, which had a greater attraction for the ever hustling American.

The few buildings that have been saved to the town, without ruthless remodeling, should be almost sacredly protected to preserve them, as they were in their prime for the generations of the future. They are: the Mission, the old Blue Wing Hotel, which is almost in its last stages of decay, an adobe or two at the northwest corner of the plaza, and the old buildings at Lachryma Montis, within ten minutes' walk of the plaza, where the good old General Vallejo spent the evening of his eventful life in tranquility and philosophic retirement.



Famous Pony Express Riders

By Robert N. Reeves

BEFORE the year 1860, many thousands of adventurous immigrants had gone over the Oregon, the Overland and Santa Fe trails and settled in the valleys and mountains of the Pacific Coast. There was no telegraph line to the far West in those days, and no way of sending mail to the pioneers, except by the round-about way of the sea. To meet the urgent needs of the people of the Coast, an enterprising group of men in April, 1860, with the aid of the government, established the Pony Express, the object being to carry important mail overland on horseback over a route lying between St. Joseph, Mo., and San Francisco a distance of 1,950 miles. To do this required two hundred relay stations, five hundred head of horses and eighty riders. The riders were chosen from among the best and bravest horsemen in the West. The scheduled time for riding this distance was ten days. Never once during the history of the Pony Express did the riders fail, though they were compelled to ride over mountains, over deserts, through the blinding blizzards of winter, and through the blazing hot sun of midsummer—always in danger from sudden attacks of hostile Indians and treacherous, thieving renegade white men.

The riders were young men, sometimes boys, selected for their lithe, wiry build, their horsemanship, and their unflinching courage. On account of their great ability to ride, they were known as the aristocrats of the saddle; or, to use the words of the plainsmen of the time, the Pony Express riders were all "at the top of the heap."

The horses ridden by these young men were magnificent specimens of horseflesh, picked for speed and endurance. Each rider was expected to cover seventy-five miles a day. Clad in a buckskin suit, high boots and slouch hat, and equipped with two Colt revolvers and a bowie knife, the Pony Express rider started out from his station. Over his saddle was slung a heavy leather saddle-bag, called a mochila, which was strapped securely to his saddle both in front and behind. In this saddle-bag were four locked pockets which contained the mail, carefully wrapped in oiled silk to protect it from the rain. Except for one pocket kept for mail for the relay stations and government military posts, the pockets were not opened from the time the bag was received by the first rider at St. Joseph, Mo., until it was delivered by the last rider to the agent at San Francisco. The mail carried was limited to twenty-pounds, and as the charge for carrying it was five dollars per half ounce, the letters were written on the thinnest of paper and contained messages of the greatest importance.

The bearers of these messages knew but one fear—that of being behind time. To maintain their schedule time the riders who were sent off on their long race, half across the continent, were put to a test that strained alike the strength of man and beast. No matter what the weather, what the nature of the country, or what danger from Indians or road-agents confronted them, horse and rider must speed on. There could be no delay on account of tempestuous weather. On they must race, day and night. Sometimes the trail led mile after mile over the level prairie; sometimes it led up over mountains where horse and rider were compelled to hug the narrow trail that led along the brink of a precipice, a step in the wrong direction

meant instant death; sometimes the trail led through dark, narrow canons and dense forests where Indians lurked eager to kill.

How anxiously the express riders must at times have scanned the horizon for the relay station where rest or a fresh horse was to be had. These stations were usually mere huts or shacks, and sheltered the station keeper and his assistants. As a rule they were twenty-five miles apart, but often, for lack of water or on account of the nature of the country, they were placed much further apart. At these stations a keeper was required to have a horse or pony saddled, bridled and in readiness for a rider a half hour before the rider arrived at the station.

As a rider approached a station he would loosen his leather saddle-bag, containing the mail. Sometimes the station keeper could see him coming, but when night or the intervening scenery prevented this, the rider would give a shout to announce his coming. The instant the rider arrived at the station he swung his precious saddle-bag over the saddle of the fresh pony, leaped from his tired pony, flecked with foam, to the back of the fresh one and was off like a shot. Two minutes was the time allowed by the Pony Express Company for a change of horses but it rarely required but a few seconds. When riders were changed the incoming rider would unfasten his saddle-bag before arriving at the station, and have it all ready to toss to the new rider, who would start off at a gallop the moment his hand grasped the bag.

While every rider was expected to cover seventy-five miles before stopping and resting and beginning the return trip, many riders had routes where the distance traveled was much greater. Often, too, a rider would suddenly be called upon to cover, besides his own route, the route of the rider who was supposed to relieve him, but who, on account of death or accident, could not. Thus, William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," had to cover the route between Red Buttes, Wyoming, and Three Crossings, Nebraska, a distance of 116 miles. One day, galloping into Three Crossings, he learned from the station agent that the relief rider had been killed. The mail must go on. Without a moment's delay, Cody agreed to ride the dead man's route. This route covered seventy-six miles, and Cody not only rode that distance, but made the return ride in time to cover his own return trip. He therefore rode 384 miles without stop, except for quick meals and a change of horses—and the mail went through on schedule time.

Cody had a wonderful career as a rider of the Pony Express, when we consider that he was only a boy of fourteen when he entered the service. "Old Jules," the express agent who first employed him, started him with a run of forty-five miles and gave him three changes of horses. He feared that the regular runs would be too much for the boy. But the ambitious Cody had been riding only a few months when he asked for a transfer to a longer route—"a reg'lar man's route"—and was given the one between Red Buttes and Three Crossings. It was while riding this route shortly afterward that he made the record ride of 384 miles through a dangerous country. A week after this remarkable ride, Cody, himself, narrowly escaped being killed by Indians. Near a secluded spot on the route, called Horse Creek, he was waylaid and chased by Sioux Indians, but succeeded in outracing his pursuers. On arriving, however, at the next station the boy found that the station agent had been killed and all the stock stolen by the Indians. He was compelled to ride his tired pony many miles through hostile country before he reached another station and secured a fresh mount.

Another noted rider of the Pony Express was Robert H. Haslam, known as "Pony Bob." He was in the very first relay of express riders, and remained in the service until the Pony Express went out of existence, when he went to driving stage for Wells Fargo & Company. Pony Bob made

the fastest time for any single ride when he rode 120 miles in eight hours and ten minutes. On another occasion he made a ride of 380 miles without a stop, passing through a mountainous country that was swarming with Indians on the warpath. On this particular trip Pony Bob passed the ruins of three stations burned down by the Indians, and he saw among the ruins the mutilated bodies of the station keepers, scalped by the Indians. It was a wonderful ride for a man to make, for he rode over the high Sierra Nevada Mountains, and was constantly beset by Indians, and yet he delivered the mail over to the next rider barely three hours behind schedule time.

Another Pony Express rider of note was James Moore. One time Moore received at Midway Station, in Nebraska, an important government message to carry west. He rode to the next station, 140 miles away. Here he found another important government message that was to go east. The rider who was to carry it had been killed by Indians. Without taking time to eat, Moore mounted a fresh pony and started back for Midway, and made the round trip of 280 miles in less than fifteen hours.

Many of the noted Indian scouts and frontiersmen of the '60's and '70's were, like Buffalo Bill, schooled in the service of the Pony Express. It was a hard school, too, and the man capable of riding for the Pony Express was capable of facing danger in any part of the Indian country. The troops at the military posts along the route could always be depended upon to aid an express rider, but there were many times when the lonely rider, coming suddenly upon a band of Indians, had nothing but his own wits, his trusty pistol and his fleet-footed pony to save his scalp from savage Utes, Shoshones, Bannocks, Sioux, or other of the numerous tribes that were constantly going on the warpath. In every instance, save one, the pony of the express rider proved superior in speed and endurance to the ponies of the Indians, and the rider escaped capture. Only once was a rider caught while in the saddle, and that was owing to his being completely surrounded by Indians and escaping one band only to run into the ambush of another. Even in this case the pony broke away from the Indians, and many hours later came stumbling into the next station, badly wounded, but with the valuable mail safely locked within the saddle-bag. True, many riders were killed by Indians, but these, with the exception of the rider just mentioned, were all killed during Indian raids while at the relay stations waiting for the next rider to appear, or while resting between trips.

Not only had the riders of the Pony Express to look out for Indians, but for thieving road-agents, always ready to kill and rob; and for honest immigrants who were likely to mistake the rider for an Indian or a desperado. In those days the man of the plains had to act quick. To shoot first and investigate afterward was the rule, and many were the narrow escapes from death that the Pony Express riders experienced by being suddenly mistaken for Indians, horse-thieves or road-agents.

The Pony Express had a proud record during its existence, not only for the bravery of its riders, but also for speed and endurance. During all its career the riders of the Pony Express lost only one mail, and that was captured and destroyed by Indians who killed the rider carrying it.

With the completion of the Pacific Telegraph line in October, 1861, the Pony Express service was abandoned, and its courageous riders sought other means of livelihood, most of them becoming scouts, Indian fighters, stage drivers and soldiers of that exciting period in our national life known as the Civil War.

"GRANDPA"

A Reminiscence of Bret Harte by His Grandson

HE WAS GRANDPA—just grandpa—and only as such do I remember him. I saw him with a child's eyes and loved him with a child's heart, for he was white-haired, kindly and sympathetic, and all that makes the name of grandpa so full of sentiment and veneration.

But he was not feeble in spite of his years and his white hair. His features were handsome, his expression naturally distinguished. The white hair, the splendid eyes, the aristocratic nose, the drooping mustache, every detail of his face, bore the mark of high culture and intellect, and his figure, always well groomed, possessed that natural dignity of carriage distinctive of the gentleman.

When I think of my grandfather, I always think of Christmas. We grandchildren, my brother Geoffrey and myself, saw little of him except at this time, and thus the coming of Christmas meant the coming of grandpa, with lovely toys and picture books, and good things for our stockings.

Grandpa had an extraordinary liking for mechanical toys, and it was much to our delight, for they were usually toys that did funny things and made us laugh—and made grandpa laugh, too. That must have been the reason why he meant so much to us children, because he loved toys and loved to play with them just like we did.

I shall always remember the last Christmas he was with us. The family were then staying at "Warren Height," a house my father had built at Caversham, near Reading, overlooking the River Thames, and grandpa had come up from London on Christmas eve. Amongst the many toys he had brought us was a little lady in check bloomers who rode around on a bicycle accompanied by a small white dog. I cannot help but laugh as I recall the many miraculous feats that lady cyclist used to perform. There was no end to her tricks. We would wind her up and place her on the table. Around and around she would go, her little knees wobbling up and down, and the faithful "Fido" trotting beside her. Frequently, without the slightest warning, she would suddenly stop and then start again with such furious energy that she would lose her balance and generally finish

the performance by riding on her head at a most ludicrous angle, with the ever-faithful "Fido" trotting beside her in the air. This aerial feat of "Fido" greatly amazed our little fox terrier, Boonder, and it was all we could do to prevent him from climbing upon the table and tearing the performers to pieces.

How we roared and clapped our hands, and how grandpa laughed—*laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks.* Little did I realize then, or even stop to think that this same beloved grandpa, who laughed and clapped his hands with us, was he who gave to the world "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Mliss," "Salomy Jane," and that most beautiful of his poems, "Dickens in Camp."

It is not strange, therefore, that with the cherished memory of this Christmas I should think of him always as "grandpa," for it was the last time I saw him. He died in Camberly, Surrey, in the house of his dear friend, Madame Van de Velde, who has since passed away. At this time my family was staying at Richmond, just outside of London. I remember clearly the morning of his death. A silence had fallen over the household. I felt instinctively that it was a silence of sorrow, though the cause of it was yet unknown to me, for everyone spoke in a whisper and moved about the house softly and with a cautiousness almost akin to fear. My grandmother had not appeared at breakfast that morning, nor my aunt Ethel, and I asked my father the reason for their absence. He looked at me strangely and told me that grandma was ill, to be a good boy and not worry. But the shaking of his voice, the wearied look in his eyes and the tense embrace he gave me betrayed a deeper grief than illness. It was the grief not of anguish, but of bereavement.

Bewildered, I turned away, wondering. There on the floor lay an open copy of the "Daily Telegraph," with the glaring headline,

"BRET HARTE DEAD."

And then through a mist of tears I saw once more the little lady cyclist with her funny, wobbly knees and "Fido" by her side. I heard again that laughter and that clapping of hands—but now only faintly, as a distant echo—and with the passing vision of a face I loved so well, my heart broke.

The world had lost a great man, but my loss was even greater than the world's, for I had lost "grandpa."

RICHARD BRET HARTE.



THE ORIGINAL "TENNESSEE'S PARTNER" (left), and his "partner" in their cabin on Cherokee Flat, Tuolumne County, located on the Mother gold lode, California. The photo was taken several years before "Tennessee's" death.

The Origin of "Tennessee's Partner"

(From narratives related by Frank Stocking to Millicent Shinn formerly editor of Overland Monthly)

BRET HARTE had the happy knack of attracting unusual characters within his charmed circle. Among the many was Frank M. Stocking, who had experienced life at singular angles and under extraordinary circumstances. Stocking proved to be an unconscious encyclopedia in furnishing Harte with many unique characters which the magician author transformed into famous book beings.

Stocking's eventful life was illustrated in the whim of Fate that cast him on the shore of California in the earliest and most famous wreck recorded in pioneer history, the steamship "Tennessee" that went ashore a few miles north of the Golden Gate at a place now known as Tennessee Cove. Stocking met Captain Richardson as he clambered ashore, the same captain after whom Richardson's Bay is named, near Sausalito. With others Stocking was rowed across the bay in a whitehall boat, and there he continued to meet a new line of kaleideoscopic adventures.

Like most of the other argonauts who landed at San Francisco at that time short of money, he turned his hands to whatever employment he could find. For a time he clerked for Thomas O. Larkin, one of the prominent merchants of that period. Then he took a venture in carrying grain between Alviso and the city on a small schooner. All the while he was accumulating a fund to carry him to the mines and grub-stake him. When the size of his pile satisfied him, he went down to San Jose, stayed awhile with relatives on a farm there, and then he and his brother headed for the ever-alluring placers in the Sierra foothills.

They located a claim at Second Garrote, now Groveland, on the Big Oak Flat road between Sonora and Yosemite Valley. In a camp nearby, Stocking first met the man who, some fifteen years later, was to be transformed into literature as "Tennessee's Partner." At that time, Chaffee and Chamberlain had been mining six years, and had firmly cemented that remarkable friendship which was to bravely endure the trials and tribulations of over half a century. There were gold rushes in those days, and the two Stockings, Chaffee and Chamberlain and thirteen other miners joined in the stampede to Table Mountain near Jimtown. Within a year they were all broke and glad to get back to the small certainties of their claims at Second Garrote. In a little while Fred Stocking's prospects looked so promising that he wrote to his sweetheart in New Haven, Conn., to come out to California for their wedding, and forthwith he began to erect a more commodious cabin for their dwelling. In a spirit of fun he sent her a lithograph picture of the wreck of the steamer Tennessee, and warned her not to make the mistake he did in getting ashore in California. The bride arrived by the Panama route without any unusual mishaps, December 15, 1855. Young Stocking, in his ardor to greet his bride, rowed out in the bay and clambered aboard the incoming steamer. They were married a few days later at the home of B. P. Avery, on Rincon Hill. Within three weeks they were all living as comfortably as circumstances would allow in the new cabin on the slopes of the Sierra foothills.

Of those surroundings, Stocking in his characteristic way, used to say: "Second Garrote wasn't anything of a place, you know—just one of those mining camps—four or five mining

cabins strung along between Slate Creek and a ridge that arose up behind. My claim was over on Whiskey Creek, the other side of the ridge; the two creeks came down and joined the point of the ridge, and the trail from Second Garrote came around the point and across Whiskey Creek and on Big Oak Flat. The other side of Whiskey Gulch there was no ridge, but one of those little oak flats they have in that country, lying between Whiskey Gulch and Slapjack Gulch. They called it Slapjack Gulch because it was said that when the first miners came they found in the forks of a tree thirty or forty slapjacks that Fremont's men had left there half a dozen years before. On this flat was a grove of those beautiful little black oak trees —and there I built my cabin when I was fixing up to get married."

Stocking was laying away a snug little sum furnished by his claim when Fate again beckoned him in the shape of friends who had located in Portland, O. They urged him to come up there, as the place was booming under the excitement of a gold rush, and money was to be made easily in outfitting the miners with merchandise. In Portland, Stocking did so well in trade that he grabbed at an offer to buy into a thriving store at the Dalles, the heart of a section filled with successful placer mining camps. It was there he met Cherokee Bob, a gambler, whose picturesque life and character he later described to Bret Harte, and which the genius of the latter used as the prototype of John Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin. Stocking himself faced many wild adventures while on horseback making his collection rounds of the many camps. On one occasion the road agents cut the mountain trail, and he was thrown over a steep cliff—his jaws and legs were badly crushed, and his horse was killed, but his comrade managed to get him alive to a doctor in a distant camp, and after months he was patched up. As agent for Wells-Fargo and the Yakima Indian Reservation he was the target of constant plots of the reckless "bad men" of that section. This dramatic life was shifted suddenly one night when his store burned to the ground and swept away the last of $75,000. Like a typical California argonaut and a true philosopher, he gathered his little family, and set out for San Francisco to begin the work of gathering another fortune. He landed December, 1867, just in time to get comfortably settled, when the earthquake of the following year upset his business hopes and completely changed his prospects. Undaunted, he set out from store to store seeking employment. The search proved to be the turning point of his rolling stone life. With the exception of a few relapses into mining, he was thereafter to remain in one employment during the rest of his life.

Among the first shops he entered was the printing house of the new Overland Monthly Magazine, the Commercial Herald and Market Review, then on Washington street, opposite the Post Office. John H. Carmany was the business manager of the Overland Monthly, and Stocking began work there by folding papers in the circulation department. Like most of the men of that period, he was resourceful and adaptable, and within a few years he had made himself so handy and useful that thereafter he continued to be regarded as one of the necessary wheels of the establishment. In later years he became advertising manager of the Overland Monthly, and held that position up to the death of his wife, a few years ago. Her absence took something out of his life, and thereafter he preferred to live quietly at home.

The interesting portion of Stocking's eventful life will always be his association with Bret Harte in the Overland Monthly office, and the manner in which the latter tapped his immense and varied fund of mining tales in quest of material for literary purposes. Perhaps at no period in the history of California, not excepting the golden '70's, when those famous wits, reconteurs, and story-tellers gathered around the mahogany in the



CHAFFEE ("Tennessee's Partner") in an old makeshift vehicle, driving "Jenny," mentioned in the story by Bret Harte.

Bohemian Club, was there ever such an original and delightful group of hypnotising yarn-spinners as foregathered in the editorial rooms of Overland Monthly during the first half dozen years of its existence. To this generation their names suggest little, because their work during that strenuous period of endeavor was such that they left no printed record, save in the case of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Noah Brooks, Henry George and a few others; but they were all men of wide experience, depth of character, full of abundant mentality and bountiful vitality, who delighted in making the gathering a clearing house of the colorful and varied experiences of those deeply stirring times. Stocking was only one of a score or more of these mouthpieces of adventure. Among them sat young Harte, alert, susceptible, quietly absorbing all he deemed best for the stories he was to write, describing the most picturesque period in California history.

Harte's own experience in the mines had been very limited. Just before coming into manhood he had acted as messenger for Wells-Fargo & Co.; his duties had taken him out of Sacramento on collecting trips to a number of mining camps dotting the Sierra foothills immediately above that town, and had lasted about three years. More than anything else, these trips had furnished him a living background for his stories and a general idea of the life of the miners. To this experience the tale spinners frequenting the editorial rooms of Overland Monthly contributed details of plots and characters, for the stories told there were photographic gems in plots and character, garnered from the best to be had up and down the Pacific Slope.

How Harte transformed this material is happily illustrated in the case of "Tennessee's Partner," and Cherokee Bob, characters and sketches outlined to him by Stockton in the old editorial rooms on Washington street.

Harte, like most temperamental writers, had the knack of being late with his copy, unless pricked on by his publisher. One day he was in his

Commercial street rooms, when Stocking happened in and found him ransacking the tablets of his memory in quest of a good incident to back a partnership story. He asked Stocking if he had ever had an experience in that line, and the latter began the simple narrative of the close friendship existing between Chaffee and Chamberlain; he told of their common purse, of "Jenny," the only horse in the camp which Chaffee drove hitched to a queer looking vehicle, and of that moving episode, Chaffee's simple plea with a lynching mob to save the life of a wretch with a noose around his neck. According to Stocking's narrative, Chaffee offered a bag of gold dust to the mob, saying that he would rather give it all than have such a breach of the law disgrace the camp. He talked quietly, and finally made a motion that the prisoner be turned over to the regular authorities at Columbia, near Sonora. Somehow he won the crowd, and this was done.

It developed that one wing of the lynching party was very much dissatisfied with this outcome, and a plan was arranged to waylay the men selected to take the bound prisoner on horseback to the Columbia jail, and hang him to the nearest tree. This plot was betrayed to Chaffee. He and Chamberlain hastily gathered a number of horsemen, took a cut-off, and by hard riding managed to overtake the posse. The lynchers were then outgeneraled by the simple plan of taking a roundabout course to Columbia, where the prisoner was safely delivered.

The friendship of Chaffee and Chamberlain began on the ship which brought them to California in July, 1849, and lasted steadfastly and intimately till their deaths fifty-four years later. The simple, direct, unaffected and optimistic nature of Chaffee is illustrated in his reply to a stranger in 1896, who asked him if he had yet made his fortune in the mines: "Not yet," he replied, cheerfully; "but the claim makes us a living, and we're expecting to make a strike any day, and that's the beauty of the life."

In this unique partnership and household arrangement Chaffee looked after the cooking and Chamberlain devoted his time to working the mine. Time gradually sapped their energies, and finally, in 1903, Chaffee became so ill that Berkeley friends, well acquainted with the history and idiosyncracies of the pair, had Chaffee brought to an Oakland hospital. This necessary separation from Chamberlain caused the invalid a deal of heart breaking worry. "He's got nobody to do his cooking with me here, and he can't do it alone. I understand him, and know what to do for him. Can't you patch me up so I can get back to him?" He was eighty years old at this time. Other than human hands answered his prayer, and he passed away a few days later, still softly whispering that he must return to his partner. And his partner? Chamberlain never recovered from the shock of Chaffee's death. He pined into menancholia, and killed himself.

One autumn day in 1889, while Stocking and Miss Millicent Shinn, then editor of Overland Monthly, were drifting on a yacht on San Francisco Bay, he told her the story of "Cherokee Bob" almost in the same words as he had told it to Bret Harte in the summer of 1869, when the latter was combing over his ideas preparing the story of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat." In that story, John Oakhurst is roughly sketched on the lines of "Cherokee Bob." Later the character was more clearly defined and detailed in Jack Hamlin, first introduced in "Brown of Calaveras." The one marked difference between the original and the two characters is the trait of self-restraint in the latter, introduced by Harte for literary effect.

Bret Harte as a Wells Fargo Express Gun Guard

By John R. Colter

FRANCIS Bret Harte, one of the greatest of American literary men—poet, novelist, humorist, and master of the short story—was once a Wells Fargo express messenger. It is a fact not widely known. While millions in this country and Europe naturally associate his name with stage coaches, treasure-chests, express messenger bravery and other heritages of the early West, very few realize that Bret Harte himself went through many of the thrilling experiences which he so dramatically described by his pen. Perhaps the millions think that his noteworthy short stories and novels were purely creatures of imagination. But the truth of the matter is that observation (some of it from a towering Wells Fargo coach, where he sat rifle in hand) was what made Harte's stories the finest pictures of our old Western days ever portrayed. Do you remember Yuba Bill, the grand old character of a coach driver? Do you recall the tensely dramatic hold-up scene which opens "Snowbound at Eagle's"? These bits of literature were taken (in impression) from real life—real life seen through the eyes of a Wells Fargo man back in the fifties.

When Bret Harte was seventeen years old he left Albany, N. Y. (he was an Easterner in the beginning) and journeyed across the continent. Three years later we find him a good deal of a Westerner. He fell in love with San Francisco and the gold-seeking population that had gathered there. In 1856, when he was twenty years old, Harte lived in Oakland. And the following year, upon attaining his manhood, he left for Humboldt County, about 250 miles north of San Francisco, on the upper California coast. It was here, after an unsuccessful attempt to make gold-digging pay, that the young adventurer turned his attention to the express business.

The exact routes over which Bret Harte served on Wells Fargo coaches are located for us by Merwith, one of the writer's biographers:

"He made numerous trips as express messenger on stages running eastward to Trinity County and northward to Del Norte. The post was especially dangerous. The safe containing the treasure carried by Wells Fargo & Company, who did practically all the express business in California, was always chained heavily to the box of the coach; and sometimes, when particularly large amounts of gold were carried, armed guards were stationed within the coach. For the stage to be held up by bandits was a common occurrence. There was also grave danger from breakdowns and floods."

But in spite of being in a particularly dangerous atmosphere, Harte escaped unharmed in every instance. His old friend, Charles Warren Stoddard, said of him:

"He bore a charmed life. Probably his youth was his salvation, for he ran a thousand risks, yet only seemed to gain in health and spirits."

In particular, Harte's business was to sit beside the driver of the coach and guard the gold, greenbacks and letters which the company was then carrying in great quantities from camp miners to the nearest banks or to friends in nearby towns. Stage robberies at that particular time, 1856 and 1857, were as frequent as rainstorms —especially in the part of the country mentioned. The messenger who had held Harte's job before him had been shot through the arm by a desperate highwayman. The messenger who succeeded to Harte's job was killed outright by the road-agents. It is easy to see that there was nothing

of the sinecure about the young messenger's work. And when robbers did not threaten, perilous roads around mountain sides did. Harte's description of six-horse coaches, flying around dizzy turns at a terrific pace to maintain their equilibrium, guided by the unfaltering hand of the nervy drivers, are descriptions of times when his own heart leaped to his throat as his overland stage swayed and thundered over a dangerous part of the trail. It was part of his day's work often to perch with the passengers on the roof of the stage, as the swimming horses drew the whole outfit across a badly swollen river.

"I held the post of messenger for some months," said Harte to an interviewer years later, "and then gave it up to become the schoolmaster near Sonora—Sonora having, by that time, attained the size and population which called for a school."

"And were you taking notes for future literary work at this period of your life?" his interviewer asked.

"Not at all!" was Bret Harte's reply. "I had not the least idea at this time that any portion of literary fame awaited me."

But however little attention he paid to his stage-coach experiences, while in the employ of Wells Fargo & Company, as material for future stories, the fact remains that those days of his life had a very great influence upon his writings in after years. Harte himself appreciated this influence. When asked about the *reality* in actual life of his many characters and incidents, he answered that his stories were true to a large extent, and that there was not one of his characters who did not have a real human being as a suggesting and starting point.

Undoubtedly Yuba Bill, one of the best known of Harte's characters, was copied from an old Wells Fargo driver. Fearless and brimming with grim humor, Yuba Bill stands out as the most picturesque stage-coach character in literature. In one of his stories, Harte narrated that a certain passenger began to express an overconfidenct opinion as to the actual existence of the notorious highwaymen who infested the district. He intimated that he did not believe there were many around, in spite of what he had heard many times before.

"You ain't puttin' any price on that opinion, air ye?" inquired Yuba Bill, politely.

"No," the passenger said.

" 'Cause tha's a comic paper in 'Frisco that pays for them things, and I've seen worse things in it, too!" the witty driver remarked.

Indeed, the highwaymen were no myth in those days. None knew that better than Bret Harte himself, for he lived the life thoroughly and observed closely. Only a man who had once lived and worked on the box of an overland could tell the stories that he did with the strict accuracy of detail throughout his works. Harte's companions in later life frequently refer to the great number of droll stories he could tell of the ways in which passengers on the overland coaches would endeavor to conceal their cherished gold about their persons when the road agents succeeded in stopping a stage-coach. Hiding gold dust in the hollow sole of one's boot was only one of the little stratagems resorted to, but it was not long before the shrewd and gentlemanly road-agents got onto the trick. Some of Harte's most delightful humor is to be found in the courtly and over-polite suggestions of the highwaymen that the passengers "come across" with the valuables.

Bret Harte has been dead for fourteen years now, but his work—it is almost unnecessary to say—will be loved for many years to come. No one did more than this man to preserve for posterity the golden glamor and picturesque flavor of the Argonaut days of the West. It is interesting to know that Wells Fargo, as one of the principal institutions of those times of which he tells, has a choice place in his gallery of early Western pictures. And more interesting, that Bret Harte was once himself a Wells Fargo express messenger.

Her Letter

By Bret Harte

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour upon you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed;
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't they a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the Park, four-in-hand,
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest soiree of the year,"—
In the mists of a gaze de Chambery,

And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer vis-avis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah! Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste is still low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
Whatever's the meaning of that.
Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night!—here's the end of my paper;
Good-night!—if the longitude please
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

Cherokee Bob, the Original Jack Hamlin

By M. W. Shinn

BRET HARTE, as is generally known among old Californians, had no very long experience in the mines. He had the eye for literary values to catch a general effect and color of the mining life in the three years of boyhood that were spent in or near the mining region; and he afterwards turned to account in completing his picture the great quantity of mining anecdote that was to be gathered in San Francisco, where in various haunts the early day people gathered and "swapped yarns." One of these haunts, at the time Harte was writing his early and most famous stories, was the Bohemian Club, then in its early and genuinely Bohemian days—or, as expressed by him who told the tale, "It was in its purity then —'twas a coterie of thoroughbred old-style Bohemians.

Another was the office of the Overland Monthly, where a genial group used to make headquarters, and sit and tell stories by the hour. Charles Warren Stoddard, and Prentice Mulford, and Noah Brooks, W. C. Bartlett, Doctor de Groot, Colonel Cremony, of Apache memory, Arthur S. Evans (who went around the world with Seward and wrote a book about it), Mark Twain—"but he was different from the rest: he was from Nevada City, and belonged to the 'sage brush crowd.'" Some were members of the Overland force; some were of the intimate habitues of the office, some, like Twain, came in occasionally when visiting the city. But "the greatest set of fellows to tell stories you ever saw in your life was the ministerial crowd—Benton, and Mooar, and Warren—that crowd of fellows. Wonderful story tellers those men were! The ministers were always there on Mondays, you know; that was their regular day." The Pacific, the denominational paper of the Congregationalists, was printed at the Overland office, and this brought these story tellers into their weekly session there, where they seem to have discounted all the knots of miners and the Bohemians that essayed the same art. Doctor Benton especially, a pioneer of the pioneers, had an exhaustive experience in the mines, and appreciated it to the full himself.

Among these several groups of story tellers, Harte sat, taking no visible notes, but fitting in all he heard to his own rendering of the life he was about to describe. And it is quite possible to one who knew the contributions thus given, to trace them in his pages. He did not—any more than other story writers who know their art—transfer characters or incidents bodily to his pages. But in a much completer sense than that in which, for instance, the original of Dinah Morris and of Hawthorne's Hilda have been identified, the materials out of which some of Harte's most famous characters were developed can be found supplied by these office story tellers.

The "gentlemanly gambler" is perhaps Harte's most distinctive creation. He did not come from any single original, for a certain outline suggestion, which could be idealized into him, was widely present in the mines, from the very nature of the case. In a place where everybody else was digging in the soil or wading in mud and water, the gambler was naturally the one clean and well dressed man; he was by the necessity of his calling more or less cool, watchful and suave; and where he had any generous dispositions, he showed them more whimsically and recklessly than men whose money was earned. Add to these traits the note which Harte himself contributed, out of literature rather than life, and which was the keynote of his ear-

lier work—that of picturesque self-sacrifice—and we have all that appears in Harte's first draft of the character Oakhurst, in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." This was published in January, 1869; and in March, 1870, the character re-appears in Jack Hamlin, the finished type which thereafter runs through all Harte's work. We are so familiar with Jack Hamlin that we read him back into Oakhurst; but a careful reading will show that the living qualities of Jack are not in the first sketch; Oakhurst is comparatively only an abstraction.

Jack, when he appears on the scene, in "Brown of Calaveras," is characterized by "listless and grave indifference," "closely buttoned figure and self-contained air," quiet, "decisive, and prompt action." "His colorless face betrayed no sign; his black eyes, quietly observant, glanced indifferently past the legal gentleman . . . An Indian stoicism—said to be an inheritance from his maternal ancestor—stood him in good service." He has a "narrow boot," and he is called Comanche Jack. In this first appearance of "Brown of Calaveras," the story turns on the gambler's conquest of Brown's beautiful wife, although his "infelix reputation naturally precluded any open intimacy with the family."

* * *

He was the most peculiar fellow! He was pretty as a picture. He was undersize—he was small; but he was just the prettiest man you ever saw. He always kept his hair trimmed so nice—soft, straight, jet black hair, just like a woman's. He had long, black eyelashes, and his eyebrows were penciled right across his forehead in a delicate arch, you know, going off finely at the tips. You'd look at him, and you'd want to keep looking at him, just as you'd look at a pretty woman. He never wore any beard. His mustache was jet black, too, and his face was just as white as chalk—that is, it was dusky Indian color, you know, just the least coppery tinge, but pale and clear, and his eyebrows and mustache were so inky black they made his face look white.

He was very particular about his appearance. He always wore a long fine cloth overcoat, trimmed with beaver fur. Price never cut any figure in his purchase—the best we had in the store was none too good for him. Always wore gloves on the street; his hands and feet were fine and little, like a woman's, and he was so proud of his feet that he was extravagant about his boots, and always had them made to order—pay any price for them—fourteen or sixteen dollars, you know; but they must be just right.

His father was one of these Hudson Bay men, a voyageur, you know; a tall, handsome Scotchman, sandy hair and beard, you know. He had traveled down until he came to the Red River country, and there he married a squaw—and Cherokee Bob was their only child.

Well, he was a thorough gambler—a gambler in every sense of the word. He would take the last cent you'd got, and smiling just as pleasant all the time. I never knew him to use any rough language; and he never spoke loud or blustered—never said much, just what was necessary, and perfectly quiet and cool, you know; and he had a low, pleasant voice like a woman's.

But he was—a—perfect—devil! You knew the minute you looked at him that he couldn't be fooled with. He always wore his revolver strapped around his waist—never in sight, though—and he never drew it unless he meant to use it. And when he did draw, everybody got out of the way, for he was a dead shot. Why, my store, mind you, was eighty feet long, and I've seen him shoot the spots out of a card, one after the other, the whole length of the store, without missing once. Not very often, because it would have been making an exhibition, you know, and that was the last thing he'd do; but several times, on occasion. He was brought up under Indian rule somewhat, you know, and used to hardships on the frontier all his life; and he was in daily practice shooting.



JACK HAMLIN, as depicted in a play dramatized from Bret Harte's story.

Never had much to say—a man of very few words; when he was playing he never said a word except about the game; and always just soft, and even, and still, without any rough words, but everybody listened, for they knew he meant all he said.

He was known all through that country—right on the frontier with every new camp; it was Cherokee Bob everywhere. You know the style of that kind of man. They used to work up and down the river, start out in parties of four or five; sometimes there would be two or three women in the party, but they would be dressed in men's clothes, and when they started out you would think they were all men. When they struck a camp they'd pitch their tent, and start their gambling outfit. The women had their games, too—roulette, you know—that was generally their game, or some light game like that. Cherokee Bob generally worked alone, though, unless it was some very new, remote camp. He would go into a saloon, glance around, and pick out the best man, ask him up to drink, and a game generally followed.

* * *

Well, I asked him what, and says he, "If you've got the sand, you can get your money back. That fellow that robbed you has just come in from up country, and he's in Jack Oliver's saloon." (That was another of these resorts, you know. Jack was a pretty nice sort of a fellow.) "He's been sitting up all night," says Bob, "gambling and drinking, and he is as ugly as ever you saw in your life." He asked me if I had the sand.

I said we'd try it, anyhow.

So we started out. Cherokee Bob said to be ready for trouble. "If you get after him he won't give you any show in the world. It will be shoot at sight. Have you got any weapons?"

I said, "No, I haven't got any."

"Well, never mind," says he. "I'll see you through."

We went in to Oliver's. Jack was right behind the counter. "Hullo," he said, "what the devil are you here for?"

We told him we were going to take this man.

"Good God!" says he. "Do you know what you're undertaking? He's behind that door, gambling and drinking, with a big navy revolver on the table ready to his hand, and a knife in his boot, and he's sworn that nobody shall take him alive. He's been going on all night, and he is as ugly as he can be."

We said we guessed we'd try it, anyway.

"Well," says he, "if you're going to try, that lets me out! Just wait a moment," says he, "till I get out of this." And he shoves out his money drawer, and empties it out into his handkerchief, and jumps over the counter. "Now you can have the shebang to yourselves," says he, and started for the door.

"Now," said Cherokee Bob, "let's plan this before we run any risks. I know just where he is. He is sitting facing that door, with a large navy revolver on the table. The other man has his back to the door. Beside him, two or three feet away, is a window. We step to the door together, you open it, and I draw a bead on him over your shoulder before he can grab his pistol. He won't wait for any talk—he'll grab for it when he hears the door open. But I'll look out for him. Then you step right in and throw his revolver right out of the window, and don't let him get his hands down to his knife."

"All right," says I. I opened the door and he looked up; but Cherokee Bob had his bead drawn over my shoulder, and sings out to him in his quiet voice, "Don't you move, or you're a dead man."

I jumped at the table, you know, and caught his revolver and slashed it right through the window, and grabbed his arms as he reached down for his knife, and twisted them right up behind him. Bob walked straight forward, with his little gun right on him, and pulled a big silk handkerchief out of his pocket and we soon had him tied. The other man dropped right down on the floor,

out of range of fire, you know, as soon as he heard Cherokee Bob's voice. O, my, the man did cuss us for all there was in it! But we handed him over to the sheriff. And I got my suit against him, and we killed two birds with one stone, you know, for the military authorities took him down to Vancouver, and he was tried as a deserter and convicted. He'd sworn right up and down that he'd kill anybody that undertook to take him. My wife didn't know anything about that for a long time.

Well, of course, you know, that made Cherokee Bob one of the strongest friends I could find.

Afterward, this Cherokee Bob—you see there was a man in town that was a carpenter. He made considerable money and spent it on his wife and children. He was nice sort of man, and very fond of his family; and he had a right to be, for the children were pretty, and his wife was one of the prettiest, nicest women you ever saw in your life. She was tall, and a blonde, with a big coil of blonde hair, and those pretty, refined features, you know—a regular handsome, refined woman. And you could see she had been brought up a lady, from her delicate ways. How she and Cherokee Bob ever could have got acquainted was the mystery; there was no way any one could imagine she would ever meet him, you know; but here one day they had disappeared together. Then the whole town knew. O, my! there was the biggest kind of excitement then; nobody had ever thought of such a thing, or that she was the sort of a woman to run away with a gambler, you know.

* * * *

Cherokee Bob comes out about ten o'clock in the morning, and makes his appearance on the street. There was considerable snow on the ground. He had a loaded sixshooter in each hand, and the first head he saw he went for it, like a Donnybrook fair.

That shot was the signal. They rushed out—a man out of the door of every cabin—and the firing began. He fired back at the crowd. Now I can't tell what damage was done to them: but they all started pumping lead into him. From every side, you know—the whole town against this one man. He stood there in the middle of the street, as cool and handsome as ever, and every head he saw he fired at it. He was filled full of lead, but he stood still and fired. By and by he fell, but he propped himself up on one elbow, and went on shooting.

And all this time his blonde lady stood in the door of the saloon right by, looking at him.

By and by he sang out to her that he'd fired his last shot. She turned round, and ran in and got him another loaded revolver, and came right out among the bullets, and knelt down by him and put the pistol into his hand, and held his hand to shoot again. I don't know whether he got in that shot or not; he was about gone, and in a minute he was dead.

They hustled her out of camp after that, and I never knew what became of her. But that was the end of Cherokee Bob.

NOTE.—The salient features taken from the manuscript of Joseph L. King on the organization of the Vigilance Committee of 1856 proved so voluminous for the length of the present excellent article in this issue of Overland Monthly, page, 509, that the insistent necessity of space compelled the omission of numerous and important points in his unusually interesting narrative of that extraordinary event in the history of San Francisco. Many episodes, especially the Judge Terry-Hopkins affair, and that of the hanging of Hetherington and Brace. Judge Terry was released because Hopkins, fortunately, did not die of his wound, and the executive committee refused to hang any one unless the victim of the attacking party died.—Editor.

The Luck of Roaring Camp

By Bret Harte

THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp—"Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other times, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informalities in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blonde hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice, and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the

cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the naturality levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;" even, that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen, too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and ex officio complacency—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman —"Is that him?" "mighty small specimen"; "hasn't mor'n got the color"; "ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst, the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for $25; and about $200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident

occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half-curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d——d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the d——d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new-comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river, and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it,—the d——d little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierrce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog —a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work and frills—d——m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation

for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot hills—that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Cayote" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d——d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said, that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly, following up his advantage "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but, strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how The Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defense, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's Grocery" bestirred itself and imported a carpet and mirrors. The

reflection of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which like a snake's only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive known as "D——n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor from her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack, or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine-boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy, albeit there was an infantile gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tessellated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the

many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a-talking to a jaybird as was a-sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a-jawin' at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumblebees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times"—and the Luck was with them. The claim had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly preempted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say: "They've a street up there in 'Roaring' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck"—who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely sceptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous watercourse that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing waters, crushing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck, of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck

of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's a taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now;" and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifting away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

DICKENS IN CAMP

By Bret Harte

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherin the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreathes entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly
This spray of Western pine!

July, 1870.

The Story of the Overland Monthly

By Harold Just

OVERLAND MONTHLY was founded, July, 1868, by Bret Harte and Anton Roman, at that time the leading publisher in the West. Bret Harte, then a young man of eighteen years, had come to California in 1853; he remained until 1871. In the interim he served as a school teacher, stage messenger, printer and editor. His first newspaper work was on a Humboldt publication. From there he drifted to San Francisco, and rapidly developed his versatility and character of work.

Associated with him in the editorial work of Overland Monthly were Chas. Warren Stoddard and Noah Brooks, their chief assistant being Ina Coolbrith, later recognized as one of California's leading poets. Harte made it a practice to attract all the best writers in the West into the new monthly. Mark Twain was then a special contributor. Launched under such promising auspices, success was immediate locally. Very shortly the East was captured with the original and diverting stories of the wonderful and extraordinary life of the mining camps. Under Bret Harte's original and fertile mind the magazine introduced a new literary field to the world. The founding of Overland Monthly forty-nine years ago opened a distinctively new and original literary life in the West, and this life has been continued to be reflected in the pages of the magazine.

In the first issue was published "The Luck of Roaring Camp," which was received with extraordinary favor in the East, and was accepted as introducing a new and original field in American literature. Two years later Harte wrote "The Heathen Chinee," verse on a catchy theme of that period which extended his popularity. In that period he touched most of the high points in his literary flight, and his stories and verse continued to introduce Overland Monthly throughout this country and into England. So popular did he become in Great Britain that inducements were made him to reside there. He settled there in 1871, and died there.

Mark Twain, the while, was also beginning those famous unique stories which later carried him to a high place in American literature, especially as a humorist.

The famous "Jumping Frog of Calaveras," a story that set the world a-laughing and was translated into several foreign languages, was one of Twain's early contributions to Overland Monthly.

The list of names of contributors that have won fame in the pages of Overland Monthly comprehends practically all the noted writers of the West from Bret Harte down to Jack London. The magazine won its fame of long standing through the constant stream of new writers that developed so promisingly in the new life and stimulating surroundings of California and the Great West. They contributed the best of their productions to the magazine, and thereby kept its name in the forefront as a publication of distinction in its special field.

To the distinguished names already mentioned may be added such prominent writers as Frank Norris, cut off at almost the moment fame crowned him; Henry George, who published his earliest pleas on single tax in Overland Monthly; Charles Warren Stoddard, who lent his ardent aid in the editorial development of the magazine; John Muir, the nature lover and natural writer; Daniel Coit Gilman, for years an associate editor on Overland, and later president of the

Carnegie Institute, and Noah Brooks, whose stories for boys are still as fresh and famous as ever.

Among the later writers are Wallace Irwin, whose stories and sprightly verse now attract in Eastern magazines; James F. J. Archibald, who has won an international reputation in a number of recent wars as a war correspondent; Rounseville Wildman, for five years editor of Overland, and later Consul to China, and who lost his life on the ill-fated steamer Rio Janeiro off the Golden Gate.

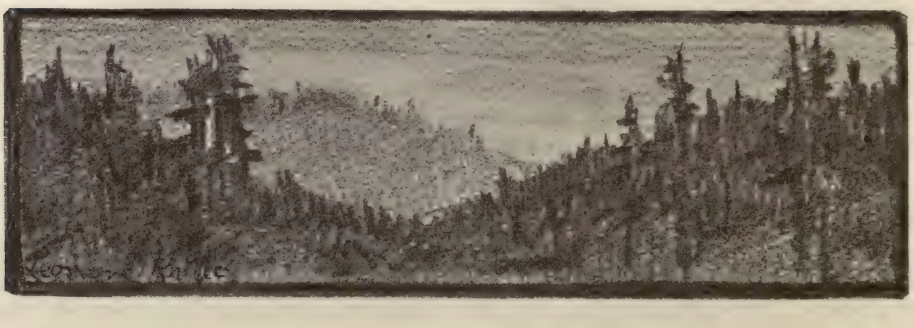
Perhaps no magazine in the country can furnish such a remarkable roll of editors who attained distinction. Certainly none outside of New York. Its list of old competing magazines of the early '70's have long since passed away, and of the later ones only two now survive on the Pacific Coast. Long life and prestige has made Overland a part of the great West which it reflects so accurately in its pages. Behind it are the traditions, the spirit of the compelling magic in the names California, the great West.

Ahead beckons the realm of new opportunities, in the awakening commercial empire that is stretching its great pinions westward to the Golden Gate. A new era is dawning on the Pacific Coast, and this new era will be reflected in Overland just as the era of gold mining and the argonauts was reflected in the pioneer Overland under the Bret Harte regime.

The aim of the present management is to perpetuate Overland traditions and to meet the sunrise of new people in the West with all the ardor and convincing appeal that have made the Overland Monthly the foreword of its class.

On these lines of endeavor Overland has continued to hold its large circulation in the Eastern field, an inheritance from the days of Bret Harte. The same is true to a less degree in Europe, the Antipodes and the coast of Africa. The magazine's prospects to-day are as bright and encouraging as ever, and for this the management heartily thanks its many and staunch subscribers.

Among the many famous contributors of Overland Monthly and others who became famous through their contributions to its pages are: Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Bret Harte, Noah Brooks, Jack London, Ina Coolbrith, Henry George, Austin Lewis, Frank Norris, David Starr Jordan, Will S. Green, John R. Knowland, Theodore H. Hittell, John Vance Cheney, Charles Howard Shinn, Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, Charles Frederick Holder, Ella Wentworth Higginson, Horace A. Vachell, Mrs. Batterman Lindsay, Edward Robeson Taylor, Edwin Markham, Joaquin Miller, Pierre N. Beringer, John Muir, Irving Scott, John Bidwell, Wallace Irwin, Rounceville Wildman, L. Maynard Dixon, James Phelan, Mrs. Jack London, George Wharton James, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, Mollie Elliott Sewall, Poultney Bigelow, John O'Hara Cosgrave, Arthur McEwen, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Grace Hudson, Robert Lee Dunn, Henry Meade Bland, Helen Fitzgerald Sanders and Frank G. Carpenter.





"The Elephant," a formation of solid lava.

Uncle Sam's Latest Playgrounds

The Hawaiian National Park

IMAGINE a pit half a mile deep dug in the top of a mountain 10,000 feet high, and into which the entire Island of Manhattan could be placed, and you will have some conception of the crater of Haleakala, the largest extinct volcano in the world, situated on the Island of Maui, the second in area of the Hawaiian group.

This is only one of the extraordinary features of Uncle Sam's 75,000 acre playground, the Hawaiian National Park, which came into being by virtue of an act of Congress passed this year. The Park, furthermore, is unusual in that it is situated on two islands—54,145 acres being on Hawaii, the largest island, and 21,150 on Maui.

The reservation on the Island of Hawaii contains the famous Kilauea, which is the largest continuously active volcano in existence. To visit Kilauea, which is naturally the first objective point in the Hawaiian division of the park, you take the steamship "Great Northern" from San Francisco or Los Angeles, to Hilo, the second city and seaport in the Territory, thence by automobile 31 miles over an excellent road of easy grade. This road is of great beauty and passes through numerous sugar plantations and wonderful forests of giant tree ferns. The first part of the trip is purely tropical and full of strange delights to allure the traveler from more prosaic lands. There is probably no more astounding change of scenery to be found anywhere than the



Rope formation in pahoehoi flow on Mauna Loa.

view when the road emerges from the forest at the very brink of the crater; and it ranks with the celebrated Cornichi road running out of Monte Carlo, as one of the world's great scenic highways.

This part of the reservation embraces groves of sandalwood, now nearly extinct in the Pacific; magnificent forests of koa, or Hawaiian mahogany—trees with trunks over twenty feet in circumference; forests of tree ferns up to forty feet in height, and with leaves over twenty feet long; tropical jungles with scores of varieties of the most exquisite and delicate ferns and mosses, many of them indigenous only to this locality. There are rolling grassy meadows, dotted with weird tropical flora, giving a true park-like effect. Much of this flora is of priceless botanical value, and only found here. In addition to Kilauea, 4,000 feet, there is Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet, with its great summit crater of Mokuaweowo, the second highest peak in the Pacific, being only surpassed by its sister mountain of Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet. Besides the two active volcanos, pit craters with walls rising sheer for 1,500 feet, there are innumerable cones, wells, sinks, lava tubes, fissures and other volcanic structures of every possible variety in color, form and detail—a veritable world in the making.

Kilauea, ("shooting with a great noise",) being the most noted and spectacular of the volcanos, deserves first mention. It is on the lower slope of Mauna Kea, about 4,000 feet above sea level, and encloses an area of 2,600 acres of solidified lava six hundred feet below the surface of the mountain side, is nearly eight miles in circumference and is one of the greatest natural wonders of the world. In the center of this sunken sea is a pit nearly 1,000 feet in diameter, known as Halemaumau, or "House of Everlasting Fire." Inside of this pit with a noise like the roaring of the sea, waves of white hot lava ceaselessly lash themselves against the confining walls, and in periods of particular activity fountains of liquid metal send their fiery spray high in the air with a hissing of gases, demoniac rumblings, and blue flames leaping through the crevasses, making a never-to-be-forgotten pyrotechnical display on a cosmic scale. It is customary for tourists to place a post card held by a forked stick in one of the fissures and



"Red Crater," Mauna Loa.

withdraw is scorched by the heat from this devil's cauldron. The pit is reached by an automobile road, all unsafe points being marked by sign-posts erected by the Hawaiian Publicity Commission.

A line of thirteen spectacular pit craters extends southeast from the Kilauea volcano for ten miles, and is included within the boundaries of the National Park. These craters show every variety of form and size, from a vent of only a few yards across and 250 feet deep to the mighty pit of Makaopuhi, "the eye of the eel", which is 1,800 feet deep and has a marvelous double floor. There are walks and horseback rides through magnificent forests or barren deserts, with weird lava forms built up into pinnacles, festoons and rifts with bottomless chasms.

Of Mauna Loa (Mauna—mountain) a tract of 17,920 acres is set aside for the park, and the boundary on the north lies well outside the great rift-zone with its countless craters and spectacular lava flows. There is an excellent trail to the summit, 13,675 feet above the sea, with a rest house at the 10,000 foot elevation, and which contains furniture, cooking utensils and every household convenience for travelers. Another rest house is to be erected on the summit, which will enable the visitor to prolong his stay indefinitely. The trail to the mountain top starts from the Volcano House at Kilauea, and runs for some miles through a koa and fern forest, and then across open grassy lands which form part of the Shipman cattle ranch. The vegetation changes here to a low scrub, where wild goats bound and abound, and thence over prehistoric lava flows where the real business of climbing commences. The trail is broad and well beaten down, and is guide-posted all the way. The rest house at 10,000 feet is 18 miles by trail from the starting point, and is built on the side of a mammoth red cinder cone. Plenty of water is provided here for man and beast. At this point the horses are left behind, and the remainder of the journey, some nine miles, is made on foot, over a rather rough going, but the sights *en route* defy description. The summit is a plateau whose dimensions are 19,000 feet long by 9,000 feet in width and 800 in depth.

Visitors may make all arrangements with the hotel management for the ascent; and heavy clothes, thick blankets and shelter tents should be taken. The trip to the lower rest house, being made on horseback, involves no discomfort—except perhaps to the horse, but the journey on foot should not be undertaken for the rest of the way unless bellows and pumping apparatus are in good working order. At 10,000 feet breathing does not come easy to those accustomed to sea-level. The cost per person for the round trip from the Volcano House to the summit is about $50.

The Maui tract comprises the extinct crater of the Haleakala ("House of the Sun") volcano and the approaches. The mountain itself is 10,032 feet, and the crater is the largest of any kind in the world, and is natu-



Typical park road

rally an object of chief interest to tourist and scientist. Its dimensions are: Area, 6,400 acres, or ten square miles; circumference twenty miles; extreme length seven and a half miles by three and one-third in width, with side walls of half a mile in sheer depth. Cinder cones on the floor and side walls of this crater, which appear like anthills, are really 700 and 800 feet in height; and here is found the famous Sword plant, which only grows elsewhere on the slopes of Mauna Kea and in the Himalayas of India. The summit of the mountain is well above the usual cloud belt, and from this vantage point the entire island spreads out before the observer in a vast multi-colored map; while all the islands of the group except Kaui and Niihau, may be seen in clear weather. The great snow-capped peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea loom up in the south, as though a scant dozen miles away, yet the actual distance is over one hundred. A trip to the edge of the crater is usually made in the evening, or by moonlight, in order to see the sun rise from the ocean. This sight is unsurpassed by any of the kind in the world. A concrete rest house has been erected on the crater's rim. Haleakala is reached from Honolulu or Hilo by the Inter-Island Co.'s steamer, bi-weekly, the trip costing $55 for a single person with a proportional reduction for two or more. This includes horses, guides, automobile and all expenses from Honolulu or Hilo and return.

There are two excellent hotels already within the park area and others are contemplated. The Hawaiian Publicity Commission is now opening new trails wherever practicable, but it is expected that the National Bureau will presently take the matter in hand.

America's latest playground is by far the most remarkable in the world, for besides the usual features, it contains the greatest living volcano district to be found anywhere. The climate of Kilauea is well nigh perfect, and it is a health resort for the rest of the islands. Hotel expenses and auto rates are fairly reasonable, and by the service now given by the Great Northern Pacific S. S. Co., the new park is within four and a half days from the Californian coast.



On the crater bed

Volcano Kilauea



Arms of St. Francis of Assisi. From cover of "Old San Francisco."

Old San Francisco

THAT which this magazine is doing this month, namely, commemorating historic San Francisco in words and in pictures, is to be accomplished in an enduring fashion in a book entitled "Old San Francisco," written by Michael Williams, which is to be published early in 1917 by Hill Tolerton, from his Print Rooms in Sutter street. Not only is Mr. Tolerton to be the publisher of this work, he also is responsible for its artistic features, which will be most notable, as the volumes will contain some five hundred reproductions of old photographs, maps, drawings, lithographs, etchings and paintings of the city by the Golden Gate. And Mr. Tolerton will contribute a prefatory essay dealing with these pictures.

It is not the intention of author or publisher, so they assure the public, to attempt a rivalry with the existing histories of the city. They will not put forth the book as a formal history, although the most painstaking efforts are being made to assure its historical accuracy. Such eminent authorities as Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, Robert Cowan, Boutwell Dunlap, Charles B. Turrill and others are actively assisting Mr. Williams in verifying historical allusions, names and dates. What the writer is attempting is to paint a verbal panorama of the most dramatic, adventurous and romantic city in America; to write, as it were, a fact-novel with the city as the leading character—or, perhaps, it might be more correct to term the work a biography of the complex, cosmopolitan, fascinating metropolis of the West. Although not a San Franciscan by birth, the author has lived for many years in the city of his choice, and has been intimately connected as a journalist and fiction writer with manifold phases of its life. For several years past he has been actively engaged in preparatory studies for his present task and he has written a large number of studies and stories of San Francisco events and characters.

The book will deal very fully with the Spanish period from the founding of Mission Dolores and the Presidio by the Franciscan padres and the Spanish Government in 1776, until the finding of gold—from the gold rush, through the mining camp fever and the

days of the Vigilantes, to the saving of California for the Union in the war of 1863—and from the close of the war period down through the wonderful and always adventurous era of commercial growth until the tragic year of 1906; such are the three great phases of the story of Old San Francisco as treated by the author.

This history is so dyed in the colors of romance, and the stirring events connected with the building and the many rebuildings of the city by the Golden Gate are so keenly and importantly interesting that a book of this character should not fail to be of real and enduring value. Yet the work will not confine itself to the romantic and dramatic aspects of San Francisco, but will also deal solidly and thoroughly with the institutions which have become the bone and fibre of the metropolis of the West; and naturally much will be said of the men and women who have made these institutions possible. In fine, to Michael Williams, San Francisco is a living, personal entity—not a mere huddle of men and buildings—and his book will be as full of interest as a good novel.

Mr. Tolerton was actively and fruitfully assisted in his search for characteristic pictorial matter by several ladies and gentlemen who own rare prints and paintings or maps, illustrated manuscripts and similar material; these private collectors most generously placed their choicest pictures at his disposal for reproduction in this work. The color plates will be faithful replicas of the rarest of these lithographs and paintings, and can be secured only by the subscription to the limited edition of "Old San Francisco", which will also contain in each of the two volumes an original etching by one of the foremost American etchers. There will be included among the illustrations a few portraits chosen because of their exceptional historical interest, these being the only portraits which the book will contain. There will also be reproductions in color of a number of the best historical paintings, dealing with old San Francisco, by San Francisco artists. The three hundred and sixty—or more—halftones are, like the color-plates, being made in San Francisco. A large number of these illustrations are taken from very rare originals; some of them in-



Hill Tolerton



Michael Williams

deed will be found reproduced nowhere else than in this work, while each and every one has been most carefully selected from among more than ten thousand pictures which were examined with a view to the illustration of this book.

The wonderful private collection of lithographs, maps and photographs made during the last forty years by Mr. Charles B. Turrill was placed exclusively at the publisher's disposal.

In the full sense of the words, this book will be a product of San Francisco. All the work connected with it is being done in this city.

John Henry Nash, of San Francisco, who is so well known for the making of fine books, has planned and will carry out the typography and binding.

The title-page and the head-bands will be in wood-cut style, drawn by Ray F. Coyle, after old Spanish motifs.

Boutwell Dunlap, recognized as one of the most competent authorities in the country, will contribute the special biography of works relating to San Francisco, which will be printed as an appendix. This bibliography will not aim to be exhaustive, but rather it will be the list of what is really worth while.

Maynard Dixon will contribute a number of vigorous sketches of Old San Francisco characters and odd types.

In addition to his activities as a publisher Mr. Tolerton is known as a collector of old, rare and modern prints, etchings, bronzes and paintings. In fact, "The Print Rooms" of Hill Tolerton have attained an aesthetic and cultural significance unequaled in San Francisco. At the time that this magazine appears he will have an exhibit of paintings by old Spanish masters, including many by Francisco Goya, and no one who is interested in the finer things of life should miss the opportunity of seeing this collection.



The Jury System

By James E. Fenton

"The great value of the trial by jury certainly consists in its fairness and impartiality. Those who most prize the institution prize it because it furnishes a tribunal which may be expected to be uninfluenced by an undue bias of the mind. I have always conceived and still conceive an impartial jury as required by the common law and as secured by the Constitution, must be composed of men who will fairly hear the testimony which may be offered to them, and bring in their verdict according to that testimony and according to the law arising on it." (Chief Justice Marshall.)

IT IS NOT the origin and history of the trial by jury which should demand the earnest consideration of all thoughtful citizens. What the public are most interested in is the practical operation of the jury system. Much has been said and volumes have been written by jurists and lawyers extolling this great "palladium of liberty," the right of trial by jury. State Constitutions provide that "the right of trial by jury shall be secured to all, and remain inviolate;" but what of this boasted bulwark of liberty?



James E. Fenton

Does this institution, so highly prized, and safeguarded by Constitutional provisions, in its practical operation, measure up to the encomiums so lavishly bestowed upon it?

Does the right of trial by jury preserve to the highest degree possible personal liberties and property rights?

A proper solution of these questions depends upon the practical operation of the jury system and not upon Utopian or theoretical lines. A trial by jury is one thing, but a trial by a fair and impartial jury is entirely a different thing, and the end to be desired. Whether a jury trial is of any benefit depends largely and almost entirely upon the mode of selection and manner of impanelment. In many States a jury list of several hundred residents of the county is prepared by the Board of County Commissioners, or Board of Supervisors, while in others the list is made up by "Jury Commissioners" usually appointed by Judges of the Superior Court or other court of record; while in still other States, as in California, for instance, it is the duty of the Superior Court in each of the counties to make an order designating the estimated number of grand and petit jurors that will, in the opinion of the court, be required for the transaction of the business of the court and the trial of causes therein during the ensuing year; and immediately there-

after the court selects and lists the grand jurors required to serve as grand jurors during the ensuing year, and the same is placed in the possession of the County Clerk; and after the estimated number of trial jurors is made, the Board of Supervisors selects a list of persons to serve as trial jurors in the Superior Court of said county during the ensuing year. It is provided, however, in this and many other States that in counties, and cities and counties, having a population of one hundred thousand inhabitants or over, such selection shall be made by the Judges of the Superior Court.

Among the legal profession the opinion almost universally prevails that the selection of the jury list necessary for the trial of civil and criminal cases should not be vested in the judiciary. This latter mode of selection leads to many abuses. The right of the judiciary to select either grand or petit jurors creates a "patronage" in the court which affects the integrity of the jurors. It affords an opportunity to the "professional juror" that he would not otherwise have, to get on the jury list. Under such system of selecting jurors, Judges are constantly importuned by "political healers" and "friends" to be placed upon the jury list.

The moment the professional juror is placed upon the jury list, from that time on and as long as he serves he is under the domination, influence and control of the court. The pivotal question in his mind always is: what is the mind and desire of the court in this case? If the court, either with or without prejudice, indicates to such juror by either word, act, manner or deed, that he favors one side or the other of the litigants, the juror blindly follows, and is supinely subservient to the supposed wishes of the court.

The arbitrary power of selecting certain jurors should never be lodged in any person or body, if absolute fairness and impartiality in such selection is desired. Nor should the ownership of property be required as a qualification of the juror. Jurors should be selected from the qualified electors of the county as appears from the register of voters within certain age limits without regard to property qualifications. There is no greater reason for prescribing a property qualification for a juror than for an elector. Indeed, there is much less reason for such qualification in a juror, and no reason therefor in either case. In making up such list of jurors the names of all registered voters could be placed in the jury box as a list of trial jurors for any one year, in all counties of a limited population; and in counties, or in cities and counties, having a population of one hundred thousand inhabitants or more, a certain proportion of the entire number of registered voters could be selected by lot to be placed on the jury list of such county for each year. By selecting jurors in this manner the "professional juror" would have to take his chances with all the qualified jurors.



The Story of Harmon Bell

IF EVER a man outside of the aboriginal inhabitants were entitled to the designation, American, of the simon-pure, unhyphenated brand, it is Harmon Bell, the senior member of the Oakland law firm of Bell, Bell & Smith. His father, Dr. Samuel Bell, was a Presbyterian minister who traced his ancestry in this country far back of the Revolutionary period, and who erected the first church of his denomination in Oakland. Incidentally, Dr. Bell founded the old California College from which grew the present University of California, and he was the father of the bill which transformed the original institution into the State University. Dr. Bell's wife, Sophie Wadsworth Bell, was also a descendant of old pioneer stock, and like many of these pioneer wives accompanied her husband on his travels and aided him in his work.



Harmon Bell

Young Bell was born in Oakland several years after his family had located there in 1852, and there he received his first schooling, finally graduating from Washington College, Alameda. Accompanying his parents on their itinerary, he commenced the study of law at Mansfield, O., being admitted to practice at Kansas City in 1878. Three years later he became a member of the Missouri Legislature, where he acquired a knowledge of law in its making and the ways of lawmakers. From the experience he gained in traveling about the country with his family and meeting all classes of people in various communities, he absorbed a well-rounded knowledge of human nature and motives.

In 1898 he returned to Oakland, the city of his birth and early aspirations. As a boy he caught its spirit, and as a man he naturally became imbued with its ideals. Observing the vast importance of real estate interests to a growing community, he specialized in this highly abstruse branch of the law, and was soon recognized as an expert. Subsequently and logically he easily took the leading part in the Greater Oakland movement. He also had a prominent part in the establishment of the Key Route System, which, more than any one artificial factor, has made Oakland the great residential district around the bay, and has made many blades of grass grow in the East Bay section where none grew before; providing work and bright, cheerful and easily accessible suburban homes for many thousands.

In 1880 Harmon Bell married Katherine Wilson, a member of a prominent pioneer family, and the two children, Trayler W. and Joseph S., are following closely in the footsteps of their sires in "doing things that count."

Trayler is already in the law and is rapidly acquiring a solid reputation and a permanent clientele. The family resides in Oakland, where Bell, Senior, is an active and interested member of the Athenian and Claremont Clubs, as well as a number of the leading San Francisco social organizations. He is a prominent Mason, a Shriner, Knight Templar, Elk, and naturally a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

The history of the Bell family shows the influence of sound heredity, and that through the generations a constructive purpose has been in evidence. Many of the prominent families of Oakland contain similar strains, and have contributed in consequence to the upbuilding of a strong and forceful community. The inspiration given the residents of the little town as it existed in the '50's by such strong, upright characters as Dr. Bell has had its effect down the generations, and has made a distinct and lasting impress on the community.

In these parlous times the world and America has need of such men as Harmon Bell.

William H. Rulofson, The Father of Motion Photography

THERE are probably more people who attend the movies than who read the newspapers, and it ranks well up in the first ten American industries, yet how few realize that the first motion pictures were taken here in California, and that Bradley & Rulofson, who established a photographic gallery in San Francisco in 1861 were the discoverers of motion photography — applying it first to the horse—though the methods bore little resemblance to the present day cinema picture taking.

William H. Rulofson was one of the pioneers, arriving in 1850. He went first to Sonora Tuolumne County, then the center of the mining district, where he engaged in mining, subsequently establishing a photograph gallery. Thence to San Francisco where, in partnership with Bradley, the gallery was opened which was destined to become world famous and give California a lead in this field, a lead which it has never entirely lost. The highest awards, gold medals, were won, by the work of this firm, at the London, Paris and Vienna expositions of the several periods.



William H. Rulofson

Mr. Rulofson died here in 1878, long before his conception of motion photography was carried on by others to its present state of perfection. He is survived by a son, A. C. Rulofson, who lives in San Francisco, and who is the representative of a number of the foremost manufacturers of the Eastern States.

State Social Insurance

A Scheme to Promote Happiness by Legislation

THAT California has not yet come to the end of her joy ride on the highway of freak legislation is seen in the strenuous efforts which certain reformers are making to pour more socialistic gas into the State tank. At the same time there are many people who are beginning to fear the danger of exceeding the speed limit in the matter of experimental reform. It is not that they are crass-headed conservatives and reactionaries hostile to all economic innovations, but that they are simply cautious, and desirous of taking stock of the net results thus far achieved by measures designed to usher in the millenium. Many of them are progressives in the general sense of the term, but so sincere in their uplift efforts they would not endanger the possibility of an earthly paradise in California by enacting it at such rate that it might arrive before all of us have developed the necessary wings and become accustomed to halos instead of hats.

These people do not wish to put back the clock, and are merely opposed to putting it on too far and too frequently. For example, there are those who voted solidly for the workmen's compensation act, but who want fuller information before going the length of supporting the social insurance proposal now being advocated by certain more or less interested emancipators. They want to know just what it is; where, if anywhere, it has been tried; what measure of success it has achieved, and what similarity of conditions there is between the land of its successful operation and the State of California.

It is not yet clear what headway the cause is making in our midst, but it is safe to say that no more serious problem has ever been presented to American taxpayers than that of deciding for or against social insurance. They do not call it by that soothing name in lands where it is in operation, but trust your professional reformer to recognize that a good label is one-half the battle. In Germany, the country of its origin and most complete development, it is known by words equivalent to compulsory mutual insurance, but the term "compulsory" carrying certain inherent objections to the American mind is dropped by campaigners in this country.

In its essence the German plan consists of compulsory insurance for employers and employees, and embraces provision against industrial accidents, industrial sickness, old age and invalidity, unemployment, maternity and other contingencies.

The two principal reasons for a consideration of the German scheme are first, that it is social insurance in its most complete and long experienced form; and, second, that it is admittedly the basis of the proposals for California.

Other countries have approximated to the German plan, and their experiences are valuable as showing the results of its partial adoption, but since it may be alleged that the failures of modified systems are not true guides, it will be as well to keep mainly to Germany.

Though it is proposed to establish the plan almost in its entirety and immediately in California, it has been one of long growth in the land of its origin. A beginning was made in so-

cial insurance in Germany in 1845 since when the Krupp Company has contributed 60 per cent, the United Coal Companies 90 per cent, and all classes of employers 37½ per cent of their net intake for this purpose.

Despite this long experience it is estimated that it will not be until 1935 that the peak load of the system will be reached and a basis furnished for computing permanent cost.

Foreign defenders of the German method point to the wonderful progress achieved by the Fatherland during the period in which the incubus of compulsory insurance has been steadily growing, but they are silent upon the many factors which any honest calculation should take into account. No credit is given to the unification of Germany under Bismarck, to the abolition of those petty border duties imposed by the various principalities and States, and the consequent freedom given to industries to develop on a national scale; nor to the marvelous inventiveness and adaptiveness of the German people. In particular is silence preserved as to the enormous price in taxation of various kinds which has been paid for this great industrial expansion. Moreover, there is no mention of the fact that owing to the heavy burdens many German industries were transferred to Switzerland, Italy and other countries.

How large a portion of such burdens is due to the system of compulsory, or as the California advocates affect to call it, social insurance, may be seen in the figures showing the remarkable increases in accidents and sickness, due to the fact of the payments provided for such contingencies. It is not contended that men deliberately injure themselves or intentionally become sick, but that the knowledge of good compensation makes men careless, causes them to lay off for what under ordinary circumstances would be regarded as minor injuries to be treated by homely remedies, and above all to malingering.

Dr. Friedensburg, for twenty years President of the Senate in the Imperial Insurance Office, says: "As regards accident insurance it need only be said that the total disbursements of the Trades Associations have risen from 2.57 marks for each man injured and 193.45 marks for each accident reported in 1888 to 7.40 and 303 marks respectively in 1908. It would accordingly seem that the real limit of endurance has now been reached, if, indeed, it has not already been exceeded."

In fact it is such evidence as this which colors the assertion so freely made that the factor prompting Germany to take part in this war was the hope of such territorial and commercial gains as would come to the rescue of a nation overburdened with the direct and indirect cost of compulsory insurance.

On the subject of malingering or what is called pensional diseases the testimony is particularly striking. It has been found, says Dr. Friedensburg, that "in workmen's insurance the demoralizing secondary tendency toward pension hysteria becomes a phenomenon of a suspicious character among the masses." Another writer says: "The inmates of many of these institutions enjoyed food and drink, shelter and chance for slumber, entertainment and recreation such as they had never dreamed of before, so that many and many a one learned to prefer his sojourn in the hospital to his own home, and when he had returned to his family was no longer content, but yearned for the comforts which, too brief for his desires, were yet long enough to fill him with envy and hatred for those who, as he fancied, always fared so well. 'Less would here again be more.' One example out of many will be sufficient. Such a sanitarium which, it was estimated, could be built for 500,000 marks, finally cost 2,700,000, but it included a hall which, in the architect's proud claim, was a modern imitation and adaptation of the Baths of Caracalla, to say nothing of a Bowling Al-

ley, which alone required an expenditure of 10,000 marks, while the patients were to be entertained by four orchestrations, at 12,000 marks each."

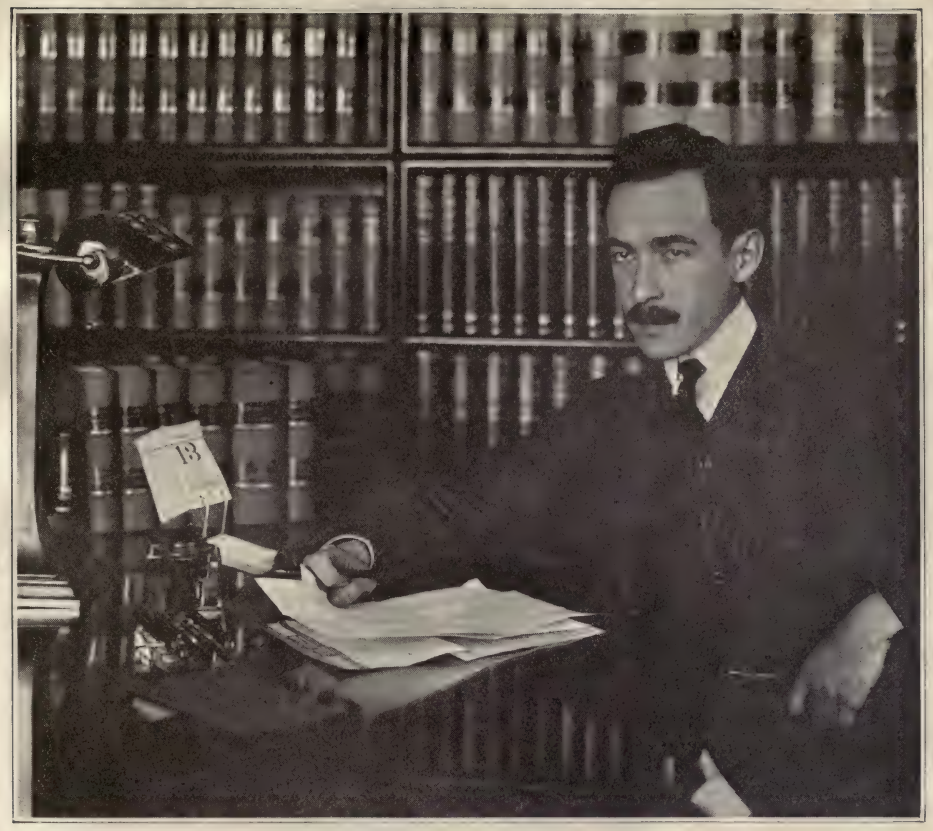
But the story of wastefulness and extravagance in Germany due to this system of encouraging the malingerer would furnish entertaining material for a book. The big fact to be taken into account is that these abuses exist in Imperial Germany, the land which above all others, boasts of its magnificent development of the efficiency theory. The compulsory insurance scheme of that country is administered by the most highly organized and perfectly centralized bureaucracy in the world. Can we begin to imagine the consequences of the adoption of the plan in California, whose politicians are notorious if not exactly infamous for their comprehensive ignorance of commercial methods. Our legislators are chosen not because of business experience, but on the contrary rather for their lack of business knowledge and because of their specialization in the subtle art of ward politics.

A last word, and this by way of anticipating a line of argument commonly used by defenders of social insurance. Much is made of the difference between the administrative expenses of private and State regulated or controlled systems. In certain respects the State departments can make a good showing. Their supervision over malingering is very light, but look at the payments due to such laxity. Politicians are afraid to contest claims, because the claimants are electors. Business men acting for private insurance companies are under no such restrictions.

Another item in the matter of comparaitve cost is that mentioned by Mr. J. R. Molony in the course of an address delivered before the members of the Commonwealth Club. "If this is true, I should like to know why, in the establishment of every State insurance competitive fund in the United States, without exception, the States have found it necessary to grant some special subsidy or preferred right over private carriers in their competition with them. Why is it they must of necessity be exempt from taxation, which uses up two per cent of the net gross income of stock companies? Why is it that universally we find present in every one of these schemes the opportunity to stifle competition, whether the management of these institutions avail themselves of it or not?"

Incidentally it might be mentioned that postage, office rent and very often even stationery all fully charged against private concerns are either eliminated or greatly modified in the case of State conducted institutions.





Barry S. Ulrich

Barry S. Ulrich

A Lawyer Whom Politics Lost

LAGUET, the eminent French political economist, in his work, entitled "The Cult of Incompetence," states that the characteristic of a monarchy is honor; of an aristocracy, generosity; and that incompetence marks the public men of democracy. While we may not agree entirely with the French philosopher's opinion, nevertheless we must admit that it is hard for a man of superior education and training to become elected to a State legislature.

Barry Ulrich is a case in point.

On November 7th last, when the votes of a certain Senatorial district in San Francisco were counted, it was found that three men headed the poll. They were, the regular Republican nominee, the Democratic candidate, and a third, Barry S. Ulrich, Independent. Although Mr. Ulrich received close to three thousand votes he was not able to overcome the party majority. Thus the law gained and politics lost an able man.

Mr. Ulrich was born in 1888 in Chicago, Ill., of American stock for nearly a century, and a descendant of a noted German university president who was subsequently associated with John Jacob Astor in the manufacture of woolen.

Educated in the elementary schools of Los Angeles and San Jose, Ulrich graduated from Harvard in 1910, sub-

sequently going through the Law College and receiving the degree of L. L. B. Before leaving college he went around the world, stopping at the principal cities of Europe and living for a time in the Orient, where he studied at first hand the life and habits of the people.

After finishing at the law school he turned down an attractive offer from a well known New York firm, and came West to carve out a career. Through the influence of a college friend he went to Honolulu, where he became associated with Thompson, Wilder, Watson and Lymer, and acquired a very enviable reputation as a trial lawyer.

Speaking of Mr. Ulrich, Mr. Lymer writes:

"He has conducted every case entrusted to him with remarkable ability and has had uniform success in jury trials, trials on the equity side, many briefs and several arguments before the Territorial Supreme Court and the local United States District Court, and his proportion of successes has been most exceptionally high, indeed; he has hardly experienced a single defeat worthy of name. His personality and abilities have made a real impression on our community."

Shortly after locating in San Francisco, Mr. Ulrich became associated with the well known local law firm of Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro, with which firm he had a large amount of experience in all branches of legal practice. He remained with this firm for about a year and a half. At the end of that time he opened an office of his own in the Kohl Building. For some time past he has been practicing independently and has met with unusual success. Among other things, his name has recently appeared in the public print as the attorney for Miss Frances Howard in the recent incompetency proceedings had in Redwood City.

Mr. Ulrich has made a specialty of State practice and has made a great success in his chosen field.

In August, 1916, he made a campaign for the Republican nomination for Assemblyman in the Thirty-first District, but lost out to the regular nominee. After the primaries, however, he received the nomination, by special petition, as Independent candidate for State Senator for the Nineteenth Senatorial District, and although defeating the Democratic candidate, was headed by the Republican —in a strongly Republican district.

Ulrich states that he is through with politics, and will hereafter devote his time entirely to the law, although his two campaigns have served a valuable purpose and have given him a world of experience in human nature and affairs.

It would be well to watch the career of this young attorney, who is bound to become one of the leaders of our bar.



James Evans White, Attorney, Reformer and Philanthropist

THE career of James Evans White is exceptionally interesting as illustrating the possibilities of life for a man who starts out with the determination to make himself useful to his fellowmen. Born in Grimsby County, Iowa, in 1870, of American parents, he graduated from the High School of Rockford, Iowa, in 1889, and subsequently took his A. B. degree at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa. In 1902 he graduated as an L. L. B. from Hastings Law College of San Francisco, and has practiced law here ever since.

His most prominent public activities have been in the field of municipal and State reform, in which he has been engaged for over eighteen years.

His first attempt in this direction was as a leader of the fight to raise saloon licenses in San Francisco from $84 to $500 per year, and which he accomplished successfully in 1906. Also he led the fight to abolish the slot machines, which were such a demoralizing element to our younger generation. Following up this success, he also was responsible for the State law against the machines. Later, Mr. White appeared before the State legislature as a protagonist of the bills against race-track gambling, and which were pushed to a successful conclusion.



James Evans White

Again as a proponent of the red-light abatement law, this ambitious young attorney added this measure to our statutes, and also the anti-prize fight bill. In fact, to his credit must be given the prevention of the Jeffries-Johnson fight from taking place in 1910.

For a number of years he has been attorney for the anti-saloon league of California and has taken the principal part in the prohibition movement.

A further political activity of Mr. White is in connection with woman's suffrage, of which he is a strong advocate. There is no reason for continuing the medieval belief that women are not human beings and are not entitled to a voice in the affairs of the community. In any event, every man recognizes the ability of women to take part in and discuss affairs of common interest; therefore there appears to be no further reason for denying them the ballot. It is due to such broad-minded men as White that these facts are becoming admitted by the public at large.

As a general worker for humanitarian and reform legislation he has become conspicuous in the West, and is now senior instructor in the Y. M. C. A. law school of San Francisco, and chairman of the Civic Affairs' Committee of the San Francisco Church Federation; and besides holding an important place in the State Church Federation Society, is Secretary of the California Bible Society.

There are perhaps men today who do not subscribe to religious belief, but there are none who can decry the life and work of men like White. He devotes a large part of his time to charitable and benevolent enterprises, which naturally yield him no personal profit.

In 1904 he married Miss Lela Allen, daughter to a wealthy orange grower and banker of Southern California.

Among other positions which Mr. White has held are those of General Secretary and President of the California Christian Endeavor Union; secretary of committee of one hundred for religious work at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition; president of the Bay Counties Iowa Association during 1913 and 1914.

In the Realm of Bookland

"God's Minute."

This little volume contains 365 daily prayers sixty seconds long for home worship, and specially written by 365 clergymen and laymen. The idea of the book was suggested by the thought that so many Christian people offer as an excuse for not having family devotions, that they haven't time. This spiritual contribution to the Christian world's literature proves that only a minute daily devoted to the worship of God can be made an inspiring one to begin the duties of the day.

Price, 35 cents net. Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

"Californians," by Robinson Jeffers.

The landscape and atmosphere of California naturally leads to the development of artistic temperament. It is the land of adventure in new ideas. Robinson Jeffers is one of the new poets, and in this volume he sings his first poems. There is inspiration and a fine note of rare charm in his lines, a harbinger of the songs that count in all lands and all people. As would be expected, California is the background of many of his themes. His bent is toward the descriptive narrative which he handles with fine sense. His work is worth while.

Price $1.25. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Bread-Winners," by John Hay.

Among the "new" books of the season is one that is already thirty-three years old—namely, "The Bread-Winners"—which was first published anonymously in 1883. While its authorship was generally attributed to John Hay, he never acknowledged it, and the present reprint brought out by the Harpers is the first edition to bear his name.

To have retained a hold upon popular favor for so long a period is a remarkable instance of vitality in a modern novel. In the case of "The Bread-Winners" this enduring interest is not to be explained away by the consideration naturally extended to a novel reputed to be the work of so distinguished a man of letters as the late Secretary of State. This latter fact has, of course, its interest, but "The Bread-Winners," in the final analysis, contains within its own pages the secret of its persistent hold upon the reading public.

Harper & Brothers, New York.



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